

Is Another War Inevitable?



The
Quiver

July
1921

Price
1¹/₂ net

Stories for Holiday Reading

CLEMAK

Safety Razor

"A PERFECT BLADE"



COMBINATION OUTFIT
COMPLETE IN LEATHER CASE

15/-

MACHINE STROPPER
WITH VELVET HIDE STROP

5/6

SILVER-PLATED CLEMAK
IN CASE WITH SEVEN BLADES

7/6

MINUTE TO STROP - MOMENT TO CLEAN

CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR CO., KINGSWAY, LONDON.



HERCULES

DAINTY FROCKS
FOR CHILDREN
AND OVERALLS
FOR WOMEN

THE little ones delight in wearing HERCULES Frocks for the Children. They can romp and play without fear of spoiling the garments because Hercules will stand any amount of wear. Ask your draper to show you these useful little frocks made in a wonderful and attractive variety of colours and designs. Dainty and strong, Hercules Frocks for Children are unequalled for lasting wear, and they can be washed over and over again and still retain their original freshness—the colours will not fade.

HERCULES OVERALLS FOR WOMEN

are equally reliable, being made of the same Hercules fabric, and for the convenience of those who prefer to make their own Garments Hercules material can be obtained by the yard.

OUR GUARANTEE

Every genuine Hercules Garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket, and is guaranteed. Should any Hercules Garment prove unsatisfactory in wash or wear your Draper will at once replace it FREE OF CHARGE.



Mother and Child.

If your Draper does not stock Hercules, please send to us for patterns, etc.

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, LTD.

(Dept. D. F.), Spinners and Manufacturers, MANCHESTER.

(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)

THE QUIVER

Drink Delicious
MAZAWATTEE
TEA

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

**Real Harris, Lewis, and
Shetland Homespuns**

Direct from the Makers.
Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Gents.

Patterns and Prices on Application.
S. A. NEWALL & SON (Dept. I.T.), Stornoway, Scotland.
State shade desired and if for Gent.'s or Ladies' Wear.

President: H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2.

which deals with larger numbers of children than any other
Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications for
admission and

URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE

Chairman: COL. LORD WM. CECIL, C.V.O. T. GLINTON-KERR, Sec.

I CURED MYSELF OF
STAMMERING

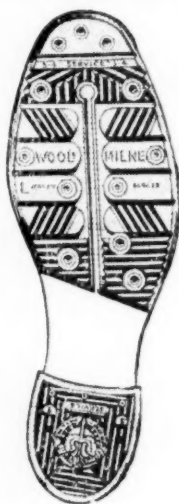
After Stammering for 20 Years and trying all advertised methods
vain, I CURED MYSELF in a very short time, easily, quickly,
permanently. The story of my suffering and cure and the way
out for you are simply and faithfully told in my little booklet, which
I will send FREE to any stammerer sending 2d. stamp for postage,
mentioning *The Quiver*. Address—**MR. FRANK HUGHES**,
7 Southampton Row, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



The New Patent
SOUND DISCS

completely overcome DEAFNESS and
HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long
standing. Are the same to the ears as
glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, com-
fortable. Worn months without removal.
Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE R. A. WALES CO., 171 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



*Imitated, but
never equalled.*

Light on your pocket
and Light on your feet

They give a light and noiseless tread and
keep out all damp; long walks on rough
roads are pleasant instead of fatiguing. Get
Wood-Milnes fitted without delay; they
save leather and prolong the life of footwear.
Ideal for golf and all forms of outdoor sports.

WOOD-MILNE
"SERVICE"
RUBBER SOLES & HEELS

Made by the pioneers of the rubber heel industry. British
throughout. Any bootman will fit them. Ask for Wood-
Milne "Service" Soles and Heels and see the Name on
Every Pair.

K 099

Mind-Training in Summer-Time

Half-Hours of Pleasure and Profit with the "Little Grey Books."

THOUSANDS of men and women are spending many half-hours of pleasure and profit this summer with the "Little Grey Books" issued by the Pelman Institute.

"Pelmanism," writes the celebrated actress Miss Lillah McCarthy, "is now my Sunday recreation—twelve Pelman Books and a garden chair. As the sun goes down and the wind gets a little cold, I put on a warm woolly jacket, take a dose of this new mental tonic, and at once experience a sense of rest and content. After this pleasant exercise I feel braced up, ready for my week's work, and sure that I shall be able to do my best. That is the secret I have learnt from Pelmanism—it makes you do your best; and, moreover, it makes your best better than you thought it possible to be. I am now a Pelman enthusiast, and am prescribing my remedy wherever and whenever I encounter a friend who would be better for it—there are many who would."

"A Most Absorbing Game."

And she adds: "Pelmanism is a most absorbing game, and one which each player can learn for himself or herself. At any convenient moment one may take up the 'Little Grey Books' and enjoy real mental recreation—to employ that much-abused word in its proper sense. Surely, when pleasure and instruction can be combined—when, in addition to acquiring knowledge which will stand us in good stead throughout our lives, we can also find the most intense interest and enjoyment in its study—a double purpose is served. But, in my experience, Pelmanism does more than educate in the ordinary sense of the term. It recreates the mind, fills one with a new energy for work, stimulates one to a greater determination of will-power, and increases the capacity for concentration."

Doubled and Trebled Incomes.

As a result of studying these "Little Grey Books" the efficiency of the student's mind is immensely increased, so much so that reports are continually reaching the Pelman Institute from men and women who have doubled and even trebled their incomes as a direct consequence of taking the Course. The following is a typical letter:—

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I was employed. This advancement, which, incidentally, doubled my salary, I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."—From a MANAGER.

The Pelman Course takes up very little time, and the results are rapid. You experience a mental change for the better almost immediately. Confusion of thought, depression, forgetfulness and other mental faults vanish, and in their place you find yourself the possessor of trained and efficient mental faculties, a stronger will, and a clear, direct and consistently capable mind.

Write to-day for a free copy of "Mind and Memory" (which fully describes the Pelman Course, and shows you how you can enrol on special terms) to the Pelman Institute, 155 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 35, Rue Boissy-d'Anglas, Paris (VIIIe); 2575 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.; Temple Building, Toronto, Canada; 396 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, Australia; Natal Bank Chambers, Durban, South Africa; Choupaty Sea Face, Grant Road P.O., Bombay, India.

Petish
LADIES' SHOES.



N91632

Petish shoes are designed for women of discriminating taste. The model as above illustration can be obtained in Black Navy Blue, Havana Brown and Battleship Grey, Glace; Black, Grey, Fawn and White Buckskin and patent leathers.

MANUFACTURED BY
W.E. Fox & Co. Petish Shoe Works
Leicester, England.

OBTAINABLE FROM HIGH-CLASS SHOE RETAILERS ONLY.

Petish
LADIES' SHOES



Cake Royal

MAKES PERFECT CAKES.

Ask your grocer for CAKE ROYAL
J.&J. BEAULAH LTD BOSTON, ENGLAND.

**Easily ! Quickly !
Cheaply !**

Contains all the necessary
sweetening, flavouring,
and raising properties.



"OH MUMMY!! I DID SAY TA!"

RIMLETS SHOE-GRIP

Easily fixed. Comfortable.
Saves Stocking Heel. Black,
Brown or White. 6d. per pair.

**A Perfect Cure for
Shoes loose in heel**



A Real help
to a good
complexion
is the
regular use
of a

Sorbo sponge

THE MOST ABSORBENT RUBBER SPONGE

**Of all Chemists &
Stores—Ask to see
them to-day.**

Reduced Prices:

Size No. 1, 1/3. No. 2, 2/-; No. 3,
3/-; No. 4, 5/-; Bath Size, No. 4K
7/6; No. 5, 10/6.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being
much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you, you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have saved thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.



Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., for our Sales
(1530C) 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

New Pelman Method of Learning French or Spanish

An Ideal Holiday Course

Readers, whether taking their holidays in French or Spanish-speaking countries or not, will find the new Pelman Courses in French or Spanish an ideal study for the holidays.

The books and work-sheets constituting the Pelman Language Courses are printed in handy pocket-form. On enrolling you receive the first five lessons bound up in a neat little book which you can slip in your pocket and study at any moment, in the train, on the beach, lying in the fields, after dinner or supper, in the evenings, anywhere, at any time. The books are as handy to study as the method itself is simple and delightful.

The Pelman method is based on the principle that no Foreign Language should be taught through the medium of another language. The Pelman authorities believe that French should be taught in French (and Spanish in Spanish), and not through the medium of English. Thus when you are taking the Pelman French or Spanish Course you, for the time being, banish your own language from your mind. There is no word of English in either of the Courses from the first to the last (except in the guide to pronunciation, which is a separate book and is sent you with the first lesson). And yet, remarkable as it may seem, any student—even without the slightest previous knowledge of French or Spanish—can study these Courses with the greatest ease.

"I have been able to learn French by your method in the short space of three months.

"I commenced the Course on January 15th, 1921, and to-day (April 26th), 100 days after the commencement, I am sending you my last work sheet.

"During one week of this period, the Easter holidays week, I spent no time whatever on the Course.

"I feel sure that this has created a record in language teaching; I have never before learned anything so quickly and so well. At the same time I have no doubt that many others could learn more quickly than I have already done.

"It is the ingenuity and the thoroughness of the Course that does it."

Writes Student B221.

The new Pelman method of learning Foreign Languages is explained in two little books, one entitled "How to Learn French" and the other "How to Learn Spanish." Copies of either of them will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader who writes to-day to the Pelman Institute (Modern Languages Dept.), 70 Bloomsbury Mansions, Hart Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 35, Rue Boissy-d'Anglas, Paris (VII^{me}); Pelman House, Chowpatty Sea Face, Grant Road P.O., Bombay, India.

STANWORTH'S
"Defiance"
REGD.
UMBRELLAS.

THIS UMBRELLA
photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.
A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Union.
Send us your old Umbrella
to-day, together with P.O. for 1/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.
A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 6/- upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.

THIS WRECK
LEAVES YOU LIKE THIS
AND IS RETURNED LIKE NEW



Linen Permanently Protected.
JOHN BOND'S
"CRYSTAL PALACE"
MARKING INK.
IS FOR EVER INDELIBLE.
FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING
(WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED).
Of all Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.
Used in the Royal Households.




KITCHEN PESTS
Cleared the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. The pests had so overrun the place that the Government Inspector suggested the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surprised at marvellous result. Post free, 1/6, 3/6, 6/-, with interesting particulars.
J. P. HEWETT, 66 Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the UNION COCK-ROACH PASTE



The Human Hair
Why it Falls Off or Turns Grey, and the Remedy
By **PROF. HARLEY PARKER.**
"Everybody should read this little book."—*Scotsman*.
"The new facts related by the Professor have come upon us as a kind of revelation."—*The Guardian*.
"The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid, and convincing."—*Medical Record*.
By the same Author: "Scalp Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "Alopecia Areata," "The Hair and the Nervous System," etc. etc.
Price 7d. post free from
J. HARLEY PARKER, Ltd. (Desk 61).
117 St. George's Road, Belgravia, London, S.W.1.



Player's Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of Smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut	-	Per oz.
Player's Medium Navy Cut	-	1/-
Player's Tawny Navy Cut	-	
Player's "White Label" Navy Cut	10 1/2	

*Beautifully Cool
and Sweet Smoking.*

Also Player's NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. AIRTIGHT TINS at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—Mild and Medium.

MILD (Gold Leaf)

MEDIUM

100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11 100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5

24 for 1/5; 12 for 8 1/2 d. 20 for 11 1/2 d.; 10 for 6d.

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.



Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P. 847

Cephos CURES

**NEURALGIA, HEADACHE,
RHEUMATISM AND INFLUENZA**

*without ill effect to
the heart or system.*

This powerful tonic restorative overcomes nerve weakness by supplying the needed nourishment to tired, worn-out nerves. It dispels pain, strengthens and fortifies the whole system. CEPHOS cures, and can be confidently taken with the assured knowledge of securing immediate and permanent relief. CEPHOS—

THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

*Free from dangerous drugs and
narcotics.*

Obtainable from Boots The Chemists, Tailors' Drug Stores, and all other chemists at 1/3 and 3/- per box.

If your chemist does not happen to have CEPHOS in stock send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps or P.O. to

CEPHOS, LIMITED, BLACKBURN,
and they will send it to you Post Free.

PRIME BEER

Is best made from MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS. One Tablespoonful of this Extract makes a Gallon of DELICIOUS BOTANIC BEER.

*Two bottles, post free,
for 2/-*

*Obtainable from
Chemists, Grocers &
Stores.*

NEWMAN AND MASON,
Nottingham.

**GOOD!
IT'S
MASON'S**

BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS

For VARICOSE VEINS

90 years' reputation for
**BEST QUALITY
AND COMFORT**
"VARIN," all about Elastic
Stockings, how to wear, clean,
and repair them, post free.

Special Department for Ladies.
**Manufacturers of TRUSSES
and ABDOMINAL BELTS.**

Catalogue post free.

38 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1



HEALTHY WOMEN

should wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE
CORSET
OF
HEALTH



The Natural
Ease Corset
Style 2.

9/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with
Special Detachable
Suspenders.

Stocked in
all sizes
from 20 to 30.
Made in finest
quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality,
with corded supports and special suspenders,
detachable for washing.
It is laced at the sides with elastic lacings to
expand freely when breathing.
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.
It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which
ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at
the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks
and Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having
nothing to rust or tarnish.

The History of the Health Corset may
be set out in a few lines—it is founded
on Science, improved by Experience, and
beautified by Art; its perfection is the
result of the co-operation of the Artist
and the Expert.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is
nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids
will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to
breathe with perfect freedom. They yield freely to every
movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure
are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

"EVERY STITCH BRITISH." Support British
women workers and reduce unemployment.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly
returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogue sent with Corsets. Cross your Postal
Orders thus // and make payable to the

HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Room 99,
Merley House, 26-28 Holborn Viaduct, London,
EDWIN TURPIN & CO. LTD. E.C.1.

WEAK NERVES

ELECTRICITY THE NATURAL REMEDY.

Weak Nerves lead to all sorts of functional disorders. Without a plentiful supply of Nerve Force the power of every organ to perform its function is diminished or impaired. Lacking Nerve Force:

- The blood travels slowly in its channels.
- It is imperfectly oxygenated.
- Food is undigested and not assimilated.
- Elimination of waste matter is insufficient.
- The blood becomes tainted with poisonous matter.
- There is in-nutrition or mal-nutrition.
- The brain is incapable of great or sustained effort.
- The whole tide of life in the body is low.

This Book will be sent
Free without cost or
obligation. It will
show you how you
can pass from ill-
health to health
and strength.



All the functions being imperfectly performed, there begins a state of anarchy in the body. The stomach rebels, and there is indigestion. The liver "strikes," and there is a Sluggish Liver or Biliousness. The kidneys fail, and there are Uric Acid Disorders, including Rheumatism and Gout. Even the brain becomes affected, resulting in Insomnia, Brain Fag, and other Mental and Nervous Troubles.

ELECTRICITY RESTORES NERVE FORCE

It is not drugs nor medicine that can replace this deficiency of Nerve Force. These can only coerce or coax overworked and enfeebled organs into temporary functional activity. Electricity is the natural co-equal to human Nerve Force, and the success of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is wholly due to the fact that it restores lost Nerve Force by the most scientific and successful method.

CURATIVE ELECTRICITY IN YOUR HOME

You can wear the Pulvermacher Appliance to your business daily or even while asleep. Although powerfully electrical, they give no shock to the system, but gently and steadily pour a continuous and curative flow of electricity into all the nerve centres. The whole nervous system responds quickly and sympathetically, and immediately all the functions of the body begin to be performed healthfully, easily, and with their natural vigour.

Write for this "Guide to Health and Strength" to-day,

- If your nerves are weak,
- If your digestion is poor,
- If your liver is sluggish,
- If you are constipated,
- If you have Rheumatism or Gout,
- If you are easily tired and depressed,
- If you lack confidence or will-power,

or if you are in any way "below par," "run down," or ailing, you will find the secret of health in its pages.

Post to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Those who can do so are cordially invited to call for a personal and free consultation upon their Health Trouble.

THE QUIVER



Mountaineer and Mountain Maid Wools

Already in stock are over 60 different shades of these high quality knitting and fingering wools. They are extremely warm, wear well, and are very soft to handle.

Be sure that you see the Mountaineer or the Mountain Maid on every skein you buy at your draper's, or if you have any difficulty in getting supplied write us, giving his name. We will do the rest.

RICHARD INGHAM & CO.,
Crawshaw Mills, PUDSEY, Yorks.

M.H.

"Absolutely
topping!"



Don't merely ask
for lemon-cheese
—ask for

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread.

Cheaper than butter and much
more nutritious—it has the
added value of eggs and sugar.

From grocers and stores everywhere.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.

M.C.

Brogues of Faultless Style

Designed on the newest lines, smartly lasted and perfectly finished, Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues are the finest procurable shoes for active outdoor wear.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

"Direct from Scotland"

Lady's "Douglas" (No. XL). Made up on last with extended fronts, faultlessly cut. Uppers of finest selection Black Box Calf or Brown Willow Calf-skin, welted, medium weight Scotch soles.

Black 40/- Brown 42/6

The "Colonsay" (No. 116). Dark Grey or Nigger Suède buckle brogues, pleasing shades. Made up on perfect-fitting lasts. Best butt leather soles. Sizes and half-sizes. 50/-

Orders sent post free in Britain; postage abroad extra. Foreign orders receive special attention. State name or number of model required when ordering.

Money refunded in full without question if purchaser should be dissatisfied.



Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request to
NORWELL'S 'PERTH' FOOTWEAR
Perth LTD. Scotland

No. XL



No. 116



£1,000
or more per annum
for **YOU?**

Command High Remuneration

by qualifying, at home in spare time, in Accountancy or Secretaryship, the key professions of commerce, with the right to append status-staining letters to your name. Or, why not obtain the new Bachelor of Commerce degree of London University?

Specialised Postal Courses.

Students coached individually, under a staff of Honoursmen, Chartered Accountants, and Barristers-at-Law; moderate fees, by instalments if preferred. The "Students' Guide"—a comprehensive and informative volume—free, without obligation.

Metropolitan College.
Dept 49 St. Albans

Is Baby Satisfied?

When milk alone does not appear to satisfy Baby, add a little Ridge's Food and you will soon notice a wonderful improvement both in health and appearance. Baby will sleep well, will put on firm flesh, be happy, healthy and strong, if given the right food. When a baby has reached the age of six months, or perhaps earlier,

Milk Alone is Insufficient Nourishment

Ridge's makes milk more digestible and nourishing, and is one of the oldest, best and most reliable foods for Infants and Growing Children. It is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere and praised by thousands of grateful mothers who have proved its value. Some of the greatest men in the world were fed on Ridge's during infancy. Give Dr. Ridge's Food a fair trial and you will be satisfied with the result.

You will also save money, as Ridge's is the most economical food in the world, because it costs less and goes farthest.

Ridge's has a reputation of over 50 years, and is obtainable at all branches of Boots, Parke's, Lewis and Burrows, Timothy White, Taylors' and at over 15,000 other chemists and grocers. Insist on having Dr. Ridge's Food and accept no other.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Tins 9d., 1/6, 3/- and 6/-

Send post card for Free Book to Dept. Q.,

ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.16.

MAKES FEET FEEL AS IF WALKING ON AIR

Sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting and swollen feet; corns, callouses, blisters, etc., disappear as if by magic:—

merely rest your feet in the highly medicated and oxygenated water produced by

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Refreshing, soothing, healing and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves and sensitive skin make you feel as if walking on air.

Used and highly recommended by Sir Harry Lauder, George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Harry Pilcer, Lee White, Maidie Scott, Violet Lorraine, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez and hundreds of other well-known people.

Actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others, to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say saltreated water offers the one quick, safe, convenient, and never-failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.

A half-pound or so, fully sufficient for the average case, can be obtained at slight cost from any chemist.

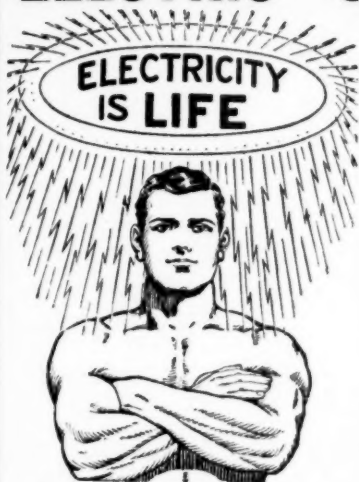


PEACH'S CURTAINS

REDUCED PRICES. Direct from the Looms. FREE CATALOGUE, 80 pages (some coloured). WRITE us TO-DAY. Lace Curtains, Patent Hem Curtains, Muslins, New Colonnets for Casements, Grottoes, Linens, Mosiery, Underwear. "The Weave that Wears." Always dependable. Estimates for Casement Curtains and Blinds. Special Facilities for Shipping. SEND NOW. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, Nottingham.

ELECTRIC "SHOWERS OF LIFE"

Amazing Success in the Cure of Illness and Nerve Weakness.



An amazing scientific feat is the invention and perfection of the "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery. Under this unpretentious name practically the whole force for good that electricity possesses in relation to the human frame has been harnessed and controlled.

Practically it supplies what is equal to a shower bath of electric life, which, though it cannot actually be seen, continually passes into the system and builds up exhausted nerve centres and tired tissues.

The nerves and organs of the body only get run down when the supply of fuel is exhausted—in other words, when the electric reserve of vital energy is at a low ebb. This is the reason why the "Ajax" so quickly replenishes and renews health and strength.

You can easily experience this wonderful healing, curative, and strengthening power by simply putting on one of these batteries while you are resting. Then this shower bath of electric atoms streams through into the nerve-centres without the slightest shock, irritation, or pricking of the skin. All you feel is the slow, steady, pulsating action—scarcely more perceptible than the heart beats themselves—that conveys the current to every nerve, muscle, and tissue.

In this way are such troubles as Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, and Sciatica abolished for ever. Thus are all forms of nerve weakness, Neuralgia, Chronic Tiredness and Sleeplessness thrust from the system, never to return. So also Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Kidney Trouble, Liver, Bowel and Stomach complaints are cured without the slightest inconvenience, and in the most pleasant manner possible. Just one hour each day, while you are resting, you put on the "Ajax" Battery, which is permanently charged, and enjoy the gradual but sure return of health and strength that once you thought impossible.

Stop Drugging and Taking Useless Medicines

If once you start this you will find how the habit grows upon you. Get back to Nature—to the greatest gift conferred upon mankind to cure the ailing and to restore strength to the weak.

More about this fascinating subject you can learn, quite free of all cost, by sending for the wonderful free book describing the "Ajax" and how it cures. Just send your name and address. Or if you call at the British Electric Institute you can learn in a personal consultation, and at the same time test the appliance itself without cost or obligation of any kind. The one point to remember is **DO NOT DELAY.** Write or call to-day while the address is fresh in your mind.

BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 52), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1
South African Branch: 70 Pritchard Street, P.O. Box 7222, JOHANNESBURG.



GETTING READY FOR SUMMER HOLIDAY

FLUXITE SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

BE PREPARED

Get ready for the Holidays NOW. Don't leave everything until the cab is ordered. Spades and buckets want overhauling—Mr. Fluxite will gladly put them right in a jiffy. FLUXITE makes short work of all soldering jobs—pots, pans, garden tools can all be mended at home—at once, without fuss or bother. All mechanics will have

FLUXITE

because it

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/6.

BUY A TIN TO-DAY

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little **Fluxite Soldering Set.** It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. THE FLUXITE SOLDERING SET contains a special "small spade" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 10/6, Sample Set, post paid, United Kingdom.

FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bermondsey, England.

HEADACHE AND SNEEZING ARE TWO SIGNS
That you have a Cold in the Head, or perhaps Hay Fever. Relief can be quickly obtained by the use of a

DR. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Headache, Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Dizziness, Faintness.

Of all Chemists and Stores, price 2/-, or post free 2/6 in the U.K., from DR. MACKENZIE'S LABORATORIES, READING.



GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

Before taking your HOLIDAYS obtain a copy of our

Holiday Guide

FREE on application at any of the Company's Stations and Agencies, or by post from the

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE,
Publicity Department,
Marylebone Station, London, N.W.1

Prevents Indigestion

Never confuse pure, light, digestible Hovis Bread with ordinary wholemeal bread, made coarse and clammy with bran and husks.

HōVIS

(TRADE MARK)

is made of the purest, cleanest white flour with the golden germ of the wheat added to it. That is why Hovis Bread is so digestible. That addition of the natural nitrogen and organic phosphates of wheat makes

**Hovis a nourishing
and valuable food**

**YOUR BAKER
BAKES IT**



THE QUIVER

TO WAKE UP A LAZY, SLUGGISH LIVER

A READER SAYS TRY DRINKING BEFORE
BREAKFAST A LITTLE ALKIA SALT-
RATES DISSOLVED IN WATER AND YOU
WILL FEEL FIT ALL DAY.

**A Natural Mineral Water Treatment
endorsed by**

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

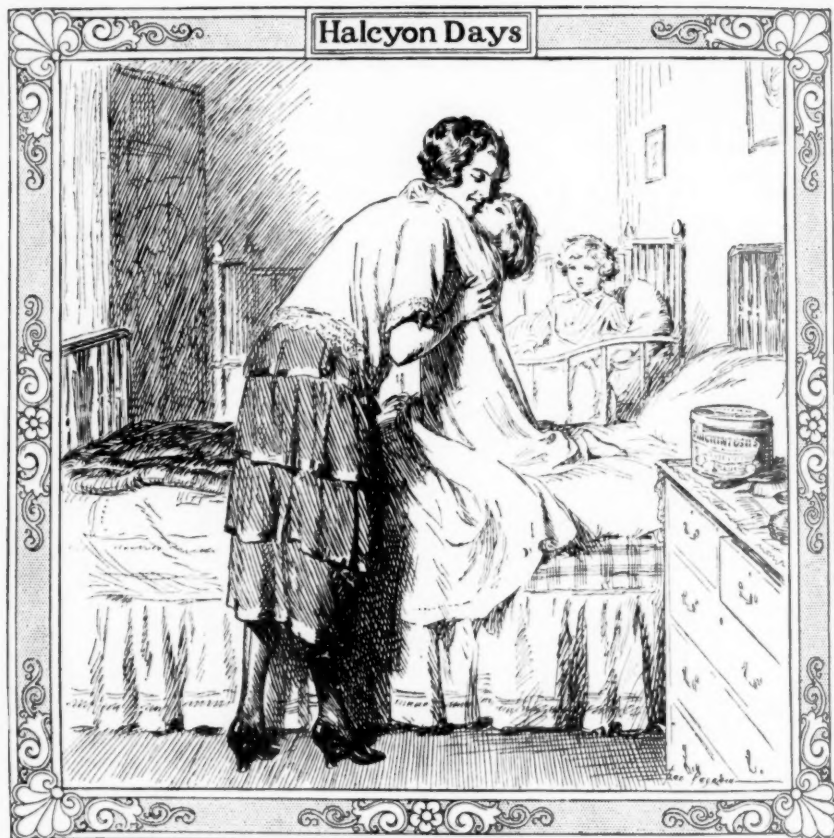
A clogged liver and constipation ("the beginning of all disease") result in poisonous toxins being drawn directly into the blood through thousands of absorbent intestinal glands, thus causing "liverishness," biliousness, jaundice, rheumatism, kidney trouble, headache, drowsiness, bad complexion, etc., etc. For nearly ten years I suffered misery from these complaints before discovering that all my system needed was a *thorough cleansing* occasionally. When I washed all the poison out of my body it immediately acted better, as a fire burns better with soot cleared from the chimney. For this purpose I used to go abroad every year to an expensive Spa.

I advise readers who suffer as I once did to ask any chemist for a few ounces of refined Alkia Saltrates, and take before breakfast a teaspoonful of this dissolved in half a tumbler of water, preferably hot water. This promptly washes out all poisons from stomach, intestines and kidneys, leaving the way clear and clean to receive and properly digest food. The saltrated water quickly reaches the liver by absorption, thus stimulating that organ and at once removing all congestion or obstructions. This remarkable Alkia Saltrates compound is practically tasteless, acts as a gentle but thorough aperient, is not lowering or painful. My medical man told me it was composed of the deposits from certain natural medicinal waters, and pronounced it the greatest solvent, eliminant, cleansing agent, antacid, and blood-purifier he knew.—C. H. N.

Some time ago Mr. Bottomley, who was also a frequent visitor to the German spas in pre-war days, was persuaded to try a course of saltrated water as an efficient substitute. The extremely gratifying results are best explained by the following characteristic letter which the famous editor of "John Bull" wrote to a London firm of manufacturing chemists and saltrates refiners:—

"Now that all German spas are taboo, may I congratulate you on your Alkia Saltrates, which to my mind (and body) beat Carlsbad into a cocked hat. In future, with your help, I shall certainly support home industries by taking my cure on the spot."

Horatio Bottomley

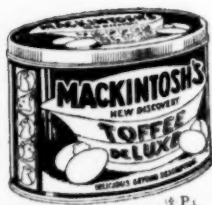


Days of Childhood

Mother is seen tucking up the little ones, and the Good-night Kiss is all the sweeter in anticipation of the piece of Toffee de Luxe which is sure to follow.

**Sold by Confectioners everywhere
in 4-lb. Family Tins, Small Tins,
and loose by weight.**

**Equally good are Egg and Cream
Toffee de Luxe and Chocolate
Toffee de Luxe.**



MACKINTOSH'S
Toffee - de - Luxe

The Editor's Announcement Page

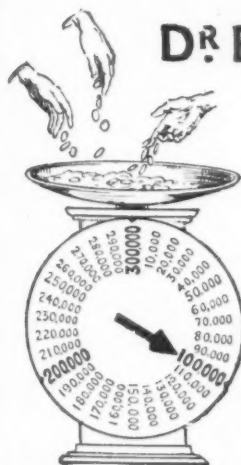
IS YOUR HUSBAND A FREEMASON?

Womenfolk are often very curious as to their husbands' movements when they go to join in some celebration connected with the secret rites of Freemasonry. There is, indeed, some talk of Freemasonry being thrown open to women. At any rate, women should be interested in the subject, and will be glad to know that I have had a special article prepared for my next number on secret societies, including Freemasons, Buffaloes, etc.

This is only one of the features of my August number, which will be of a special holiday character, with stories and articles particularly suitable for holiday reading.

The Editor

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.
All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Address, "The Editor, THE QUIVEN,
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The Editor can accept no responsibility for MSS.
Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 14s. per annum.



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

ANNUAL
HALF-CROWN COLLECTION

PLEASE SPARE

2/6

TO HELP FEED

The Largest Family in the World

Cheques, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Founder's Day Fund" and crossed, may be addressed to the Director, Rear-Admiral Sir Harry Stileman, 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Please help to beat last year's total of 332,455 half-crowns

When remitting, please mention "The Quiver."

"THE QUIVER" CONTENTS, July, 1921

	PAGE		PAGE
The Faith of Fidelity Forster. A Story of Southern Brittany. By AUSTIN PHILIPS. <i>Illustrated by A. C. Michael</i>	767	BLINKERS. Serial Story. Chapters V to VII. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. <i>Illustrated by Tom Peddie</i>	811
The Child in the Future. By the MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	774	Between Ourselves. By the EDITOR	830
His Chance. A Soul in Quest of a Mother. By BONNIE R. GINGER. <i>Illustrated by Charles Robinson</i>	777	An Old Trail. An Artist's Love Story. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. <i>Illustrated by Sydney S. Lucas</i>	833
Is War Inevitable? Some Alarming Possibilities faced with Amazing Indifference. By "ADSUM"	781	Home, Sweet Home. A Little-known Sidelight on Wild Nature's Ways. By "THE QUIVER" NATURALIST, F.Z.S. <i>Illustrated by Harry Rowntree</i>	839
The Girl at Copperdip. Story by MARION SHORT. <i>Illustrated by Wilmot Lunt</i>	786	When the Dreams Got Mixed. A Fantasy for Children. By PEACH JUSTIN. <i>Illustrated by T. Heath Robinson</i>	844
Rossetti and His Mystical Lady. No. 4 of "The World's Most Beautiful Love Stories." By W. GREENWOOD	795	Beside the Still Waters: "Like a Wall with Gates of Pearl." By the REV. JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D.	847
Romance—and Rose Emily. Story by G. M. STARR. <i>Illustrated by Wilmot Lunt</i>	799	Personality, and How to Cultivate It. A Gift of the Gods. By MONA MAXWELL	848
The Strange Story of the Frog. By C. S. BAYNE. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	805	The Magnolia Tree. A Romance. By ENID A. GUEST	853
To an Unknown Player. Poem by R. B. INCE	810	The New Army of Helpers. Conducted by MRS. GEORGE STURGEON	855
		Competition Pages. Conducted by the COMPETITION EDITOR	859



Trade Mark.

M 200.
Light Summer Shoe
in Glace Kid, 21/-

Light as a Feather

and very comfortable is this summer promenade pump-sewn Mascot Shoe. One stout but flexible piece of leather makes the sole. You will like the shoe immensely.

MASCOT

Booklet of Styles & Name of Nearest Agent from
NORVIC SHOE CO. NORWICH.

**CLEAN your
Furniture,
Floors
and
Linoleum
with
RONUK**

—the Sanitary Polish.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Write for illustrated leaflet,
RONUK, Ltd., Portslade, Sussex.

Have you tried RONUK Motor Polish?

THE NAME LEVER ON SOAP IS A GUARANTEE OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



A MORNING
with
SUNLIGHT
and the whole
week is full of
Cleanliness
and Cheer.

START the week well with Sunlight on wash-day, and its good influence will be felt during all the succeeding days.

* The snowy cleanliness and sweetness of clothes and household linen washed with Sunlight Soap bring satisfaction to the housewife, and a cheerful sense of comfort and well-being to the family.

The purity and efficiency of Sunlight Soap for washing clothes and for general household cleaning is everywhere freely acknowledged.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

£1000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.





Ninon de l'Enclos

was one of the loveliest women of her day, and one who retained her charms to an age when most of us have settled down to a resigned ugliness. Of the many passions she inspired, one of the most ardent was lit in the breast of a young nobleman when Ninon was

Over Seventy.

Strange stories were told of the methods by which she preserved her beauty. It was generally admitted that she had a

Magic Potion

with which she daily bathed her face, and thus perpetually renewed the roses and milk of her complexion. One is tempted to wonder whether it was not a specially prepared

Wax

such as mercolized wax of our own day, which kept the glamour of youth on Ninon's cheek. There is, for any woman who will take the trouble to flake off the soiled outer cuticle invisibly and painlessly with mercolized wax, the comforting prospect of

Forty More Years of Beauty.

*Don't simply ask for complexion wax; it must be **MERCOLIZED**.
All chemists stock it.*



The Quiver

Eventide

There come moments in the life of even the busiest when the work of the day is done, when the soft air of the twilight calls to reflection and repose. There seems to be a lull in the hum of things. Do not neglect such moments. Open the door of your soul to the Spirit of Eventide. Pause and think. Cast away the petty cares of the day, relax your mind, expand your heart. Live.

Here is a prayer for Eventide: Lord, I have been worrying overmuch about things which are, after all, very trifling. Make me bigger, calmer, greater. Save me from pettiness, keep me from fretting. Help me to remember that eternity is broader than my commonplace day, and that the Eternal Love is infinitely greater than all my needs.

WARBUCK
REYNOLDS



"Do I really look like that?"
she said wonderingly"—p. 779

Drawn by
A. C. Michal

The Faith of Fidelity Forster

A Story of Southern Brittany

By

Austin Philips

THE *bateau-à-vapeur*, bound from Vannes to Port Navalo, began to issue from the long passage south-west of the ancient Breton episcopal city, drew past Conleau with its clumps of fir-trees, and emerged into the gulf of Morbihan with its arid low-lying shores.

The boat was less crowded than would have been the case on a Sunday; it carried only one stray *rentier* with a huge green silk umbrella, certain priests—or *corbeaux*—half a dozen jolly market-women, one pretty girl who did not look like a French-woman, and a dozen plump *Vantaises*.

The sun was scorching. All the passengers, save one, stood or sat beneath an awning which ran aft, from the funnel to the stern. Only the girl sat "forward" to enjoy the light breeze made by the *Marie* as she cut her leisurely way. The *Ile aux Moines* was reached, low-lying, oxen-ploughed, pine-fringed. There, two men came on board.

They were clearly English or American. Apparently they were painters. Each carried a panel-box. They glanced at the priests, smiled at each other, and walked forward in the direction of the solitary girl.

They stood in the bows for a while, inhaling the south-westerly breeze which increased, now, from the Bay of Quiberon; then they turned, as though to promenade a little, when the *Marie's* siren shrieked raucously, and they started, mature men though they were.

The girl had started also, as one till now oblivious of, and just recalled to, her surroundings; she showed the pair who passed her a very charming face. Her eyes were grey and wide ones. Her hair was black, and showed delightfully at the sides of her cheeks which were cream-colour. Her nose was curved like a scimitar. There was the tiniest dimple in her chin.

"What a dreadful noise," said the elder of the two men, smiling at her.

"Yes, wasn't it! It startled me terribly. I must have been asleep."

The two painters—trained observers by reason of their profession—stood looking at

her closely: it was plain to both of them that she had not been sleeping, since tears were in her eyes and others, very clearly, had been gliding down her face. The elder man—lean, clean-shaven, a young five-and-fifty—turned away considerately, but, as his companion did not follow him, turned back. Then, aware that she was lonely—his sympathy aroused assuredly—he spoke to her again.

"Are you English?" he asked kindly.

"Yes."

"You know the Morbihan?"

"A little. I have been living at Vannes."

"With your people?"

"Oh, no. At the *Ecole Normale des Institutrices*. I got a scholarship—an exchange scholarship—at Truro—there was one offered last year to Cornwall by Brittany—and I came over for twelve months."

"How jolly! Are you staying much longer?"

"No. I'm going home to England. I'm leaving Vannes at once."

Her voice broke a little. It held, indeed, a note of something almost like tragedy. The younger of the two men—big, heavily-built, sandy-haired and coarser than his companion—gazed at her hard and very curiously; the elder, better-bred and far more sensitive, raised his hat and turned away. The younger followed and whispered to him. They began to pace the deck together. The *Marie* drew alongside the *quai* at Locmariaquer, and the pair of them went ashore.

The girl landed also. She took her way towards the Menhirs and the Dolmens across the arid sand. The two men went to take an *apéritif* at the Locmariaquer Hotel.

The girl walked onwards slowly. The sun beat fiercely on her head.

She reached the Menhirs and explored them. She examined the *Mané-cr-H'roech* and then *La Pierre de la Fée*. She entered presently the *Mane-Lud*—or "Mountain of Ashes"—the most remarkable, perhaps, of all Dolmens and sat awhile resting in its grotto which gave grateful refuge from the heat. Then, as though she had done her

THE QUIVER

duty and was thankful to be finished with it, she re-crossed the sand in the hot sunshine and approached the hotel near the quay.

At a table underneath an awning sat the painters she had seen on the boat.

They were lunching. Both raised their hats to her. She bowed and smiled back at them sadly—a great deal more sadly than she knew.

"You've been to the Dolmens, then!" said the elder of them.

"Yes."

"Did you find them interesting?" asked the younger man.

"Moderately. I felt I must go and see them—as I shall never have another chance!"

Her voice broke almost. But she managed to smile, somehow, and made a move as though to pass on. The two men glanced at one another—it is probable that they had been discussing her during her absence—and the elder nodded and rose.

"I say," he said almost boyishly, in a voice which was gentle, strong and musical. "Won't you lunch at our table? It's so much better for the digestion to talk during a meal!"

She smiled—this time unconsciously—half-hesitated, and fell in with his suggestion; the waiter came; she was about to give a modest order, when she found herself forestalled. Oysters were ordered—world-famed Locmariaquer oysters—heralds of a handsome repast.

In less than ten minutes she was perfectly at ease with her companions and was telling them—happier to have confidants—something of her tragic little lot.

Her name was Forster—Fidelity Forster. She was being called back to England. Her parents lived in a remote moorland Cornish village, where her father specialized in the repair of agricultural implements, and his business had largely fallen off. Her parents had obtained the local post office. The village was quite a fine centre. The post office salary was profitable. Her people—who had been reluctant to part with her—had bade her give up all thought of teaching, and come back to St. Brenda as a clerk.

The two men heard her attentively. The elder—Graeme, the other called him—spoke first.

"But don't you have to pay forfeit to the county council authorities if you relinquish

teaching under a certain number of years?" he asked.

"Yes, nominally. But the squire—who got us the post office—is on the council, and he's worked my release free of charge!"

There was a second or two of silence. Then the other—the big, ruddy-faced man, whose name was Hatfield—broke in:

"How did you get to Brittany at all?" he asked.

"I told you on the boat. I got a special 'exchange' scholarship from Truro Training College. I knew French pretty fairly. I was taught it in our village by a Bordeaux professor's daughter, who had married an Englishman."

"I see. Well, get on with your lunch, anyway. Eat, drink and make shift to be merry—even if to-morrow you are going spiritually to die!"

She laughed and obeyed the elder man who so admonished her. He filled her glass and re-filled it. She began to recover and grow happy. She told them stories of life in her native Cornish village. She told them naturally, delightfully. She was so Celtic, so full of quiet dignity; simple, direct and unsophisticated, natural, truly herself.

She learned something—though not all—about her friends.

Hatfield—the younger—was a sea-painter, apparently a most successful one: he talked big; he talked, indeed, boastfully, but seemingly he had made good. The elder man—Graeme—was much quieter. She held it probable that—speaking relatively—he had failed.

The meal ended. It was time for re-embarking. They set out for the *Marie*: they all talked freely on the voyage back to Vannes. But the two men differed in their manner. The elder one was gentle, sympathetic. The younger, though she was perhaps hardly quite aware of it, was making veiled love to her all the time.

They landed and walked along the *Ratine* together. At the corner of the *rue* which gave the quickest way to the *Ecole Normale des Institutrices* she put out her hand to say good-bye.

Neither of her companions accepted it. She was a young and beautiful thing, arousing tenderness in one of them and passion in the other, and each desired to retain her, at any rate, for a little while.

"Must you get back?" asked the elder.

"Must I?"

THE FAITH OF FIDELITY FORSTER

"Yes. Can't you stay and dine with us and make us merry—as you did at *déjeuner*? Would you get into a row?"

"No. I'm free. Term is over. But——"

"Come along at once to Ribot's. After dinner we'll go back and listen to the music!"

She let them take her to the restaurant. Two hours later, three very cheerful people approached the bandstand in the *Rabine*.

Someone—a Belgian painter, she gathered—came up to speak to Mr. Graeme presently; Fidelity Forster found herself left temporarily with Mr. Hatfield, who suggested a promenade. They discovered a seat. He spoke of himself—spoke much and boastfully of his work—which seemed to be very successful; he alluded lightly to the work of his absent fellow-painter in rather a condescending way. Then he began—patronizingly, and with a kind of unconvincing sympathy—to talk to her about herself.

Suddenly his arm went round her. She felt herself pulled up on his knee. He kissed her passionately. He was strong immensely, and she was obliged to feign acquiescence till, as soon as he relaxed his grip somewhat, she could wrench herself free and escape.

She fled, hot-foot, homewards; by way of the *Douves de Garenne*.

And—he was coming in the opposite direction—she ran straight into the other man—Graeme.

"Hallo!" he said, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"But there is something!" He looked at her with eyes of calm perspicacity. "Has Hatfield been playing the ass?"

She nodded. She saw his brow furrow and his kindly mouth grow stern.

"He's always doing that sort of thing," he said. "And generally with the wrong woman. You must let me take you back to your *école*."

"Oh, don't bother!"

"But it wouldn't be bothering. And it's infinitely wiser that you should have an escort at this hour of the night!"

He set himself into step with her. She felt strangely soothed and happy. Before the *Hôtel du Dauphin* he paused.

"Now," he said, "a strong cup of chocolate as a nightcap. I know it will do you good!"

She demurred—and accepted, parting from him and thanking him warmly outside the

Ecole Normale des Institutrices. He shook hands with her kindly, almost tenderly; wishing her luck and success. A few seconds later the *concierge* had admitted her, and she was hurrying along the great gaunt corridor towards her own little room. She flung open the window and stood a long time looking out upon the ancient Breton city where she had developed so greatly, and where much had happened to her—indeed, things of vast import to her life. Going back to midmoorland Cornwall and giving up all thought of school-teaching were not the sole sorrows of her life.

She took her last farewell of Vannes, also, as the *fiacre*, carrying her stationwards, bumped her across the cobbled streets. She gazed lovingly at the *Hôtel de ville*—a miniature replica of its mighty parent at Paris; she searched always for the spire of the cathedral—that cathedral whose body was hidden in a tortuous maze of mean buildings and which had always spelled romance to her since Aramis, its bishop, had to her been a real, living man.

At the *gare* she approached the *guichet*. A party of English was booking. She heard them ask for tickets to Pont-Aven.

And a nostalgia, strong and all-compelling, took her by the throat.

She had a little money—twenty pounds or so; she was going back home to slavery, but she would not go till it was spent. Her life—her real life—was ended. She would never really live again. She had heard Pont-Aven spoken of as a kind of earthly Paradise. She would go and judge it for herself.

So she yielded to the call. She was being carried before long through Auray and L'Orient to Quimperlé, where she took the toy-like train.

She emerged at Pont-Aven station, gave her luggage to the hotel porter and walked down the *rue* towards the *place*. She reached the *Hôtel Villa Julia*.

She entered the bureau. A room was given her. She wandered along the *place*. She took tea at Madame Maréchale's, then walked along the riverside towards the *embouchure* of the Avèn.

She returned to the Julia to dinner. The season had not begun, and the meal was served not in the annexe, but in the beautiful old room of the original building, with its many gift pictures from painters and the framed dedication to the proprietress of Vachell's "Face of Clay."

THE QUIVER

Afterwards she strolled out again to Madame Maréchale's. She had hardly ordered coffee when, coming down the boulevard, she saw someone whom she knew.

It was her friend of yesterday, Mr. Graeme.

"I thought you were off to England!" he said, looking at her in amazement.

"So I was. But I had a few pounds in my pocket, and I wanted to see Paradise before I went back."

"To St. Brenda—or the other place!"

"Exactly. But you—you, too, are surprising!"

"I have a studio here. I always use it in summer. It is where I do most of my real work!"

They began to chat freely. Madame Maréchale appeared. Mr. Graeme introduced her. About ten he took the little dark-haired Cornishwoman back to her hotel.

As they parted on the threshold, he said this in his kind low tones:

"I shall be up and at work long before you have had *petit déjeuner*. But come and see me in my studio about eleven. It is on the *Route de Concarneau* and looks over the *Bois d'Amour*!"

She nodded, thanked him, ascended to her bedroom, threw open the window and stood long and motionless, looking out upon the moon-washed *place*. Already the mysterious atmosphere of this enchanted village had got hold of her. It was such a place to love in. Her thoughts were with somebody far distant—the one solitary person who really mattered to her in this world.

In the morning she sought Mr. Graeme's studio, and was shown much of his work. She admired it greatly. It seemed big to her, and she wondered why Hatfield had sneered at it. He must be well off, she decided, although his work did not sell.

He looked at her steadily while she stood considering his pictures, admiring, very clearly, her eyes that had love in them and intelligence, her restful yet vital personality, her oval, dark-haired face.

"How long are you staying?" he asked suddenly.

"I hope about a fortnight!"

"Good. Then I'm going to paint you!"

"Paint me?"

"Yes, your portrait. I will begin this afternoon!"

She agreed, deprecatingly, gladly.

She sat for him every morning from eleven until it was time to go to the hotel for *déjeuner*. He talked charmingly. He seemed to have seen everything. Yet his talk was not above her. She had the Celtic race and intelligence. She was born out of her *milieu*. She had read much; had, indeed, specialized in French literature during her twelve months' sojourn at Vannes.

She came to trust him greatly. He treated her naturally, courteously. She thought of him only as a friend. He introduced her to Julia, who had known him (he said) for at least a quarter of a century. The Bretonne looked on the Cornishwoman with appreciative eyes.

"You are fortunate, mademoiselle," she said. "It is indeed an honour to sit for your portrait to Monsieur——"

A glance, a gesture, stayed her. Julia turned the conversation, then went away to her work. But several times afterwards she saw the proprietress looking at her with unusual interest, and once she caught her—also looking at her—talking with Mr. Graeme.

The portrait was finished. It was the end, almost, of her stay. Two days before the end of the fortnight—not allowed to look at it unfinished—she saw the complete work.

She looked with delight at the woman she saw portrayed there; he had not only achieved the likeness, but he had penetrated to her soul. She saw in herself things which she had known to be there, but which she believed she had shown nobody—save only one far-distant man.

"Do I really look like that?" she said wonderingly.

"I think so. And you?"

"I don't know. I should like to look like it—oh, so much, so much!"

He stood considering her a moment. His eyes were kind, infinitely; full of tenderness and love.

"Little woman," he said. "You do look like it. There's something in you that there isn't in most people. Tell me, are you looking forward to going back to that Cornish village?"

"You know I'm not!"

"Would you like to come and live in London?"

"In London?"

"Yes, I want you to marry me. I'm old enough to be your father. But you rest me so—and I should make you happy, and be



"'Laurence,' she said in wondering happiness,
'how did you know that I was back?'"—p. 773

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

THE QUIVER

kinder to you—much kinder, probably—than any younger man!”

She stood dumb, flushed and staring at him. She could not realize it yet.

“I live in London for six months out of the twelve,” he said. “I live there quite quietly in a house in Regent’s Park. The other six months I spend in Brittany.”

“And you want me to marry you?”

“Yes. I’m a widower. I’ve been alone for three years now. I want someone good to look after me. It may sound selfish, but you rest me so wonderfully. You would find me very indulgent—and I’m not exactly poor!”

She nodded and looked at him. Her lips were trembling as she spoke.

“You’ve taken my breath away,” she said. “I am honoured, flattered, bewildered. But I am obliged to answer ‘No!’”

“You couldn’t love me?”

“I don’t know. I might have—if I hadn’t met Laurence! You see, there is someone else!”

“In Cornwall?” His tone held surprise; his voice showed wonder, rather; implying, perhaps unconsciously: “What sort of man can you have met there, you who were going to teach in a village school!”

“No. In London. Someone whom I met in Brittany—at Vannes—while I was studying. He is a painter!”

“A painter!”

“Yes. I believe he is a very good painter—but he is aiming very high—and, like mine, his parents are Cornish village people, and he hasn’t got any money—excepting what he earns. He paints moorlands. He lodged at our house at St. Brenda. He works hard—desperately.”

“What is his name?”

“Martyn. Do you know it?”

“Laurence Martyn!”

“Yes. You’ve met him!”

“No. I’ve heard of him. I know his work!”

“It’s good work!”

“Excellent work. He deserves more success than he has had!”

There was a long interval of silence. In it he looked at her hard and almost strangely; but his eyes, as always, were very tender and kind.

“You have an understanding with him, then?” he said presently.

“In a way. We loved each other. But there was no chance of our getting married. I was unsettling his work—and he mine—

and we parted. It was the only thing to do!”

“And you don’t write?”

“No. It would only be upsetting. We have both of us our living to get. Perhaps you’ve never known how serious it is to have to get your living and to know that if you stop working you’ll starve!”

He nodded gravely—and smiled a little. Then he spoke again.

“So you really like Laurence Martyn?” he asked her.

“Yes. I told you!”

“And nothing I say can persuade you?”

“Nothing!”

“Then, Fidelity, I am justified of my judgments. You are just what I thought you were—a dear, true, good little woman. I was going to give you that portrait. Now I’ll keep it to remind me of you. Before I say good-bye to you, what is your address?”

“The Post Office, St. Brenda, North Cornwall.”

“Thank you. Good-bye, now, Fidelity. I shan’t see you again, little lady. I am going to run up to Quimper for the next two or three days!”

He took her hand and kissed it most gallantly. Then he opened the door for her, and stood aside for her to pass from the studio, and gave her the knightliest of bows. She looked round when she had gone a dozen yards or so. But the door was closed again and she went forward, through the place up to the hotel. In the morning she left for St. Brieuc, to catch the Plymouth boat.



Fidelity reached her parents in due season. She began work at their post office. Life was a daily crucifixion, for there was no outlet for her mentality; and her sister, soured and forty, bent on crushing and narrowing other lives, because she had herself missed expression, made things every hour more hard. Fidelity held on unflinchingly. She thought often of her Pont-Avén experience. But she never regretted her decision. She could not have done other than she had.

One soft spring evening she was out above St. Brenda, on the moorland, at the foot of a rock-scarred tor. She heard her name called—clear and pleasant-sounding—in the voice of someone whom she loved.

She started, deemed it illusion, heard the

THE FAITH OF FIDELITY FORSTER

call a second time and nearer, and so, wonderfully, turned round.

Ten yards off, someone was walking towards her: a man with the vitality of peasant ancestry not yet exhausted by life in cities; well-built, dark-complexioned; long-faced and with bright keen eyes. She leaped to her feet. He bridged the distance in two seconds and took her in his arms.

"Laurence," she said in wondering happiness when momentarily he released her, "I didn't write to you—I concealed my movements from you deliberately. I thought always of your work. I didn't want to upset you. How did you know that I was back?"

"Sir Charles Graeme told me!"

"Sir Charles Graeme?"

"Yes. You met him in Brittany and confided in him. He knows all about you—and us."

She nodded and stood silent for some seconds. Then, rather breathlessly, she spoke.

"Sir Charles Graeme. But I thought he was plain 'Mr.' He was very, very kind to me. Who is he? Is he a great man socially?"

"He's an R.A.—one of our very best—and President of the British Artists Association. He's known my work, he says, a long time and has watched it. He's on the Chantrey Committee. I expect it was he who decided the buying of my picture."

"Buying your picture?"

"Yes. 'A Storm at Port Navalo.' The one you liked and praised so. It was in the Academy. I've got five hundred pounds for it. It will be hung at the Tate Gallery.

Sir Charles Graeme congratulated me yesterday and asked me when I was coming to see you, and I told him I'd wired to you at Vannes, at the *Ecole Normale*, and hadn't got a reply. He said you were back at St. Brenda, and asked me to give you this note."

Laurence Martyn held out an envelope. She took it, opened it and read:

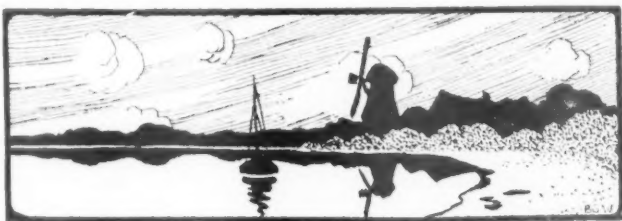
"DEAR FIDELITY,—I send you happiness. I hope your man will be good to you. I am giving you that portrait for a wedding present.—Ever yours sincerely, C. G."

She gave her man the letter, looking at him with pride and with ecstasy. He looked back at her and took her in his arms.

"Darling!" he said. "'Be good to you!' Of course I'll be good to you. I don't know what he means. Silly old man—interfering in our business—but after all, he told me where to find you—and I expect I owe it to his influence that the Chantrey people bought my work!"

She nodded, half confessed to him, then stayed herself. It was probably wiser, after all. Laurence Martyn was but little over thirty. He might not understand—he might be jealous—and she loved him too much to take the risk.

"Yes. It was very good of him," she answered with seeming carelessness. "I will write to him and thank him, presently. He is clearly a man of great influence—and although your future is assured now, it is well to have a friend or two at court!"



The Child in the Future

By
The Marchioness of
Aberdeen and Temair

THE master builders to whom are entrusted the task of rebuilding a new world out of the chaos of to-day are faced with a task as Herculean as any which has ever taxed the strength and wisdom of human forces since the world began. Wars within wars, wars in the midst of so-called peace, class strife, sex strife, a decreasing regard for the rights of "mine" and "thine"—all these stand like menacing signs, showing to those who have eyes to see that the great upheaval of 1914 was more terrible and far-reaching than the wisest prophet or the wildest iconoclast could have foretold.

A Day of Hope

And yet, strange and unaccountable as it may seem to superficial judgment, in the very midst of the wars and tumults of the last five years came a day of hope for the future of this nation, a day which, if they are wise, the world-builders will keep in remembrance—the day of the child. The losses of the war brought home to the nation, as perhaps nothing else could have done, the need for guarding the life of its children. It has, alas! taken two great wars to really bring home the dangers of child life in Great Britain and Ireland to the minds of its citizens, and it is probable that many of them still fail to realize their responsibility in this matter. But slowly, patiently, in spite of rebuffs, misunderstandings, possibly mistakes, the work of child welfare is progressing.

A Terrible Discovery

In 1907, when medical inspection of schools was first instituted in England and Wales, the powers that be made a discovery as startling as it was terrible, namely, that many of the children of school age who were inspected were already so badly damaged as to be incurable. They looked at these children and said those terrible words "Too late." A million wasted lives, unable to profit by the teaching of the schools, unable to hold their own in the race of life—and this might have been cured if taken in time.

The discovery of 1907, therefore, was that a child was a *baby* before it was a child of school age. The men and women who had the cause of the children at heart realized that the care of the child must begin at the very beginning, namely, at birth and before it. In 1915 another forward step was made, when the early notification of births was made compulsory. Before that date it was a lamentable fact that the first official knowledge of a baby's birth often came only with the notification of its death!

The Needs of the Child

But a great day for the babies of this country came in the midst of the war, in July, 1917, when the first National Baby Week was held. The whole of the first week in that month was given up to ventilating the needs of the children. The nation was made to realize something of the child suffering and loss and damage going on daily in its very midst. A new and very realistic "Cry of the Children" was uttered, and uttered to such good purpose that it is still being heard! This year, on July 1, the National Baby Week celebrates its fifth birthday, and on such a day there is an opportunity for retrospection and for good resolutions! What has been accomplished in five years? How much cause is there for rejoicing, and how much for disappointment? What need is there for further effort?

The Lowest on Record

Every society and every individual at work for child welfare rejoices this year in the fact that the infant mortality rate in England is the lowest on record—80 per 1,000 births—and that a similar decrease can also be reported for Scotland and Ireland. This is indeed cause for rejoicing, and it is not possible to estimate all the forces which have contributed to this result. But the steady, persistent teaching, the exhibitions and demonstrations, the opening of infant welfare centres and schools for mothers, the new powers conferred on local authorities by the Maternity and Child Welfare

THE CHILD IN THE FUTURE

Act of 1918, and, last but not least, the establishment of a Ministry of Health, have all combined to save the little ones and make the way easier for the mothers.

In the year 1919 the sum of £526,217 was given in Government grants in support of maternity and child welfare schemes in England and Wales, about £150,000 for the same purpose in Scotland, and £8,529 in Ireland, the latter country having a population only a little less than that of Scotland.

An Element of Danger

But those who rejoice realize, too, that in success there is an element of danger. The battle is not won, though we give thanks for many victories. Eighty out of every 1,000 born died last year—that is to say, loss and waste and suffering and disappointment, which in many cases might have been prevented. According to the Medical Officer of the Board of Education, 70 per cent. of the children lost to this country in their first year of life die from *preventable causes*. He gives a list of some of the most potent of these enemies of child life (and it is a list on which one might spend hours of careful thought, imagination, realization, and sense of responsibility)—bad feeding, infection, alcoholism, venereal diseases, feeble-mindedness, industrial employment of mothers, unskilled midwifery, maternal ignorance, overcrowding and ineffectual scavenging. It has been said, and said with truth, that every social problem is a problem of child welfare. The list given above shows very plainly how interwoven are the great problems of our time with the chances of life and health of our little ones. For, be it remembered that, terrible as is the death rate, the *damage* rate of the children is even more terrible, the number of those who can manage to hold on to a life which can hardly be called life, but is merely a pitiful existence, handicapped, bereft of nearly all that makes childhood beautiful and happy and vigorous, the children who are mentally



The Marchioness of
Aberdeen and Temair

Photo :
Bassano

defective, cripples, deaf and dumb, blind, helpless victims who might well say, "Good for me if I had never been born."

Nor must we forget that the estimated loss of infant life *before* birth, from lack of

THE QUIVER

care of the mother or lack of knowledge, amounts to almost as much as the death rate during the first year of life.

The Tragedy of Ireland

Then again, whilst we are considering the dangers threatening little children in the United Kingdom we cannot overlook what the tragedy of Ireland means to child life in that country, and how we must bear this in mind in our Baby Week campaign for this year.

Provision for the care and treatment of both sick and defective children in Ireland is sadly inadequate at all times, but the present financial conditions of Irish hospitals make it a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain admission for children at all. The Medical Inspection of Schools Act has not yet commenced to operate, there are but very few playgrounds or play centres, it has not been found possible to carry on the feeding of necessitous school children except in a very few places, and in the towns a large proportion of the children are living in tenements which are a disgrace to civilization and most deleterious to health.

Added to these circumstances, the mothers and little children, both in urban and rural districts, have now lived for four years in a condition of constant apprehension of raids and other horrors, so that it is little wonder that still-births are common, that even Irish mothers are unable to nurse their children, and that nervous disorders amongst children are growing in number.

The result of such conditions to the health of a country enfeebled by sixty years of excessive emigration, followed by the loss of young manhood during the war and during recent years, can easily be foreshadowed.

All the more reason, therefore, for the propaganda of Baby Week and for spreading the warning concerning the dangers

to which infant life, the most valuable national asset of every country, is exposed from various causes, and also to remind the people of these islands that the Great War has taught us the interdependence of all the countries of the world.

The "Save the Children Movement" does not allow us to forget the dire sufferings of the children of other countries, and, whilst appealing to us and all the world to help in alleviating that suffering, has taught us that we cannot isolate our children from the results of plague and pestilence and starvation in other parts of the world.

See to the Foundations

The world-builders, if they are wise and far-seeing, will concentrate their attention on the *foundations* of the new world, and see that they are "well and truly laid." The words of Benjamin Kidd might well be taken by them as a motto for their guidance: "Give us the young, and we will create a new mind and a new earth in a single generation." The world of the future will be peopled, its destinies guided, its problems solved by the babies of to-day; the race will be strong and vigorous, or weak and decadent, according to the care bestowed on her children now being born and beginning the race of life. There is hope for the future if the world is built on a firm foundation of health of body, vigour of mind, and purity of ideal; if the great forces of religion, education, recreation, and

health all work together for the benefit of the nation's children; if the workers of to-day take as their example the greatest Builder of all, Who, when He would found

His kingdom, "took a child and set him in the midst."



Photo:
Rita Martin

His Chance

A Soul in Quest of a Mother

By

Bonnie R. Ginger

HE was a fellow this-high and with him was a puppy this-long, and they shared all views and enterprises, which latter were of a number not computable, and they lived in Unbornland, along with all the other unborn youngsters and youngster animals, waiting for their summons to take up the mortal life.

It was the venturesomeness of this particular unborn boy, his happy impatience with the familiar, that led to his saying to the pup one day:

"You see, I can't have a mother till I'm born. But I don't want to wait till they send for me. I want a mother now. I guess I'll just go to Bornland and find my mother, without waiting. You and me, we'll go to Bornland and find her. What do you say to that for an adventure?"

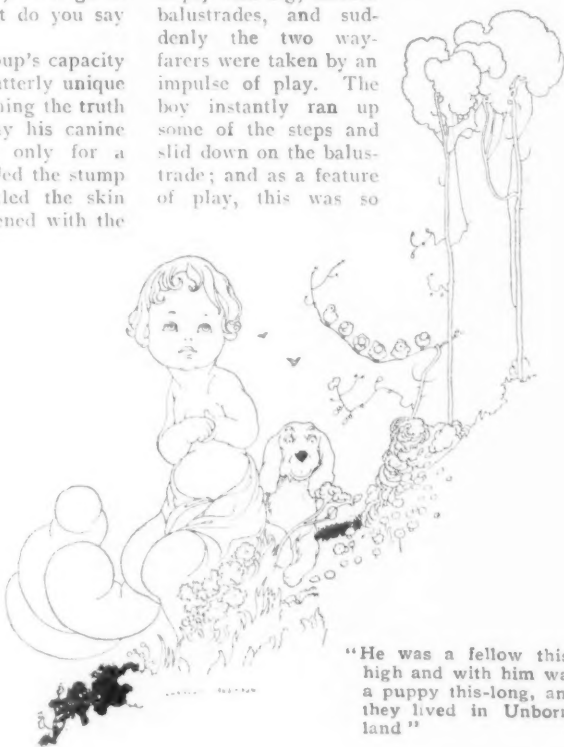
Now, it was not within the pup's capacity to question the sanity of this utterly unique proposition, but it is not stretching the truth to say the idea did take away his canine breath for a moment. But only for a moment. And at once he nodded the stump that was his tail, and wrinkled the skin around his eyes till they glistened with the wetness of anticipation, and ran out his pink tongue several times, so that the boy nodded complacently and said:

"All right, then, we'll go. We'll go the first chance we get, and we'll find my mother, because if we didn't, we might have to wait ever and ever so long, and it's no use asking the 'Thorities, because they never know whose turn comes next, and I don't want to wait. I want my mother now. But we'll have to run away, and that's called 'scaping, and we have to 'scape, because they'd bring us back if they caught us at it, because 'scaping isn't allowed. That's what makes the fun—when it isn't allowed."

And the pup signified didn't he just know that, though? And so they set about the escape, the details of which are not relevant here.

Suffice it to say that, by divers ingenuities on the part of the boy, they did make their way out of Unbornland, without the Authorities so much as knowing they had gone. And so they came to Bornland, to a great city thereof.

There they found themselves, very early of a morning, in certain great streets of that vast town. In these streets stood big, orderly houses, fine and splendid, just as the boy had imagined them, except that they had no yards. But they had wonderful stone steps, with big, smooth balustrades, and suddenly the two wayfarers were taken by an impulse of play. The boy instantly ran up some of the steps and slid down on the balustrade; and as a feature of play, this was so



"He was a fellow this-high and with him was a puppy this-long, and they lived in Unbornland"

THE QUIVER

exceedingly successful that he at once tried it again on the very next flight of steps, and then on the next, and finally, bounding and shouting, on all the steps and all the balustrades in that block, the pup tumbling and sprawling after him, yelping at the top of his voice.

They played at this glorious new game till they hadn't breath left for so much as one more step, and then they sat down and panted in speechless unison, while the boy looked at the houses and wondered how anything could be built so high, and whether the sun could get past them at all, a feat it had as yet been unable to accomplish, sure enough.

And then, when they had rested, they wandered on again and came, some two hours later or so, to some streets where the houses were much more beautiful; only instead of steps and balustrades, they had deep marble entryways and beautiful glass doors that flashed like jewels. But what excited the boy and the pup was the fact that beautiful ladies were coming out of them, and nearly all the ladies carried little dogs in their arms.

Now, the boy had always desired a beautiful mother, just as he preferred a very fine sailboat or a superior velocipede. (I take it you know there are toys in Unbornland.) So he said to the pup:

"I think we'll find my mother here."

And at once the thought made him as shy as he was eager, and the pup felt just the same. And so they went along the fine street rather bashfully, sticking close together.

Now, neither of them knew, of course, the meaning of "invisible," and it never occurred to them that while they could see and hear everybody and everything around them, no one could see or hear them. In happy ignorance of this truth, they went on slowly. But presently the pup began to be excited by the numbers of little dogs he saw, which he thought were puppies like himself, and he fell to lagging behind the boy while he yapped invitations and squeaked little ingratiating overtures, until at last the boy heard him and turned around. And a thought struck him.

"Of course *you'll* be looking for a mother, too," he said. "Because we both want to be born, don't we? It would never do if I found a mother and you didn't find one."

This bare suggestion had a tremendous effect on the pup, who went flat on his

stomach and vented a dismal howl. The boy himself was more than a little perturbed, but he concealed this and tried to reassure the pup.

"We won't be born if we can't be born together. We'll look till we find a very beautiful lady with a very nice dog, and we'll explain to her. We'll tell her just how it has to be. So don't you feel the least little mite scared."

So the pup smiled a radiant relief and adoration, and, in fact, gave his attention once more to thoughts of dog play, trying artless enticements on the dogs-in-arms, and not at all discouraged yet because they did not in the least little bit return his interest.

The boy, however, was of the purposeful sort, and suddenly, seeing a very lovely lady in furs and gems coming out of a marble entrance, he ran towards her. But because he was still bashful, he was just a second too late, for she got into a big motor that stood in the street, and it went away with her.

"We'll try another," he said.

So he watched for another lady, and presently one came, just as lovely as the other. And the boy shuffled up shyly and pulled his forelock and said, "Good morning, ma'am!" and smiled.

The lady stopped and looked right at him—but she was not smiling, she was frowning.

"Oh, dear, I've forgotten it again!" she exclaimed, and she turned back to the shiny door and pressed a little button, and the door swung inward, and she went in, and the door closed.

The pup stared wistfully up at the boy. The boy laughed gamely.

"I guess I didn't say it loud enough," he mused. "I'll say it louder next time."

Then, on a sudden thought, he went up to the door and pressed the little button the lady had pressed. But the door didn't swing open, though he pressed the button several times, quite hard, and waited a long time. So he decided to give up his house and try another.

Just across the street at that moment came, not one, but three beautiful ladies from an elegant entrance. He ran across and spoke to them. But while he was trying to attract their notice, a limousine drove up, and they all got in, and the limousine whirled noiselessly away. This time the boy stood so thoughtful that the pup came and bumped him with his wet nose, and made little sounds of sympathy and love. Besides,

the pup himself was almost downcast on his own account, because none of the dogs-in-arms had paid the least attention to him, or so much as shown they had even seen or heard his overtures.

"It's funny. It's very funny," decided the boy. And tears came to his eyes, which he dashed away.

But just then he saw the very loveliest lady of all coming out of the very next entrance. She was lovelier than anything the boy had ever dreamed of, and she stood looking about her with such a smile that he ran right up to her and, all shyness gone, spoke to her and even pulled the silken folds of her dress.

"Lady! Lady!" he piped in his young treble. "Don't you want to be my mother? Oh, you're so beautiful and you do smile so sweet! Won't you be my mother, lady?"

And the pup, who had lolloped after him, clambered against her knees, trying to get at the little born dog that sat on her muff.

The lady turned and looked strangely, not at the boy, but just beyond him, with a look of arrested listening. She put her hand to her heart, and her breast heaved, and her eyes shone. Then all at once they grew sad, sadder than anything the boy had ever seen, and she looked up and down the street, and sighed heavily.

"It seemed so bright—for a moment—so bright!" she murmured.

Then she drew up and spoke to the butler who stood behind her in the doorway.

"James, I'll not be going out, after all."

And the butler bowed and gave place to her.

The unborn boy seized her dress again.

"Oh, lady!" he shripped, and jerked the soft fabric.

She paused and drew the folds away.

"And, James, there's a nail or a splinter somewhere—hadn't it better be fixed before it tears someone's dress?"

And she went into the elegant house, and the butler, bowing obsequiously, followed her and closed the great door.

The pup was on his tail, wailing with vibrant grief. The boy knuckled his eyes fiercely.



"The boy was too little to read, or he might have seen that over all these elegant entrances were inscribed the words: 'Apartments... No Children Allowed'"

"Come!" he cried. "They don't want us! We'll go back to Unbornland. I guess we're not to have any mother. It mustn't be the right way. Come, we'll go back. We'll go back and wait till it's time."

And not knowing that perhaps they couldn't go back, he turned and walked erectly away, the pup following limply and whining a small whine now and then by the way.

Now, the boy was too little to read, or he might have seen that over all these elegant entrances were little squares of wood or metal, and that on them were inscribed these words: "Apartments. No Children Allowed."



They not only did not know the way back to Unbornland, but they couldn't find out, for there was nobody to hear them when they asked. There was something so terrible in being ignored in this way that it disheartened them more than the great failure itself. They wandered miles and miles, and sometimes rested in area-ways,

THE QUIVER

for they had now reached a very different part of the city. Once they lay down and slept, and when they awoke, it was dark. They were hungry now, with a hunger that was pain. More than once the boy had to knock his eyes, and the pup to wink and blink to keep down the howls that gurgled inside his soft, pathetic little muzzle. And they wandered on and on.

All at once, as they were crossing somewhere, the pup set up a yelp of excitement and began to run after a dog who followed a little born boy.

"Where're you going?" cried the unborn boy, and at the sound of his voice the pup stopped.

The pup capered, and then cringed—ran to the big dog, and then ran away again. He was both howling with grief and yapping with joy. The boy at last knew.

"It's his mother!" he whispered. And then aloud, "Are you going to leave me?" But he knew.

The pup sat on his tail and pierced the air with poignant emotion. The grown dog turned and waddled to him and licked him with her big, greeting tongue, wagging her tail. The pup waggled back, even while he cringed.

"Oh!" said the boy, low.

The pup made as if to come to him, but the big dog prevented him, so that he sprawled broadcast on his stomach. And then the boy turned away, and when he looked again, both dog and pup had vanished.

The boy had lost his little friend. The pup had been called to be born.

With a choking sob, the boy turned and ran in another direction; ran as fast and as far as he could go, down blocks and blocks and blocks of swarming, smelling streets.

He ran till he could go no farther, and he reeled against a railing and half fell down some greasy steps that led to a dimly-lit, vividly odoured basement.

At the same time, a woman staggered from the low doorway, and after her tumbled a red-faced, unshaven man of unbelievable odours of raiment and breath, who shouted oaths at her and clenched his hairy fist,

and then went back into the hole from which he had come. The woman sank beside the boy and wept convulsively, shuddering all over.

The boy drew back in horror as far as he could against the vile bricks; but presently, because the woman cried so hard, he reached out his hand to her timidly. She partly stopped crying, and he took courage to come a little nearer, putting his hand on hers. At that, her own hand seemed to grip the little hand, and quite stopping in her sobbing, she very slowly turned around until she saw him.

She gave a loud cry that frightened him into rigidity, glaring at him with gleaming eyes that were full of horror and hate.

"Another!" she cried. "Another pasty-faced, starving brat to get sick and die like the rest!"

And she flung him against the wall and began to beat his head against it, so that from terror and pain his consciousness slipped away from him.

When he began to come to himself, he felt himself being rocked against the woman's breast and she was crying out pitifully in words he could not understand, and kisses were falling like a summer shower on his wondering face.

"My baby! My baby!" she sobbed.

He stared up at her.

"Why—are you—are *you* my mother?" he asked, marvelling.

He reached up and touched her face. All at once his eyes went like saucers, and then he laughed happily.

"Why, *you're* beautiful! You're as beautiful as the others! You're beautifuller—mother!"

She clasped him to her in a passion. And then the basement way and the dim lights and the street noises and the vile smells faded and faded, and the boy's eyes closed, and even as he held up his little bruised, sooty hands to put them around her neck, all became void and darkness, like a gentle blotting out of everything that had ever been.

He, too, had been called to be born.



Is War Inevitable?

Some Alarming Possibilities faced with Amazing Indifference

By "ADSUM"

One of our leading publicists has been so impressed with the dangers of again drifting into war and with the almost unspeakable horrors of such a calamity, that he feels forced to speak out on a subject which seems at present to be regarded with amazing indifference. For the sake of greater freedom he prefers to write under a nom de plume

MARSHAL FAYELLE, speaking recently to the old students of a Paris engineering college, assured them that another European war was "inevitable," and that it would differ from all its predecessors in that it would bring to its aid every resource which science up to that moment had been able to accumulate. About the same time Lord Haldane drew a startling picture of the war of the future, when "a general officer, sitting at a comfortable desk at the War Office, may touch a button and release destructive agencies capable of sweeping hundreds of square miles, and depriving of existence every living creature thereon."

Amazing Helplessness

The helplessness of the nations to control their own destiny, even to avert their own ruin, strikes one with amazement. Are they in the toils of a terrible rapid, oily-smooth in its flow, and apparently innocuous, yet drawing them with irresistible force to a terrible cataract which will engulf victor and vanquished in a common ruin? Such as are dimly aware of the danger either regard it fatalistically, or put out a futile oar of effort against the terrible suction of the war-current, an effort which seems but little more effective than was the famous mop of Mrs. Partington against the inroads of the Atlantic!

"Never Again!"

Yet when fleets of airships and aeroplanes, laden with death-dealing bombs, made the moon a sinister and baleful thing; when the crash of collapsing dwellings and the cries of hundreds of dead and dying citizens made night hideous, we all said with one voice that this must never occur again. When the news came of splendid men gasping, choking, agonizing for breath, struggling in the deadly grip of an asphyxiating gas, dying with distorted features and bulging eyes, we declared this to be the final horror, and that the conscience of humanity, leavened by Christianity for two thousand years, would declare such an agent of death intolerable, and would outlaw any nation which dared to use it.

The "War to End War"

And when the world sat daily in the mortuary and saw an endless stream of corpses brought in; when it stood at the doors of a thousand hospitals and saw legless, armless, sightless, demented, defaced men carried in by tens of thousands, many of them to die a death to which a bullet through the brain would have been a merciful relief; when the world's tear-dimmed eyes could scarce read the thousands of columns of the world's Press packed close

THE QUIVER

with the names of dead men, sons, husbands, and brothers, it said: "This thing can never occur again. The most terrible of all wars shall be the end of war. This is, indeed, a war to end war. The common horse-sense of humanity rebels against this senseless maiming and slaughter. War has flung the dice for the last time, lost, and committed suicide."

And when our shrewd business men, and our hard-headed and astute Labour leaders, and our much-maligned but still splendid and heroic wage-earners realized the frightful wastage of war, the economic chaos it produces, its colossal cost, its withdrawal from mill and mine and field and forge of millions of men, they said: "War is all waste. It is utterly subversive of every principle of economics. It is labour's worst enemy and capital's subtlest foe."

What We All Thought and Felt

And when to these negative forces were added very positive ones, in the shape of thousands of merchant ships, with their invaluable cargoes, sent to the bottom of the sea by unseen agencies, thousands of square miles of agricultural land not only laid waste but rendered arid and unproductive, hundreds of towns and villages wholly or partially destroyed, mines, oil wells, mills and their plant, railways and their rolling stock, bridges, canals, roads, all destroyed as completely as if an asteroid had bumped against our planet, they said: "We know what war means now. We did not know before. This horror came upon us unaware. But how every mother who has lost a boy will be passionately on the side of peace; every man who went through the hateful scenes and terrible hardships of the war will give voice, and vote, and influence to securing a lasting peace; the children even will grow up with memories of midnight terrors and trembling vigils, of brothers and fathers who kissed them goodbye and never came back, and they, too, will be strongly on the side of peace."

And the remarkable thing is that these were sincere and heartfelt utterances during the war, and that if a plebiscite were taken on the question of war and peace now the war advocates would be an infinitesimal minority. We should find the conscience and the reason of almost all our men and women condemning war utterly, and yet the world's Press is full of talk of fleets and guns, of battleships and submarines.

If this were All

But if this were all we might be less perturbed. These are but the terrors of the past slightly magnified, and for three generations we have seen ships and guns grow ever bigger and bigger, their speed and their range always on the increase, and we know by an experience, which contains a germ of comfort in its bitterness, that these old implements of death and destruction have pretty well-defined limitations. Even the gun to which the famous—or infamous—"Big Bertha" is to be but a toy, designed to hurl a giant projectile to a distance of 150 miles, and bring London into bombarding distance of Ostend, fails to affect an imagination grown blasé by realities, whilst the word-war concerning the super-Dreadnought and the super-submarine leaves the mass of mankind cold.

Yes, if that were all we might regard the "next war," that "inevitable" war so glibly foreshadowed, as something little worse, at most, than the nightmare years through which the world passed so recently. But that is not all. The thing that really matters is that the nations have flung away the morals and manners of the gentleman and adopted those of the "thug." It is the things which were formerly "out of bounds," "not done," amongst civilized nations, we have to fear in the future. There was a time when the poisoned arrow and spear, the methods of the Chamber of Horrors, were regarded as peculiarly the hall-mark of the South Sea cannibal, the Red Indian scalp-collector, and the Bornean head-hunter.

The Age of Chivalry is Past

We all know that the age of chivalry, whatever may have been its faults, however far behind the present age it may have been in scientific knowledge and mechanical contrivance, made a great point of clean weapons and fair fighting. *Noblesse oblige* was no empty phrase in the fourteenth century. But in the "next war," which is declared to be "inevitable," seeing that nothing is to be ruled out as "a method of barbarism," as "too horrible to contemplate," or even as "not cricket," seeing also that the Sermon on the Mount has been finally scrapped as "drivel," and that Justice and Mercy have become hopeless back numbers in the world's category of desirable virtues, it will very probably be necessary to find means to protect whole populations from annihilation.

IS WAR INEVITABLE?

This is not a fanciful forecast of the probabilities of the future, of the not distant future, but, on the contrary, rather surer of fulfilment, according to the present tendencies, than any of the rosy dreams of betterment culminating in "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," so confidently heralded by the Victorian laureate eighty years ago. The Press, which is the sounding-board of the world's discords, stuns our ears every day with the din of the new war preparations, and turns our hearts to water with its tale of lethal preparations for our extinction.

A Super-Deadly Poison

"It is announced," says a recent paragraph, "that the United States Chemical Warfare Service has discovered a poison so deadly that three drops on the skin are sufficient to kill a man. The official estimate is that 4,000 tons, sprayed from 400 aeroplanes by the Germans, would have annihilated the American army on the Argonne—one and a quarter million men—in twelve hours. It is also estimated that ten aeroplanes carrying this stuff could have wiped out every vestige of life in Berlin."

This may have been an exaggeration, and we are inclined to give it the proverbial pinch of salt, but, as Major Lefebvre said the other day, "The possibilities of the combined use of gas and aircraft are obvious. The use of mustard gas, or of more lethal persistent compounds, in this way, would have results far more terrible than any of the aerial bombardments of the recent war." Thus it would seem that, even when brought down to its lowest terms, this weapon will in the "next" war, the so-called inevitable war, drive London to a permanent occupancy of its tubes and crypts, for so persistent will these new gases be that their frightful efficiency to inflict ghastly death will not cease with the return "home" of the vast fleets of aeroplanes which have rained these "stink-bombs" on devoted cities, but will linger, like sewer-gases, to take us by the throat and strangle us the moment we attempt to breathe God's air above ground.

Wiping Out Whole Populations

"It is arguable," says another Press paragraph, "that in the future, when the dogs of war in the shape of harnessed electrons are let loose, not a single human being will survive on any battlefield." Upon this topic Sir Oliver Lodge, in an interview which

appeared in the Press, was represented as saying, "The energy now discovered as existing inside atoms of matter is enormous. . . . Radio-active substances give off this energy spontaneously at a slow and measurable rate. Hands and sometimes lives have been lost by long-continued exposure to the atomic projectiles and to the energy liberated in the ether in the very act of spontaneously emitting these projectiles."

"The danger will begin when the discovery is made of how to break up the atom artificially. Just at present no one knows how to do it. We depend for the moment on the spontaneous power of the atoms to emit particles either by a quiet process of evaporation under the stimulus of light, or to project them at tremendous speeds when they have been spontaneously liberated. These projectiles, in other words, have been harnessed, as in wireless telephony. In short, we have learnt to control them when spontaneously produced, but have not yet learnt how to produce them."

"But there are indications that atoms can be broken up inside a vacuum tube, and when that happens fragments are projected with speeds almost infinitely greater than that of a shell from a gun; speeds approaching the speed of light, a velocity that would carry them a thousand miles in the fraction of a second. When one atom, or a hundred, or a thousand are broken up no damage is done, but in any visible speck of matter there are millions and millions of atoms, and if their combined energy were suddenly liberated the effect could not be contemplated without dismay. The consequences would be awful if these latent powers, when they become accessible, as they are bound to be eventually, were used in war."

When Imagination Breaks Down

Imagination breaks down at this prospect. We can but dimly envisage the man of enlarged brain and atrophied heart sitting in his underground laboratory, compassing the death of whole nations and sending the greatest cities to pitiless ruin. And this is but the beginning of the possibilities, or rather probabilities, of the "inevitable" war to which we are hastening. There are those who actually declare that the chief weapon of the coming conflict will be a bacteriological one, that warring nations will strive to infect one another with the germs of loathly diseases, will strive to inoculate

THE QUIVER

one another with a plague to which the Black Death and other historic epidemics were but a flea-bite, some loathsome leprosy, covering the bodies of men made in God's image with "putrefying sores," and making life, even to those who survive, a death in life, a living horror. No wonder a well-known writer exclaims, "In the next war may it not be necessary to find means in a few hours to save entire populations from scientific annihilation?"

"A Triumph of the Dying"

Mr. H. G. Wells has proved all too good a prophet. His word-pictures of the bombing of London by fleets of airships, written some years before the war, were literally realized when the war came, and although his lurid description of the terrible nature of the next war in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* sounds just as greatly exaggerated and improbable, yet, as we have seen, the reasons for believing this newest forecast will be realized in grim reality are far more cogent than any reasons for their disbelief.

The end of the next war, he declares, will be a "triumph of the dying over the dead." Armies will advance no longer over ordinary highways, but extended in line preceded by heavy tanks which will flatten out every obstacle as they move and make plain the way of the army's feet.

"Aerial bombing, with bombs each capable of destroying a small town, will be practicable a thousand miles beyond the military front, and the seas will be swept clear of shipping by mines and submarine activities.

No "Non-Combatants"

"There will be no distinction between combatants and non-combatants, because every able-bodied citizen, male or female, is a potential producer of food and munitions." He adds, with a touch of sarcastic scorn, that probably the safest shelters will be the carefully buried, sandbagged and camouflaged General Headquarters of the contending armies. "There," he says, "military gentlemen of limited outlook and high professional training will, in comparative security, achieve destruction beyond their understanding."

These, after all, are but slight indications of the trend of these strange times towards self-destruction. There are many others. The possibilities for devilment of unre-

generate human nature were unmasked during the war. It cannot be trusted. What are we going to do about it? A new Reign of Terror is marching down the highway of history to meet us, to which the Terror which made the guillotine its emblem and the tumbril its chariot will be as the millennium!

It would seem as though at this moment the devil is making a specially persistent and final bid for the soul of the world, and the trouble is that the soul he is bidding for seems only too willing to be knocked down to him! And unless the nations of the world awake from this narcotic, devil-ridden slumber, with its lurid dreams of blood and boundless ambition; unless they fight down their drug-habit of thinking in terms of war, clear their brains and hearts of the opiate which is sapping all their moral vitality and flinging human nature "back into the beast," there is absolutely no hope for the new generation. It is born to be slain!

A Way Out?

When I got to this point I put down my pen and said: "I've said my say; I've delivered my soul." Then I thought: "What is the use of pointing out the symptoms of the world's malady without even suggesting a remedy? What is the use of pointing to the sign which says: 'This way to destruction,' unless I point out a way of escape?" Well, I believe that the only insurance for the orderly, progressive and happy evolution of our present-day civilization, its preservation and expansion, is a real understanding between the British Empire and the American Republic. Whatever Britain and America agree upon will happen. There is no power on earth which can prevent it.

That Britain is at heart peacefully minded is proved by the fact that, possessed of a predominant navy for a hundred years, unquestioned mistress of every sea, her outposts at every corner of the world's highways, she has never used this power aggressively. On the contrary she has policed the seas for her neighbour nations, protected their shipping as well as her own when she might have sailed to a world-dominion.

That America is peacefully minded is shown by the most amazing spectacle in the history of man's sojourn on the earth. The

IS WAR INEVITABLE?

boundary between the States and Canada is an invisible line drawn with an invisible pen. It runs across mountain, river and valley, taking no heed of their strategic value. A stalk of corn, a blade of grass is sufficient to mark the boundary between these kindred peoples.

Not a gunboat cruises on the Great Lakes; there is no submarine base on Superior, no mine-manufactory on Erie. These vast inland seas are immune from men-of-war. There is no gun, no fort, no wire entanglement betwixt Atlantic and Pacific on all that long, almost unmarked boundary. Cannot we extend that splendid trust and confidence? Cannot we have the same splendid scorn of defences betwixt the Old Country and her big grown-up son the United States?

One in Determination

America believes as Britain does that no weapon ever forged can prevent war unless hearts are attuned to peace, unless the mind of the world is set on peace; and I believe that defensive measures

on the part of America against Britain, and vice versa, are regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as ridiculous and wholly uncalled-for. But we want more than this if the world-peace is to be maintained, and this horror of the "next" war, this "inevitable" war of the men whose only faith is in force, is to be finally cast out. We want America and Britain to be one, not only in the desire for peace, but in the determination to keep the peace in all the world.

The First Step

The first step is progressive disarmament—the entire prohibition of the private manufacture of the munitions of war, and the gradual disbanding of the fleets and armies of all the nations until the minimum of a national guard is reached. If His Majesty King George and President Harding can bring this great consummation to pass whilst they reign together over the greatest dual-nation the world has ever seen, untold generations will date by their names the beginning of that era, spoken of by sage and prophet, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ."



Our Precious Heritage :
Shall we not Safeguard it ?

Photo :
Rita Martin



The GIRL at COPPERDIP

by
Marion Short

“WHAT stirred up 1608?”

In order to answer the question, the guard of cell block 9 tiptoed across the stone floor to the warden's desk. There was no necessity for caution, but McCarty's occupation had long since fastened on him the habit of wariness and stealthy steps. Warden Nickerson noted the fact with the keenness of observation he brought to bear on all prison phenomena of convict and keeper alike.

“Speak up, McCarty,” he said pleasantly. “There's no one listening.”

“Yes, sir.” The guard's lips scarcely moved and his voice remained half-way down his throat. “Tuesday, middle of the morning, he stopped work in the carpentry division and began staring at the floor. I asked if he was sick, and he shook his head ‘no.’ I told him to get back on the job and take up his tools. But he said he'd been at it until he was turning into a tool himself, and wouldn't. I couldn't budge him, so he's in solitary.”

Nickerson consulted a chart at his elbow.

“Hm! 1608 is that cowboy ranchman, Streeter. I've had my eye on him, and expected an outbreak of some sort. Get him and bring him here.”

“Yes, sir.”

McCarty selected a cell key from the bunch on the big steel circlet on his wrist and went from the room with the quiet

ostentatiousness of a deacon carrying a contribution box down the aisle.

When 1608, in answer to the summons of the guard, came shuffling out of the gloom of the solitary, his big black eyes were even more mutinous than when he had been placed there, and though McCarty carried a short-nosed revolver in his hand opposite the one that wore the key ring, he discreetly marched the insurrectionist along ahead of him until they reached the warden's door.

“Here he is, Mr. Nickerson.”

“How do, Streeter? Won't you sit down?”

The salutation was received in utter silence, not even the flutter of an eyelash betraying that the prisoner was not as deaf as he seemed.

“Take those bracelets off him, McCarty,” continued the warden, appearing not to notice the cold sullenness of the young offender's demeanour, “and then go. I'll let you know when I need you.”

Nickerson was busily engaged in sorting some papers and spent several moments in pigeon-holing them before he spoke again.

“When a man's work cuts away too long at one spot in his brain, it's apt to put him in a temper of revolt. I mean to shift the jobs of the prisoners in time to relieve the present condition a little, but meanwhile— Well, the long and the short of it is, Streeter, that there's a team and wagon belonging to Stone Gate in use at the Red Gulch quarry, and as we need the horses, I've concluded a couple of days' freedom won't do you any harm, and that I'll send you after them.”

The considerate tactics of the new warden

THE GIRL AT COPPERDIP

were so entirely different from those of his predecessor in the big Western prison of Stone Gate, that 1608 was startled out of his pose of stoical indifference, and his gaze descended from the blank spot on the wall to the level of Nickerson's own.

"Didn't you know I'd been in solitary?" he stammered amazedly.

"Yes, I know, but I didn't send for you to talk about that. Do you want the job or not? That's the question. And it's up to you."

1608 gulped heavily, a sudden mist softening the hard glitter in his eyes.

"I don't know," he answered with slow monotony. "I've got so used to this place that I can't imagine what a taste of the open would seem like. I'm stone. I don't know."

"Well, here's my plan," continued Nickerson practically, choosing to assume that the prisoner's answer meant assent. "I put you in citizen's clothes, supply your railroad ticket to Mountainville, arrange for you to ride horseback the rest of the way, and stake you for all expenses on your return. You are to bring horses and wagon back by the valley road. No one will be with you, and there will be nothing to prevent your making a get-away but your sense of honour. But I'm not afraid to trust you if you can trust yourself."

Streeter squared his shoulders, the last vestige of sullenness driven from his face by the light that flooded it. The warden was treating him not like a criminal, but like a man! His wounded and bleeding self-respect looked up and smiled once more.

"I'll bring back the team all right, Mr. Nickerson, if you're willing to take the word of a convict."

"It's settled, then. You go."

Together the two men went over a map showing the topography of the country between prison and quarry, Streeter showing by his comments that he was familiar with it all, and especially with the hundred-mile course of the valley road.

They were very different types of human-kind, warden and prisoner, as they stood there, and offered a sharp contrast to each other. Nickerson was almost boulderlike in the bulkiness of his figure, and there was that in the personality of the man which suggested both strength and calm. The younger man was tall, lithe, sinewy, with volcanic eyes and in his movements some-

thing akin to the restlessness of leaping flames.

"Maybe it won't be easy, boy," the warden said when the conference was over, "to come back after you've sampled freedom again, but if you find yourself going wild, just say to yourself, and keep on saying it: 'The warden trusted me, and I've got to give him a square deal.'"

McCarty, originally a warm-hearted Irish lad, easily affected to tears, during his ten-year service at Stone Gate had become so immune to the sufferings of the unfortunates about him that he could be inwardly smiling over the antics of the youngest of his brood at home even while his eyes rested on some white-faced wretch beginning his march to the death house. The spectacle of a man walking from solitary almost straight out of the prison doors, however, was so exceedingly novel as to jar him into disapproving attention. Discipline was undoubtedly better, with Nickerson in charge, than it had been under the regime of the retired warden, but a man can't be a Presbyterian and change to a Methodist all in a minute, and McCarty's conversion to the new order of things was about as difficult. After Streeter's departure, he forgot himself to the extent of actually speaking out loud as he entered the mess hall.

When the train moved away from the station at Stone Gate, a man at Streeter's side pointed out in the distance the great grey wall beyond which the prison loomed as formidable as a fortress.

"See that big building over there? That's Stone Gate Penitentiary. I don't know whether you know anything about it or not, but the new warden is making the place practically a reformatory. He allows the prisoners special privileges and all that sort of thing. Some of the newspapers back him up in his policy; others call him a sentimentalist and all kinds of a fool. You've heard about it, eh? Well, in my opinion, it can't be exactly honey for a man to be shut away from all that makes life worth living—home and kids and all that." He opened his watch and passed it over to the taciturn young man. "What do you think of that for a bouncing baby boy?"

Streeter, relieved at the change of subject, joggled his brain for the usual words to say in the case of fond parents exhibiting their offspring, and said them. It all seemed a dream to him yet, his unaccustomed free-

THE QUIVER

dom; like more than one that had come to him in his cell, only to end in a start of awakening and the feel of a cold wall against his cheek, the fragrance of the out-of-doors changed into the horrible, musty prison smell that once known can never be forgotten.

"A year and a half old," continued the boastful parent, confident that such an attractive subject must interest his seatmate as much as himself, "and said 'daddy' at ten months as plain as you or I!"

It was not until Streeter stepped out on to the station platform at Mountainville, and saw his departing train running blithely away from its own smoke, that he began to taste the joy of his respite. He drew great draughts of the clear, bracing air into his lungs, while his eyes took in every detail of his surroundings; nothing was too mean—not even a stack of empty oil barrels piled by the tracks—to interest him.

Half a block up Mountainville's one street was the smithy where Nickerson had told him a mount would be waiting to carry him to the quarry. The leather-aproned individual in charge stopped shoeing a horse long enough to lead out the one Streeter was to ride, then unconcernedly went back to his work. To him the *caller* was merely an employee of Stone Gate *en route* for Red Gulch on some official business or other.

Fifteen minutes from the time the rider wheeled for the start, he found himself out of sight or hearing of anything human. Not a house or tree or fence or even a trail was in view, only the immensity of the sage-covered hills. Neither was there call of animal or bird, no sound other than the gentle thud of the horse's hoofs.

How sweet the stillness was—the free stillness! It was entirely and blessedly unlike the quietude that sometimes settled like a pall over the prison, broken perhaps by the sinister sound of a sliding bolt, a clanging chain, or the stifled cry of some wretch to whom a period of rest brought only a clearer realization of the pit of misery into which he had fallen. This was a natural silence encompassing him about with the friendly intimacy of old-time associations.

His gaze revelled in the changing colours of the magnificent old mountains, gold and rose in the sunshine, with a gauzelike blue haze settling softly in the shadows. And because of his sensation of content, other related images of things held dear came

back to him. The arch, sweet face of Pansy Day peeped at him through the azure veil yonder gladly, sadly, lovingly, coldly, coquettishly, as had been her wilful, fascinating, maddening way.

The glint of to-day's sun on her red-gold hair! He caught his breath quiveringly at thought of it. How he had loved to thrust his fingers into that mass of crinkles and perfume and feel it close about them like a sensate thing!

And now he seemed to see her, light as a bit of thistledown before a prankish breeze, floating down the long hall in that last dance at Copperdip. It was only her beauty he was remembering; not the tragic fact that her thoughtless waywardness that night had caused a stranger to make the slurring remark he had resented at such cost. Never, at any time, had he held the girl responsible for the gun play between him and the man who had misjudged her, though his sentence of eight and a half years for manslaughter was the aftermath. To him it was a man's quarrel settled after a man's fashion, that was all.

Pansy, his Pansy, soon to be the wife of another! Had he not turned over in the grave of his dead hopes when he heard of it? Phil Caxton, the richest mine owner in the State, was the man who had supplanted him in the girl's affections. He touched spur to his horse. He must not sadden these few precious hours by allowing his mind to follow that tortuous trail!

Sheriff Bill Olmstead, looping his long legs over the veranda rail, awaited Page Streeter's arrival at the Red Gulch Hotel. He had received notification of it from Warden Nickerson several hours before.

The sheriff was in one of his most unpleasant moods. The week previous, an escaping cattle thief had disabled his trigger finger with the butt of a whip, following it up by a blow on the head that had stretched him insensible in the middle of the road. To-day was the first one out of bed since it had happened.

"I wouldn't have minded the injury so much," he confided to Hillis, the proprietor of the hotel, who a few years before had struck town as a consumptive school-teacher in search of health and had found it, to his great delight, "if it hadn't led to his making a get-away! That hurts my pride! I don't believe in Warden Nickerson's newfaagled notions of treating criminals like white men. When a fellow transgresses the law, he

THE GIRL AT COPPERDIP

should be made to pay for it with interest, say I. Wait till I nab the thug that handed me this!" and he pointed to the bruise on his forehead. "Life ought to be made harder for the wrongdoer, not easier. That's the way I'd dope it out if they made me warden. Now take this Streeter case. What's he done to be let out for a picnic excursion? And what's to prevent his taking to his heels and running off, team and all? His wild-eyed kind is just the sort to undertake it. What's to prevent it, I say?"

"Nothing, unless it's Streeter himself," answered the hotel man, deferential, though of different mind. "I know Warden Nickerson—we were at college together—and he's a pretty good judge of human nature. If he saw fit to send this chap after the team, he'd sized it up pretty well he'd picked a safe man."

"Well, he'll find out yet that giving so much rope to a convict is liable to wind up in his turning round and hanging the one that furnished it. I don't believe in all this coddling." He wound up with an outburst of profanity, having given his sore finger a blow against a veranda post.

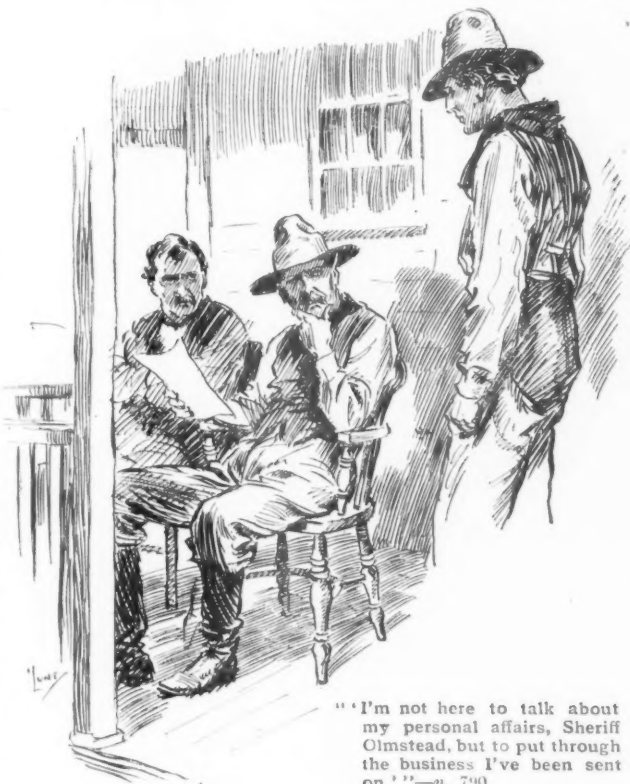
Hillis smiled and tipped his chair back against the wall. He enjoyed an inoffensive argument with the sheriff, although they seldom agreed.

"Olmstead, I have seen a good many convicts and ex-convicts in this rough patch of land, before and since Nickerson got into power, and I believe with him that the more you treat a man like a dog, the more he'll snarl and bite when he comes out into the community again; and the more you treat him like a man, the more he'll act like one when freed, providing always, of course, that he isn't crazy. And hav-

ing studied the subject quite a bit in my own way, sheriff, I'd rather welcome the man than the dog sort, when a cell door opens to send a prisoner out into the world again. They're safer for society in general."

"You school-teachers can talk a blue streak when you get started," snorted Olmstead contemptuously, "but that doesn't prove you're right. And I want to tell you—"

He paused, his eye caught by the figure of an approaching horseman. A moment later, Page Streeter reined in a few feet from the door and flung himself from the saddle with the easy grace that had first attracted the fancy of Pansy Day. The sheriff was as tall and strong and muscular as the new arrival, but jolty and angular in his motions. Pansy Day, long ago, had laughed at him for twice treading on her toes in the course of a dance, and the jealousy of Streeter's youth and grace that



"I'm not here to talk about my personal affairs, Sheriff Olmstead, but to put through the business I've been sent on."—p. 790

THE QUIVER

had entered his soul at that moment, had given a tinge of secret satisfaction to his feelings when he had been called upon to put the young ranchman under arrest, and, though he would not have acknowledged it even to himself, made him wish to strew thorns in the boy's pathway now.

"Mr. Nickerson gave me instructions to get your O.K. to this paper before presenting it at the quarry, Mr. Olmstead, and I'll be obliged if——"

The prisoner from Stone Gate hesitated and flushed a bit under the hard stare of the officer of the law, who did not offer to relieve him of the document in his outstretched hand, leisurely setting his long teeth into a plug of tobacco instead.

The young fellow caught the cool insolence of the sheriff's intent and dropped his arm to his side. The flush in his cheeks rose to his hat brim, and instinctively he clenched his fist. But he managed to restrain himself, knowing that Olmstead would be only too willing to enter a fresh charge against him if opportunity offered.

Finally the tobacco was returned to its owner's pocket, and two rigid fingers reached out and nipped the paper between them.

Streeter had once said of Olmstead that a huge plug of tobacco would be the most appropriate tombstone his friends could erect in his memory. The sheriff was never known to be without one. It accompanied him as faithfully as his gun. His fingers and teeth were stained with it, and even the whites of his eyes had a yellowish look. The odour of it hung about him now as he spoke.

"So you've come by yourself all the way from Stone Gate, eh?"

"I have."

"Ain't afraid of forgetting the way back, I reckon?"

The sally was not pleasantly made, nor pleasantly received.

"I'm not here to talk about my personal affairs, Sheriff Olmstead, but to put through the business I've been sent on."

The sheriff rubbed his chin.

"Well, if you're not here to talk about your personal affairs, that doesn't hinder other folks from doing it if they like. Your affairs happen to interest me, considering your past record. And I want to say right now, my young buck, that if I had the say-so instead of your warden, the slayer of Jim Peters wouldn't be swagging around here

like a cock o' the walk. He'd be travelling back to Stone Gate in handcuffs instead, to serve that seven-year balance of his sentence."

"Evidently you're looking for trouble, sheriff. Sorry I can't oblige you. I happen to be representing somebody else, so I can't."

Olmstead turned and set the official paper against the buff boards of the hotel and signed his name, mumbling profanely as he did so, and a moment later he and the landlord were looking after Streeter, galloping down Main Street, hat in hand.

"Wears his hair as long as he likes instead of their cropping it close to his head," complained Olmstead, after a few silent waggings of his busy jaw.

He ruefully rubbed his hand over a very considerable bald spot, with the vague feeling that if justice reigned, he would be disporting Page Streeter's thick raven locks, while the malefactor's hatless head would be brightly reflecting the rays of the noon-day sun.

The first real smile that had crossed Streeter's lips since leaving Stone Gate was occasioned by the sight of the tiny colt that was to accompany the team and wagon back to the prison. Its legs were like thin stilts, and it had a comical, uneasy look as if it wished to lower its body from the stilts to the ground, but didn't quite know how.

One of the horses was out at pasture, and it took some time to corral him, and it was well along in the afternoon before everything was ready for departure.

Sweet, damp, fresh odours from growing gardens filled the air as the team passed through the residence section of Red Gulch. There were home-loving women in the unattractive town who had sought to brighten their surroundings by patches of old-fashioned flowers. These garden spots were a pleasant sight to Streeter, and he turned for a lingering backward look at them as he left their vicinity.

Sheriff Olmstead, calling to consult with a deputy as to the pursuit of the cattle thief, was standing in the window of one of the rose-embowered cottages and noted that backward look, as Streeter drove towards the valley road. Instantly he was alert, suspicious, eagerly so. Why had the convict gazed so searchingly over his shoulder at the town he was leaving? There was no one to wave a hand to him or to care whether he came or went. Was it not

THE GIRL AT COPPERDIP

that he wished to make certain that he was not being followed?

"At one point the valley road almost touches the State line," said the sheriff, revealing his suspicions to the deputy. "Some joke if Nickerson's bird flew for the tall timbers while out of his cage! Anyhow—a little trailing will do no harm, and I want you to come with me, Gleason."

The day grew hazy towards its decline, and a deep red rose slowly over the surface of the sun until only a hint of pale yellow rimmed its apex. It looked like a Chinese lantern set to illumine valley and hill. Later, when the silver lamp of the moon was shining instead, the expectant sheriff and deputy, drawing rein in the shadow of some mountain brush, saw their quarry deliberately turn his wagon off the valley road, but, to their amazement, in exactly the opposite direction from the one that led to "the tall timbers."

"What's the fool up to, anyhow?"

Olmstead was chagrined, disappointed, but there was a ray of hope to console him.

"Anyhow, he's left the line for Stone Gate, and he's no call to do that. There's something got in his head that hasn't any business there."

"Maybe he's just heading for a road house for a drink," offered the deputy. "There's one between here and Copperdip somewhere."

"Copperdip!" Olmstead grasped at the word and repeated it triumphantly. "Copperdip! You've struck it, my boy!"



The sight of a teamster with his hat pulled well down over his eyes is not an unusual one, and two or three of Streeter's old acquaintances looked at him without recognizing him as he drove his wagon through the arc-lighted square of Copperdip and on into the tree-bordered street beyond.

The big white house that was the home of Pansy Day had been freshly painted since her lover had last looked upon it, and broad verandas now surrounded it, taking the place of the small entrance porch formerly before the door.

A chill feeling of strangeness crept over Streeter as he stopped his wagon under the shadow of the big trees across the road, a feeling like that experienced the first night in his cell at Stone Gate, a feeling that the old, familiar, beautiful world had revolved

itself forever away, and that one of spinning strangeness and unfriendliness had taken its place.

There were new tenants of course, he concluded, and Pansy, with her Uncle Ben, had taken up her abode elsewhere. While he had stagnated in prison, outside people had come and gone, had sought change and found it, and Pansy among them. He had been a fool to yield to the temptation of looking once more upon the roof that sheltered her; worse than a fool to imagine that he might even catch one heavenly, torturing glimpse of her through a lighted window to carry through the dark years ahead of him.

A lamp burned dimly somewhere at the back of the house. Blue leaf shadows played fitfully about the darkened window that had been Pansy's.

How often in those old glad days had his sweetheart leaned out to call to him some laughing word at parting, disappeared, and blossomed forth a second time at the soft bird-call signal agreed upon between them!

The whinnying of the colt recalled him to the practical duties of the moment, and he went back to see that it was still properly tethered to the wagon. Standing beside it there in the gloom, almost unconsciously he pursed his lips and sent out the old familiar trill.

Silence! The dancing leaf shadows fairly mocked at him!

A great wave of loneliness arose to drown his heart. With a gesture of boyish grief—for the prisoner from Stone Gate was still scarcely more than a boy in years—he put his head down on the neck of the awkward little animal beside him and closed his eyes. It seemed to him that he had never felt so utterly hopeless and forsaken of God and man, even in his darkest prison hours, as he did at that moment.

"Boy, boy, I heard your call! I knew who it was! They've set you free, and you've come back to me."

A white-clad figure, panting, palpitating, flung itself down the garden walk, across the road, and into his arms, almost before he realized what had happened.

"Pansy!"

An ecstasy that was almost agony overwhelmed him. She was giving him her sweetness once more, yielding her flower-like lips to his own, her fragrant hair blinding his eyes. His senses swam.

THE QUIVER

"Again, again, girl!" he cried.

It seemed that he could never let her go. He had been dead so long, and now he was alive, alive!

"Oh, Page," she cried gaspingly, struggling away from him at last, "why didn't you let me know before that you were free?" And so the descent from the mountaintop of his hopes began.

They were seated now on the wide, shallow steps of the veranda, and it was some moments before he could bring himself to answer.

"I didn't hope for one moment that I might hold you in my arms again, Pansy," he said slowly at last, "but it has happened, a touch of heaven. And now—I'm going on."

"Going on—but where? What do you mean?"

"I mean—I'm not pardoned, dear, and I'm driving back to Stone Gate now."

Briefly he explained the errand he had performed, pointing to the team in verification of his words.

"And the thought of you, Pansy, drew me here on my homeward way."

"But, Page," she cried, a thrill of pain in her voice, "if you came back to me only to say you must leave me again, why, it's cruel! Horrible! Oh, you don't have to suffer imprisonment any more! I won't let you! They opened the door! Whose fault but theirs if you keep your freedom, now you have it?"

His answer was gentle, indulgent, almost as if he had been speaking to a child.

"Troubles aren't escaped so easily, sweetheart. I forged my own shackles and I've got to wear them, even if they do seem a bit heavier at times than I think they might be."

She gave a pitiful little exclamation, passing tender fingers caressingly along his wrist.

"I should be wearing shackles, not you! It was my foolishness that forced your quarrel with Jim Peters. And what good is it going to do anybody for you to waste away in prison for what was all my fault, when you might be leading a man's life outside?"

She arose and stood before him, clasping her hands and extending them towards him.

"Page, suddenly it's all as clear to me as if I saw the visible finger of Fate writing it. Those horses were never meant to carry you back to prison! No—but to take you

away from it as far as you can get, instead!"

"Don't, Pansy, don't! I couldn't be a coward and a runaway—you ought to know that."

"But it isn't cowardly! It's brave to risk everything for a chance to live the life you were born to! You've put Stone Gate behind you—you're as done with it as I am with Phil Caxton since I've seen you again!"

"Caxton!"

Streeter lurched to his feet with a harsh little laugh.

"I'd forgotten him, forgotten him completely! I'm glad you reminded me that there's another man. It brings my senses back."

She flung herself against him tumultuously as he tried to step past her.

"I'm done with him, I say! I never wanted to be engaged to him, but I was lonely, and he pursued me so! But now I know I can never go on with it. It's you, just you, or no one! Listen, listen to me, dear! No, you needn't try—you can't loosen my hands, my arms! They cling, they cling! I love you, love you so much that I'm part of you, of your very being! That's why I'm asking you to keep your freedom, because I want to be with you! Wherever you go, I'm going, too, if it's the other end of the world! There isn't any right or wrong about being born or dying, and there isn't any right or wrong about our claiming our one chance at happiness! Ah, Page, you do love me, don't you? And think what it means—that this very night, and forever, I give myself to you, body and soul—all to you, if only you do what I ask and take me with you!"

"She's got him!" breathed the sheriff to Gleason.

Their horses were tethered around the turn of the road, and they had worked their way along so cautiously that now they were crouched behind the hedge, within a few feet of the unsuspecting pair.

"She's got him, sure!"

The deputy shuddered. He was young enough and romantic enough to pity the wretch from Stone Gate, and the steely gleam of the sheriff's eyes were as formidable as twin revolvers aimed straight at the heart of the sorely tempted man.

And now Pansy was talking again, this time almost gaily.

"And we'll have all the money we need.

THE GIRL AT COPPERDIP



"Now they were crouched behind the hedge, within a few feet of the unsuspecting pair"

Drawn by
Wilnot Lunt

Uncle Ben is dead, and he ~~was~~ richer than anyone dreamed of——"

Olmstead gave an uneasy start and held his breath, for Streeter's voice arose indignantly.

"Your money, a woman's money? No!"

But Pansy clung to him and would not let him go.

"Until we get safely beyond reach of capture. That's all I meant, dear! But I'll go without a penny, if it pleases you—take my chances, starve, die with you, if it comes to that! Just to be with you, whatever happens, that's all I ask!"

A few moments later a light flared out in an upper room, revealing to Olmstead and the silent watcher beside him glimpses of Pansy's bright head and graceful shoulders as she made hasty preparations for flight.

Page Streeter stood alone, motionless, half-way down the garden walk where she had left him.

Olmstead put up a warning hand as his companion stepped on a crackling twig. There must be no doubt of the prisoner's intent. No move should be made to seize

upon him until he had begun his flight with the girl and they had him, in the sheriff's vernacular, "dead to rights."

The spell of Pansy's magnetic presence withdrawn, Page Streeter had time to think. Lost as he had been in a revel of wild, sweet emotion, where "Thou shalt not" spoke so faintly as scarcely to be heard, the return of sober reason brought with it something that, consciously or unconsciously, he had barred from his mind during all of his interview with the girl. But now in front of him, in spite of himself, loomed the calm, fine face of Warden Nickerson, and clear as bell strokes he heard the warden's words:

"But if you find yourself going wild, just say to yourself, and keep on saying it: 'The warden trusted me, and I've got to give him a square deal.'"

Those bell strokes repeated themselves until their clangour rose into the din of an insistent danger signal. The warden's clear eyes looked deep into his shrinking soul and called it to stand on its feet and answer his look like a man!

Pansy was laughing, half hysterically, as

THE QUIVER

she struggled across the veranda and down the steps to Streeter, lugging an overfilled bag.

"There! That's for you to look after!" she cried, as he sprang to relieve her of its weight. "Why, what's the matter?" for he carried it back and set it against the door, and then rejoined her.

"The matter is that it's all over, Pansy. I can't do the thing we planned. I've got to return to serve my seven years, as the warden expects. I hate myself that I ever thought of doing anything else."

"And hate me, I suppose?"

Amazement, hurt pride, anger, made her voice tremble.

"Maybe you'd better think so. Anyhow, it's good-bye."

Already he was making preparations to turn the wagon about. Pansy hesitated a moment, then followed. A flood of words rose to her lips to wash away Streeter's resolve, but she could not speak them. He moved as if in the grip of some unseen destiny, and she knew that she was beaten, that her hour for swaying him had come and gone.

"Good-bye, Page. I love you for being so strong, for not giving in to me. I guess a woman always does, when it comes to a deep-down test. But I shan't marry Caxton. I'm going to wait for you that seven years. Yes, I am! I can be strong and noble, too, and I'm going to wait."

Streeter was quite ready now for the start. He took the girl's face between his hands and looked long into her pansy eyes. She was very beautiful there in the moonlight, glowing in the white radiance of her

spiritual resolve. He wished to remember her so! But he knew her like a well-studied book; he knew that in seven days, without his visible presence to remind her, her seven years' resolve would begin to weaken. The flowers of emotion sprang richly from the soil of Pansy's soul, but there was no ruggedness there, no rock upon which to build. He kissed her forehead, but without passion, feeling already the wall of separateness that was to grow between them.

"I'm yours, Page, and will be waiting for you when you come back. Don't forget."

"I won't forget—anything, Pansy Day."

He climbed into the wagon and drove away without a backward look.

When he turned into the valley road again, he began to hum a little tune under his breath. It was only a common, popular song he had known before the shadow of Stone Gate had fallen across his path, but it grew louder and louder as he sang, until it took on as martial a sound as the hymn a soldier sings, going into battle!

Sheriff Olmstead surprised his aid as they jogged back slowly towards Red Gulch. It seemed that there was a spot of real humanity hidden somewhere in his tobacco-soaked being after all.

"I've got an appointment to see the governor next week, and when I do see him, I'm going to put in a word for Streeter. Seven years is a long stretch for a boy to serve that's as game as he is. Game! That's the word. He's proved it. And Jim Peters was only a pizen pup, anyhow!"



Rossetti and His Mystical Lady

A Dramatic Story of
Love and Tragedy
By W. Greenwood

No. 4 of "The World's Most Beautiful Love Stories"

"Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me."

THUS, in the pride of possession, Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote of the woman who had inspired in him "the most supreme, celestial passion ever recorded among men." It was his glory to immortalize her loveliness on scores of canvases, that "They that would look on her must come to him." And, as Raphael

"Made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only fied to draw Madonnas;
These the world might view—but one, the
volume—"

so Rossetti wrote a "century of sonnets," in which he enshrined his love, its depth and ardour, for her eyes alone. And when those eyes were closed in death, he laid her to rest with her beautiful head pillowed on the "sacred volume," that no other eyes should profane it.

A Most Beautiful Creature

Seventy years have gone since the young Italian artist and poet first set eyes on Elizabeth Siddal as she posed as "Viola" to his friend, Walter Deverell. "A most beautiful creature," she is described at the time, "with an air between dignity and sweetness, mixed with something which exceeded modest self-respect and partook of disdainful reserve; tall, finely-formed, with a lofty neck and regular, but somewhat uncommon features; greenish-blue, unsparkling eyes; large perfect eyelids; brilliant complexion and a lavish, heavy wealth of coppery-golden hair."

Such in the cold medium of prose was Elizabeth Siddal, milliner's apprentice and artist's model, whose loveliness came to flood the young painter's life with a new glory, and to raise him to undreamt-of heights of happiness and inspiration; and at the first sight of which he was undone. She was to him the incarnation of all his

early visions—the dream-lady whose face he had seen when he first began to write his poems of love. It was as though Dante's Beatrice had been born again, to be the mystical lady of Dante Rossetti.

A Figure that Made Him Famous

From that first fateful meeting, he knew no happiness unless he was with her. He begged Deverell to allow him to sit for him as the "Jester" for his *Twelfth Night* picture, of which she was the "Viola," so that he might have abundant opportunities of being near her. He, himself, sketched her again and again in every position. Her bow-like mouth, her gold-red hair, her wistful beautiful eyes filled his canvases and sketch-books. She obsessed and possessed him. He could paint no other kind of beauty. And though he already, while still barely twenty-two, had won fame by such pictures as "The Annunciation" and "Ecce Ancilla Domini," his art now soared to heights of inspiration of which even his greatest admirers had not deemed him capable.

Ruskin's Appreciation of Her Beauty

Even Ruskin was amazed at this sudden development of Rossetti's art. "I think," he wrote to him, "Miss Siddal should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly and tenderly you draw, when you are drawing *her*, than when you draw anybody else." He painted her in every one of his pictures in a wide range of characters, but chiefly he painted her as Beatrice, in illustration of some passage or other from the "Vita Nuova," whose story of a great idealistic love—perhaps the greatest the world has ever known—inspired so large a part of his life's work. All that he read out of Dante, in his profound and life-long studies of the great Italian, Rossetti interpreted by his love for Elizabeth Siddal.

Not content with painting her and writing poems to her, he also taught her to write and paint. With such skill and gentleness

THE QUIVER

did he bring her dormant gifts to life, that she astonished all who knew her by her promise of great things. She developed a beautiful sense of colour; her water-colour paintings were extraordinarily like his own conception of beauty. It seemed as though his spirit spoke in her. Her poems, too, revealed his own secret ideas in a way that made even him marvel.

"Blossomed into Beautiful Flower"

He introduced her to his friends—to Swinburne and Ruskin, the Brownings and Burne-Jones—the whole coterie of clever artists and writers which he had gathered round him; and in their company her mind blossomed into beautiful flower. He surrounded her with such love and chivalrous ministration as few women have ever enjoyed, and watched over her as tenderly as a mother.

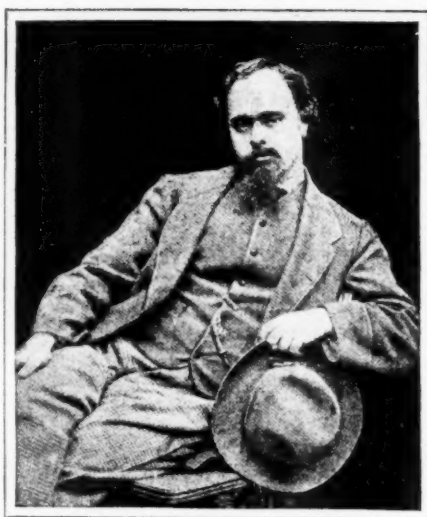
Thus the years passed in blissful companionship and mutual inspiration, each year, if possible, strengthening their love of each other. All his letters to his friends during this period are full of enthusiastic references to her.

"Everyone adores and reveres Lizzie," he wrote to Madox-Brown. "I made a sketch of her, with iris stuck in her dear hair, the other day. She is looking lovelier than ever. She is, indeed, as Ruskin says, 'a noble, glorious creature.'"

A Sorrow for Both

But gradually a cold fear crept into his heart. The girl's health began to cause him grave and growing anxiety. Her strength began to fail, a hectic flush to burn in her cheeks; there was an unearthly look in her large blue eyes. When he consulted a doctor his worst fears were confirmed. The woman he loved far more than life was consumptive.

He was grief-stricken by the verdict, and



Dante Gabriel
Rossetti

*From a Photo
by Lewis Carroll*

definite future. Meanwhile they had been content to live for love and all things beautiful, too rapt with their dream to reach forth a hand to make it a reality. At last a rude awaking had come to Rossetti's dream. He realized that, if he would make her fully his own before it was too late, he must waste no more time in dalliance. In April, 1860, he wrote to his mother: "Like all the important things I ever meant to do—to fulfil duty and secure happiness—this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility. I have hardly deserved that Lizzie should still consent to it; but she has done so, and I trust I may still have time to prove my thankfulness to her."

The Marriage

And in a letter to his brother, William, at the same time he wrote: "Lizzie's health has been in such a broken and miserable state for the last few days as to render me more miserable than I can possibly say. We have procured a licence, and I still trust to God that we may be enabled to use it. If not, I should have so much to grieve for, and, what is worse, so much to reproach myself with, that I do not know how it might end for me."

Happily Rossetti's fears were unconfirmed, and on May 23rd he at last placed a wedding-ring on his "Beatrice's" finger at

shed passionate tears. "It seems hard to me," he wrote in the bitterness of his soul, "when I look at her sometimes, working or too ill to work, and think how many, without one tithe of her genius or greatness of spirit, have granted to them abundant health and opportunity to labour through the little they can or will do."

For nearly ten years they had lived in a Paradise all their own, careless of the years to come, blissfully happy in the present. They had talked of marriage as of some in-

ROSSETTI AND HIS MYSTICAL LADY

the altar of St. Clement's Church, Hastings. Then for nearly two years followed such happiness for the lovers, now made one, as few wedded couples have ever known; but it was a "fearful happiness" over which the shadow of death was stealing, making each day more and more perilous and precious. Each day saw her strength fail, her beauty become more and more ethereal. Then with swift and tragic suddenness fell the blow which laid Rossetti's life and happiness in ruins.

Rossetti's Loss

"On February 10th, 1862," we are told, "Mr. and Mrs. Rossetti dined together at the Sablonnière Restaurant in Leicester Square, after which Mrs. Rossetti returned home with her husband. Dante Gabriel saw her to bed, and then went out to his drawing class at the Working Men's College. He returned home some time after eleven and found his wife insensible; and, on the table at her bedside, an empty phial which had contained laudanum—an opiate which she had been in the habit of taking to relieve the pain of the acute neuralgia from which she suffered much. Four doctors were called, but in spite of their endeavours she never recovered consciousness, and died about half-past seven in the morning."

Rossetti was prostrated with grief. In his agony of soul he shut himself in his study, refusing to see anyone, to listen to a word of consolation. Then, in the early hours of the day of the funeral, he stole into the room in which his dead "Beatrice" lay, and with gentle, reverent hands placed between her cheek and her beautiful hair the small volume into which, by her wish, he had copied all the poems he had written under the inspiration of his love.

The Poems that were Buried with

Her

They had been written to her and for her alone; and no other eyes should look on them now that she was no more. Indeed, the very sight of them now only added to his pain; for in his morbid mood of remorse for neglected opportunities of making her happy, he blamed himself for "writing at these poems when Lizzie was ill and suffering, and I ought to have been attending to her." And thus it was that, when all that

was mortal of his beautiful wife was laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery, the poems which enshrined his love were buried with her.

Though Rossetti's heart lay buried with his lady, and life held no more sunshine or hope for him, he was not the man to abandon himself to despair and an unavailing sorrow. "I already begin to find the inactive moments the most unbearable," he wrote a few days after his great loss; "and must hope for the power, as I feel most sorely the necessity of working steadily without delay." He flung himself into work and produced one picture after another with amazing rapidity, each adding to his fame.

But neither art nor poetry, nor the devotion of his friends, had any power to raise the cloud of sorrow that was to darken his life to the grave.

Seven Years After

For years his friends vainly implored him to recover his buried poems and add them to the world's treasures of literature; but to all their pleading and argument he turned a deaf ear. Since she was dead and could no longer glory in them, he declared, they



Mrs. Rossetti

As drawn by
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

THE QUIVER

were best left in her keeping. And it was only after seven years of such obdurate and quixotic loyalty, that he at last began to relent, and finally allowed his friend Howell to take the necessary steps for their recovery.

A Midnight Scene in the Cemetery

An order was obtained from the Home Secretary; and then there followed that dramatic midnight scene in Highgate Cemetery, when a knot of Rossetti's friends gathered round his wife's grave while, by the light of a fire, her coffin was disinterred. Her body is said to have been as perfect and beautiful as when she fell into her last sleep; and there, where her husband had placed it, more than seven years earlier, was the little book of poems, between her cheek and her still beautiful hair.

Thence it was removed most tenderly and reverently; and the frail unheeding dust which had so long and lovingly guarded it, was again laid to rest.

For twelve more years Rossetti was fated to carry his heavy burden of life—years darkened by growing ill-health and delusions—before at last death came to him in mercy, one April day in 1882. His prayer, which was also that of Dante, was at last answered:

"If it is His pleasure that my life continue with me yet a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good to Him, who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its Lady—to wit, of my blessed Beatrice."



A Quiet
Lily Pool

Photo:
R. A. Mally

Romance—and Rose Emily

A Maid and a Lodger

By

G. M. Starr

IF anyone had asked Mrs. Wilkins for Rose Emily's "reference," Mrs. Wilkins would have said: "A good little thing—willin' and honest, an' all that—works real hard, but my word! She's a terrible smasher!" The privilege of carrying the lodgers' trays had been denied to Rose Emily for this reason. Sweep and dust and scour and scrub she might, and did, but the handling of china was left to the more tender care of others.

So when the new "top lodger" moved in one afternoon in early October, it was over Rose Emily's well-dusted staircase and landing, and into a room clean and shining from Rose Emily's handiwork.

"The rooms are small, miss, but I think you'll find them clean and comfortable," opined Mrs. Wilkins.

"I'm sure I shall," said the newcomer, in a hurried, rather frightened, small voice. "They—they are small, of course, but I don't mind. As I told you, I wanted some nearer my work, and these are very convenient." Then, with a quick backward glance down the stairs, "the man *is* bringing my trunk up?"

"Oh, yes, miss, and Rose Emily's a-helpin' 'im. Careful there, girl! Mind the paint!"

"Yes, please'm," gasped a small voice from below. Then a scuffling.

"Wait a bit, mister—it's slippin'! O-oh! My toe!" A squeal followed.

"Bless the girl," ejaculated Mrs. Wilkins.

"Are you hurt, Rose Em'ly?"

"Yes'm—no'm, I mean. Only my toe. The box fell on it'm."

The driver hoisted the trunk up the few remaining stairs, and now behind him appeared, first, a large white embroidered butterfly bow, then a small, sleek brown head on which the bow rested, and a pair of childish blue eyes in a round, rosy face. The remainder of Rose Emily was small and slight for her years (which were sixteen) and was encased in a large sacking apron. She limped up the remaining stairs to lend a hand with the trunk.

"Oh, I *am* sorry my box hurt you! Are

you sure it's all right? It might have smashed your foot."

"It's all right, miss, my foot would take a bit of smashing in these 'ere boots." And Rose Emily looked down with pride at the heavy clumping pair she wore. "A pair of me brother's, miss," she went on cheerfully; "leastways, it's a pair of his left-offs. I wears 'em when I'm scrubbin', then I don't kick out the toes."

"That will do, Rose," said Mrs. Wilkins. "Be quick and help in with the box. Careful there!"

The trunk was safely lodged in the tiny room and the man took his departure. Rose Emily hovered round, casting admiring glances at the new lodger, who stood talking to Mrs. Wilkins.

"Looks a lady, she do!" she commented to herself. "And right down pretty, too—long time since we've seen anything so pretty in *this* 'ouse."

The sunshine, glancing through the little window, touched the soft curling hair under the wide hat to gold. The new lodger was beautiful in a fresh, girlish way; her eyes were clear blue-grey, her cheeks pink; her chin had a determined cleft in it that might have been a dimple if it had the chance. Rose Emily, prone to hero-worship, felt a pleasurable thrill. The other inhabitants of No. 26 were either old or plain—or both. Rose Emily felt it would be a pleasure to "do" for this lady.

When Miss Andrews had betaken herself to "the office" the next morning—she had explained to Mrs. Wilkins that her work was secretarial—Rose Emily ventured forth to "do" the rooms. So long did she take over the "doing," however, that upon her return downstairs she was soundly scolded by her mistress.

"Wasted as much time over them two little top rooms as I'd have taken to do ten!" she exclaimed.

Rose Emily forebore to explain that it was owing to the many counter-attractions provided by Miss Andrews that she had been unable to get through her work quicker. Photographs, framed and unframed, were

THE QUIVER

dotted about both rooms—photographs of a charming old farmhouse, groups of girls, snapshots of schoolboys, views of moorland and wood, studies of a dog and a baby. A pile of books appeared in one corner; a work-basket, bulging with gay silks, in another. A little travelling clock ticked on the mantelpiece. A fat pink cushion brightened Mrs. Wilkins' drab armchair. A writing pad, a carved stationery box, and a pocket electric lamp adorned the table; and all these wonders Rose Emily felt bound to inspect. The hooks in the little bedroom were burdened with clothes; the hair-brushes on the cheap little dressing-table were of plain silver. Over the foot of the bed hung a pink, fluffy garment that to Rose Emily's excited eyes appeared to be an opera cloak at least, but was in reality Miss Andrews' dressing-gown.

"The new lodger has a rare heap of things," she confided to Mrs. Wilkins, later in the day.

"H'm! So it seems," said Mrs. Wilkins, "buyin' all them frills and fal-lals out of wot she gets for her typing, or whatever it is she does. Don't wonder she had to move into smaller rooms. Just like the young folks—earns a pound and spends nineteen shillings on their backs, and then can't buy themselves proper food! Has her lunch and tea out, so she says—I dare say she lives on tea and buns, like half them clerks do." Then, with a sudden change of tone, remembering she preferred to consider it beneath her dignity to discuss her lodgers with Rose Emily: "And as for you, my girl, remember it's no business of yours wot they do with their money. You earns yours a-keepin' them rooms clean and fit for 'em, and it ain't polite to go a-pokin' your nose into other folk's property."

Rose Emily felt duly humbled, but her girl's soul still delighted in secret over the remembrance of Miss Andrews' pretty things. Next morning she took positive enjoyment in cleaning Miss Andrews' neat brown shoes among the collection of shabby footgear assembled on the scullery table.

Encounters with the new lodger were far too few for Rose Emily. All her work in Miss Andrews' rooms was done, of course, while Miss Andrews was away by day. Sunday, however, found Rose Emily diligently dusting the furniture in the little sitting-room at half-past ten. The new lodger would probably follow the example of the rest of No. 26 and sleep late. But

no! She appeared suddenly in the doorway in a gown of some dull-blue material, her beautiful hair half hidden by her black hat, her prayer-book in hand, and a kind of jubilant, early-morning look on her face.

"What! Still busy, Rose Emily?" she smiled. "Is it you who keeps these rooms so beautifully clean always?"

"Yes, miss," beamed Rose Emily, flapping her duster briskly round a chair leg. "I real enjoys it, miss—a-rubbin' things up, miss."

Miss Andrews laughed.

"I believe you do. You'd be a joy in a farmhouse, you know. There's such heaps of cleaning to be done there. My mother would love to have somebody like you. Ever been in the country?"

"No, miss—leastways, only for a day."

"Ah, that's a pity! You can breathe in the country, Rose. I can't get used to the smoke and dust here, somehow. Oh, Rose!"

"Yes, miss."

"Weren't there any letters for me?"

"No, miss."

Miss Andrews sighed. "Oh, well, never mind." She walked to the door. "You—you are sure the post's in?"

"Well, miss, 'e never comes on Sundays. But there weren't any last night."

The black hat drooped a little as its wearer went downstairs.



One morning by parcel post came a big box addressed to Miss Felicity Andrews. Rose Emily carried it up into the little sitting-room. So that was what the "F" on the hair-brushes stood for, was it? Felicity! Odd name for a girl! Where had Rose Emily heard it before? Felicity! Felicity! She murmured it as she dusted. Later in the day, as she worked in the kitchen, a chord of memory sounded in Rose Emily's brain: "Joy and felicity!" That was it! Joy and felicity! Where had she heard those words? Ah, now she had it! "Everlasting joy and felicity."

"What are you mumbling to yourself about?" said Mrs. Wilkins.

"Everlastin'-joy-and-felicity," said Rose Emily.

"Everlastin' rubbish!" said Mrs. Wilkins. "And what are you emptyin' them tea leaves in that jug for? Do show a bit of sense, for mercy's sake!"

In the evening, when Rose Emily took

ROMANCE—AND ROSE EMILY



"Felicity sat up suddenly, her cheeks more vividly pink"—p. 803

Miss Andrews' shoes upstairs, she gave a little gasp as she opened the sitting-room door. Every available pot and vase in the room was filled with flowers—crimson and white dahlias, golden-bronze chrysanthemums, the delicious mauve of Michaelmas daisies, greeted her from every corner, and in a little blue-and-white bowl clustered half a dozen late roses.

"Lor, miss," gasped Rose Emily.

Miss Andrews looked up from her sewing. "Yes, aren't they lovely? They came from my home to-day. Would you like some?"

"Oh—oh!" was Rose Emily's answer—Rose Emily, who had never had a flower given her in all her life.

Felicity Andrews had jumped up from her chair and was pulling at the vases—"Some of the daisies, and two dahlias, because they are such a lovely colour, and some chrysanthemums, and—oh, yes—two of my special roses. It's your name-flower, Rose Emily."

"Yes, miss. No, miss," said Rose Emily meekly. "Oh, miss, thank you, miss," and

forthwith bolted with her treasures up to her attic bedroom. Name-flower, indeed! Rose Emily had never realized before that her name had any connexion with flowers at all. It was difficult to believe it had—when you heard some people say it. Rose Emily was vaguely grateful to her godfathers and

godmothers as she rammed Miss Andrews' flowers into a hideous purple vase. The roses she put into a little glass jam jar by themselves.

After this there was nothing that Rose Emily would not do for Mrs. Wilkins' new lodger. Her only grief was that there was so little to do. At night, in her attic room, Rose Emily voyaged forth on long romantic adventures in which numerous occasions arose for her services. The house would be on fire and she, Rose Emily, would rescue Miss Andrews at the risk of her own life. Miss Andrews would break her leg—no, she wouldn't have her do that—broken legs were nasty uncomfortable things. A burglar would break in (Rose Emily went to "the pictures" every Wednesday night, and lacked nothing in the way of thrills), Rose Emily would give the alarm. And so on—for Rose Emily was very young.

And then a real Romance began; romance with a capital R.

A knock was heard at the front door one evening and Rose Emily answered it. A

THE QUIVER

deep, pleasant voice from the fog outside said:

"This is twenty-six, isn't it? I think Miss Andrews has rooms here."

"Yes, sir," quavered Rose Emily.

"May I see her? She is home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; this way, sir."

The big, clean-shaven young man who stepped inside nearly filled up the little hall. He was dark-haired and blue-eyed, and wonderfully handsome, Rose Emily thought. She knocked breathlessly at Felicity's door a minute later.

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

Felicity rose from her sewing and turned quickly. The big man stepped into the room.

"Billy!" said Felicity, laughing. "Billy! I thought I told you——"

"So you did! I told you I should come."

Then—*he kissed her!* And Rose Emily saw him do it. She walked downstairs slowly.

"Like the pictures, it was," she said to herself, "and 'im so nice looking an' all. Oh, dear!"

What the sigh was for Rose Emily could not have told you. She acquainted Mrs. Wilkins of the arrival of the visitor, but forbore to add details.

"And what was the young man's name?" her mistress demanded sharply.

"I—never asked 'im."

"*There* you go again! Haven't I told you to ask the name of everyone wot comes, and *then* go up and ask if their friends'll see 'em. Whatever *next*?"

Rose Emily felt a little shy as she took up Felicity's hot water that night. Felicity was sitting gazing pensively into the fire, and hardly moved as the girl entered. She looked a little sad, too. Evidently Billy's visit had given food for thought.

One foggy evening Miss Andrews came home early and shiveringly announced that she had a cold, was going to bed, and that nobody was to mind or do anything, please. Mrs. Wilkins bustled round the kitchen, alternately scolding Rose Emily, blaming Felicity, and suggesting plans for her comfort.

"Nice thing it will be if she goes and gets downright ill—and no wonder in this fog! And she's that flushed, I dare say

her temperature's up. She ought to have a fire. Rose Emily, for goodness' sake make haste and fill that coal bucket. I'm going to make her some gruel—as if I wasn't run off my legs as it is. It's my belief she's no business in an office at all. When you lights the fire, mind the sparks don't fly out and set fire to nothin'."

Rose Emily's eyes and mouth grew rounder than ever.

"You don't think she'll be very ill?" she said, fearfully.

Mrs. Wilkins declined to be reassuring.

"This running about in fogs and wet is enough to give anybody the *peumonia*," she said. "Run up quick and get the fire lit, and come back and fetch the gruel. And don't break nothin'!"

Felicity was in bed, very pink of cheek and bright of eye. Rose Emily dumped the wood and coal on the ground and looked at her wonderingly.

"You don't feel like being very ill, miss?" she said solemnly. "You ain't going to 'ave *peumony*, or nothink, are you?"

"Rose Emily! What a Job's comforter you are! I hope not—it's only a bad cold."

"My cousin had it," Rose Emily went on lugubriously, "an' she died. An' she——"

"Rose Emily!" said poor Felicity. "For pity's sake, child, don't be so dismal!"

Rose Emily was silent. Presently she was entrusted with the "gruel." So careful was she that she took several minutes crawling upstairs with it.

"I ain't spilt it," she burst forth, so jubilantly that Felicity had not the heart to observe that the slow passage of it up the cold stairs had had the effect of congealing it into an unpalatable mass.



The next morning was Saturday. Felicity's cold was worse, and Rose Emily was vaguely worried.

As she polished the hall linoleum a ring came at the door. She opened it to find a large, cheerful-looking young man with keen grey eyes in a bronzed face, who said boyishly:

"Does a Miss Andrews live here?"

"Yes, sir—I mean, I—yes, sir," floundered Rose Emily.

"Will you ask her if I may see her? My name is Dixon."

Rose Emily looked blank.

ROMANCE—AND ROSE EMILY

"I'm very sorry, sir, but she's ill, sir."

"She's *what*?"

The grey eyes grew stern, and Rose Emily felt as guilty as if she had been the cause of the indisposition.

"She's ill, sir," she quavered again.

"Good heavens! I'd no idea. It's nothing serious, I hope?" He looked so fierce that the last vestige of common sense ebbed from Rose Emily.

"I—I dunno, sir. It—it *might* be pneumonia, but we 'opes it isn't."

"What!" He was a very stalwart person, and Rose Emily jumped.

"Do you mean to tell me—where's your mistress? Let me see her *at once*. Make haste, please!"

By now he was in the hall, and as he took off his hat Rose Emily noted the brilliant red of his hair. She fled for Mrs. Wilkins and retreated downstairs herself. A hurried altercation went on, and presently Mrs. Wilkins appeared, much perturbed.

"Rose Emily, what *have* you bin sayin'? That young man's like a ravin' lunatic! As soon as he'd listen to sense, I tells 'im it were a very bad cold, but I don't believe 'e heard a quarter I said. Talkin' about ascendin' for the young lady's mother, an' all! 'Pears he's a friend of theirs. 'E's gone now. I never knowed such a ram-pagin' as he went on with. You'd better let me answer the door in future, miss!"

Twenty minutes later Rose Emily was in Felicity's room—a sadly perplexed Rose Emily. *One* young man she could understand—"An' 'im so good-lookin' an' all"—but two foretold complications, and what could her beloved Miss Andrews possibly see in that terrifying young giant with the red hair and the roaring voice? Surely "Billy" was the chosen!

"Please, miss," she began shyly, "a young gent came and asked for you. Mr. Dixon, miss."

Felicity sat up suddenly, her cheeks more vividly pink.

"Mr. Dixon! Rose Emily! What did you say?"

"I—I sez you was ill," said Rose Emily.

"You didn't!" gasped Felicity.

"Yes, miss. He took on something awful, miss. An' he went off in a terrible 'urry, miss."

Felicity lay back as suddenly as she had started up.

"Now the deluge!" she said to herself.

A knock came at the front door. Rose

Emily, hanging over the staircase, heard yet another masculine voice.

"Er—I am Dr. Jenkins. A young man called just now to ask if I would come and see Miss Andrews. I understand. . . ." The rest of the sentence was lost.



"Slight chill. Yes, yes. A day or two in bed. Yes, that's all. I gathered from the young man it was somewhat more serious. Yes, yes. *Good morning*."

Mrs. Wilkins gave a contemptuous sniff as she vanished kitchenwards.

"That young jackanapes seems to have stirred things up," she observed. "Why, bless me, there's the door bell again!"

On the doorstep stood a little fluffy, fair-haired woman swathed in furs. A big grey motor-car stood in the gutter.

"Oh, I'm Mrs. Andrews—Miss Andrews' sister-in-law. Mr. Dixon called up on the 'phone to say she is ill. May I come in?"

Mrs. Wilkins attempted a lengthy explanation for the second time that morning.

"Oh, a chill! Oh, I'm so glad it's no worse. I'll run up and see her. Mr. Dixon has wired for her mother, I believe."

It was a very subdued-looking Felicity that Rose Emily found when she went up to mend the fire later, the visitor having departed.

"Oh, Rose Emily, I *am* in a tangle," she said ruefully. "You'll have half my family upon you before the day's over, I'm afraid. The *very* thing I've been trying to avoid!"

Felicity hesitated as she lay and watched Rose Emily dust. Then she began to speak again, as if she would justify herself to herself.

"I dare say it was silly, Rose Emily, but I thought I could do it. You see, we are a big family, and I was tired of being at home. I'd had typing lessons and done a good bit of work in the district during the war. And I wanted dreadfully to come up to London and try working in an office. And they all laughed at me and said I'd never stick it out for three months. But I begged and begged, and at last my parents said 'Yes.' They wouldn't have said it then, only I have a married brother in town, and they thought he'd look after me. So I came, and I found a job, and I got rooms and everything—but I'd not had much experience, and I chose two big rooms and it swallowed up all my earnings, and you see, I *wouldn't* send home for help—I *would*

THE QUIVER

stay the three months. So I moved here, and it was all right. I wouldn't let my brother know for a bit, but he found out, and he came that once—you let him in yourself. He scolded me then for being here. I don't know why they all minded so. And Mr. Dixon—er—he's a friend of ours—and I suppose mother asked him to look me up if he came to town—and he did—they must have frightened him, and the silly boy—he went off and found a doctor—and he went to Billy's house; Billy was out, but his wife came. And, oh, dear! He's wired for mother, and I know she'll have a fright. Oh, Rose Emily, I am all muddled!"

But Rose Emily's face for once expressed no sympathy—only the acutest disappointment, as her little romance crashed about her ears.

"Oh, miss!" she almost wailed, "an' 'im so good-looking an' all! And I thort he was your young man!"

"Who? Billy? Oh, Rose Emily, you funny child!" And Felicity went off into a gale of laughter.

But Rose Emily refused to see the joke.

"Well, miss, I seed 'im——" She stopped in confusion. "Er—anyways, he was far an' away handsomer nor that excited gent wot has the red 'air. 'E ain't your young man, miss, is 'e?" she added anxiously.

"Mrs. Wilkins will be angry if I keep you talking here," said Felicity suddenly and a little stiffly.



Rose Emily was in the depths, and Mrs. Wilkins knew it; for two plates and a hot-water jug had found their smashed-up way into the dust bin within twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Andrews had arrived, had taken matters into her own hands, interviewed Felicity's employer, and wired to her husband that she was remaining the week-end, and would return with Felicity on Monday or Tuesday, if Felicity was fit to travel.

Rose Emily had been despatched with the telegraph message, so there was no possible doubt. She went about in a state of deepest gloom, and was only saved from shedding tears by Mrs. Wilkins' unsympathetic presence.

It was Sunday morning, and Rose Emily dusted Felicity's room a little spiritlessly. Mrs. Andrews sat by her daughter's bed, and the two watched her. Felicity felt vaguely disappointed. She had regaled her mother with a vivid account of the girl's quaint little ways and sayings, and now here she was moving round merely like an automaton.

"Rose Emily, you seem a bit sad to-day. What's the matter with you?" said Felicity at last.

"Nothin', miss" (pause), "thank you, miss."

The top of Felicity's trunk was dusted with extra care it seemed.

Felicity sighed. Well, possibly the girl was shy.

"My mother has been talking to Mrs. Wilkins about you," the soft voice went on.

Rose Emily raised a pair of heavy eyes—things were really so bad that a little more could make no difference.

"Yes, miss," she said patiently.

"Oh, Rose, what is the matter? I've something so exciting to tell you, and how can I when you look so gloomy?"

Rose Emily subsided suddenly on the top of the trunk and applied the duster to her eyes. "Nothin's very nice—I mean—nothin' w-won't be nothin'—when you've gone, miss," she sobbed.

There was a long pause, and then Felicity's voice, with a little quiver in it: "But supposing you came, too, Rose Emily?"



It is said that Mrs. Wilkins' best teapot and a third plate paid dearly for Rose Emily's joy ere day was done.



The Strange Story of the Frog



By C. S. Bayne

ONE of the first signs of spring is the pilgrimage of the frogs. As everyone knows, these creatures are amphibious, but they are amphibious in this sense, that whereas they are purely aquatic for the first three months of their lives (that is before they actually become frogs), they are terrestrial for practically the whole of their adult life, except for a few weeks in spring, during the breeding season. In very dry weather they will return to the pond, for their delicate skins must be kept moist, or if they happen to be near water when startled or attacked by an enemy, they will plunge into it for safety; but, as a rule, they spend their days at a distance from an actual sheet of water, seeking worms and insects among the grass on damp or marshy ground.

Awaking with the Spring

In winter they hibernate, hiding in some comfortable bed they have dug for themselves among moss or in mud, and if they cannot find a suitable place on land they will dive to the bottom of a pond and bury themselves in the mud there. But at the first call of spring they wake up, leave their snug retreat, and at once make for the nearest water.

The time of their waking is naturally influenced by the season. As a rule it takes place about the beginning of March, but sometimes it is as late as April, and quite often as early as the third week in February.

This year in the south of England it was earlier than I have ever known it, and hundreds of frogs were killed on the roads by motor-cars in the third week of January.

Comic Courtship

When they reach the pond the males, which are the smaller and more graceful sex, fight for the females, and their method of proving possession is peculiar. Other male animals either slay or drive off their rivals by superior strength or skill, but the frogs are like children struggling for first turn of a pick-a-back ride offered by a playful aunt. The whole performance is inexpressibly comic, partly because of the clownish appearance, the awkward movements, and the seriousness of the combatants, and partly because from beginning to end there is apparently no question of a life and death struggle between them.

They push, and shove, and shout at each other, and the winner is the one that first succeeds in clasping the fair one with his arms under her armpits. Once he does that he cannot be dislodged, for his hands are provided with suckers, specially developed at this season, which enable him to take a fast grip that will withstand any amount of buffeting. Before he succeeds, however, he may be sent sprawling many times by a blow from his rival, who then tries to take his place, and whom, of course, he immediately deals with in a similar fashion.

THE QUIVER



Frog spawn as laid
amongst grass in the water

Photo by
Mrs. M. H. Crawford

And even after he has taken the approved hold he may have to submit to much cruel punching, to which, of course, he cannot retaliate. He demonstrates his right, however, by the weight of his grip, and we can realize how powerful this must be when we see his long legs and body thrown violently to one side by a blow on the flank, delivered with the full force of his rival's arm and weight. A similar stroke in a human contest would not only break the hold but would render the recipient *hors de combat*.

The Complacent Prize

Throughout the struggle the female is apparently unconcerned. She makes no attempt to escape, but complacently accepts the successful competitor as her bridegroom, and for the rest of her wedded life, a fortnight or more, carries him about on her back.

In course of time the female lays her eggs in the water. These look like a small

black bead enclosed in a ball of transparent jelly. There are from a thousand to two thousand of them, and they are deposited in one continuous string, but in the water they are so arranged as to form a large mass of jelly, the eggs clinging together like a bunch of bubbles. When they are newly laid they remain at the bottom of the pond or ditch. They are then very small, but the transparent envelope quickly absorbs water, and in a few hours they increase to four or five times their original size, and rise to the surface, where they float until they are hatched.

A Wonderful Development

From this point onwards the whole process of development can be watched till the fully formed frog comes ashore. The earliest stages, however, are so minute that they can be seen only through a microscope. First the yolk of the egg is divided into two by an equatorial depression, then into four by a similar line running at right angles to it. Others quickly follow like the longitudinal and latitudinal lines on a globe. These, however, are not surface marks. The yolk is being rapidly broken up into an infinite number of cells and soon looks not unlike the inside of a pomegranate. As these cells multiply they are gradually built up into the form and organ of the tadpole.

Meanwhile changes are becoming visible to the unaided eye: the black yolk increases in size; then from being circular it becomes oval. This happens in about a week. Then it is nipped about the middle so as to form a kind of figure of eight, and a day or two later the head and the tail are well defined. At the end of a fortnight the young tadpole can be seen wriggling about inside its gelatinous globe, and presently it wriggles its way out to freedom.

Even now, however, it is not a fully developed tadpole. For a time it remains beside its discarded covering, and seems to feed either on the jelly itself or on something growing upon it. If it feeds at all, however, at this period it must do so by absorbing nourishment through its skin, for as yet it has no mouth. Its breathing also is accomplished by a temporary contrivance, namely, by means of little hair-like tufts extended like fins on each side of the neck. These are known as external gills.

Soon the little creature leaves the scene of its birth and joins a company of its

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE FROG

fellows that have gathered together on some pond-weed. There it clings to a blade by means of two temporary suckers placed conveniently under its head.

But though it is thus anchored it is not allowed to remain long in peace. Instinctively it has pushed its way into the centre of the group, but presently one or more from the outskirts of the crowd detach themselves from the plant and wriggle their way into the middle, and in doing so displace some others, which immediately follow suit. So there is a constant struggle going on among them for what is apparently the best place, and this suggests to the onlooker that the centre of the crowd is the safest position and that those at the edges are most liable to fall victims to the enemies of the race.

The Growth of the Tadpole

In the course of a few days the tadpole's mouth is formed. This is provided with horny jaws, which enable the creature to feed on water plants, and as the supply of these is plentiful it grows and develops rapidly. The hair-like external gills gradually disappear, and are replaced by internal gills similar to those of a fish, and aerated in the same way, the water being drawn in at the mouth, passed over the gills, and expelled through slits on the sides of the neck. Indeed, at this stage the tadpole is in various ways essential to a fish. Later, the slit on the right side closes and the water escapes only through that on the left.

When the tadpole is six or seven weeks old two little wart-like protuberances may be seen growing at the base of its tail. These are the beginning of the future frog's hind legs. In the course of the next fortnight they rapidly lengthen, then become jointed at knee and ankle, and finally develop five toes on each foot. The forelegs are formed at the same time, but they do not appear until somewhat later.

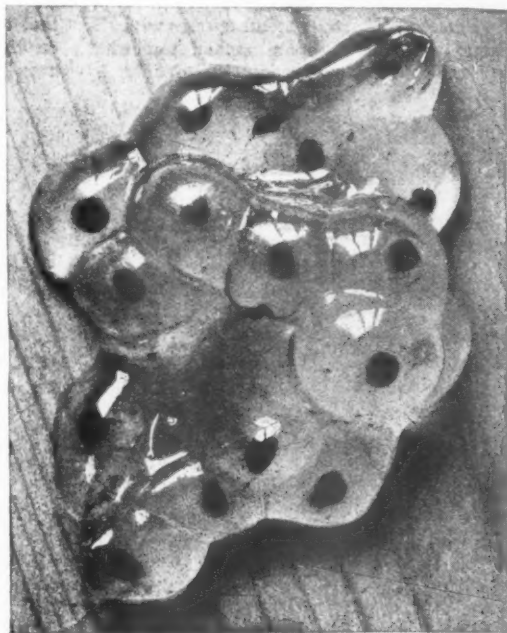
A fortnight or three weeks later—that is, when it is about eleven or twelve weeks old—the tadpole passes through a complete change. It becomes sluggish and stops feeding for a time. Then it sheds its skin, and comes forth much more

frog-like in appearance. Its eyes are now more prominent and its mouth becomes wider, but it still retains its tail.

Remarkable changes may now be noted in its habits. It does not return to the vegetable food, on which it has hitherto lived, but instead confines itself entirely to a carnivorous diet. At the same time it makes frequent visits to the surface, where it seems to hang for some moments tail downwards, but more or less turned on its back. This is because the greatest change of all is taking place in its internal economy. It is developing lungs. For some days it breathes by means of both gills and lungs, but gradually the former are closed and absorbed. Meanwhile the tail becomes shorter, and the creature swims more and more with its hind legs, which grow longer, and finally at the age of about fourteen weeks the fully developed frog crawls ashore.

Baby Frog

Even now it is only a baby frog, about an inch long, and black. It still also has the tip of its tadpole tail, but this soon



A small portion of the jelly-like mass of the eggs—enlarged

Photo:
Mrs. M. H. Crawford

THE QUIVER

disappears. As the frog grows up it changes its colour. The typical colour of the adult may be said to be green, but the shade varies with the individual, and may be pale yellow, yellowish red, olive, greenish brown, or nearly black, and always it is mottled with darker markings.

This variety of tint is very interesting, for it depends on the colour of the soil on which the frog is living; that is to say, it is protective. Moreover, the creature has the power of changing it at will to suit new surroundings. It does not accomplish this so rapidly as the chameleon, and will not always do it to order, but in suitable circumstances its variations are remarkable.

How a Frog Breathes

Though the frog breathes air with its lungs, it does so by a method somewhat different from our own. We inhale by



Tadpole just before the first pair of legs appear

Photo:
Mrs. M. H. Crawford

lowering the diaphragm and expanding the chest and thereby creating a vacuum which is immediately filled by an influx of air. The frog has no diaphragm and no ribs, but by lowering the floor of the mouth it draws air into that huge cavity through the nostrils. It then closes the nostrils, raises the floor of the mouth, and so

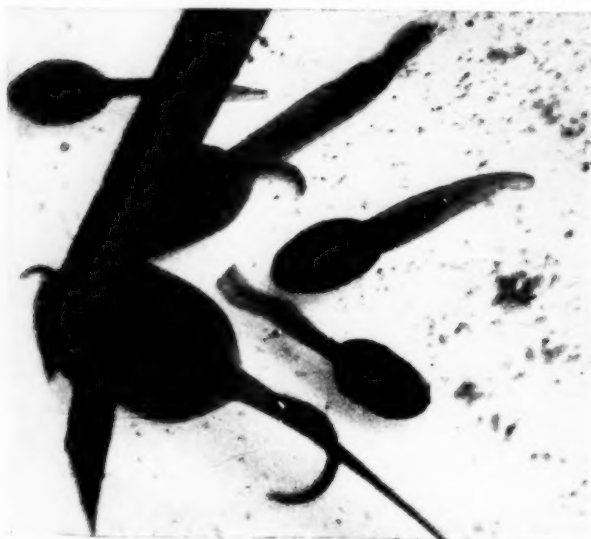
pumps the air into the lungs, and finally expels it by contracting its sides. It is quite easy to observe these various actions when watching a frog quietly waiting for a meal to approach.

Feeding Time

The frog lives on insects and worms. The former it captures with a flick of the tongue, either while the insects are on the wing or while they are sitting or crawling on plants.

The root of its tongue is in the fore part of the mouth and the tip points back towards the throat. When an insect approaches, therefore, the frog does not thrust out its tongue in the manner of a snake, but opens its mouth wide, flips its tongue forward, flaps it back again, closes its mouth, and the victim is gone. And it is all done so quickly that, unless we know what to look for, it is all over before we realize that anything has happened.

The method is different when a worm is the victim. The frog seizes the prey with its jaws and then with its hands crams it bit by bit into its mouth, and as it gulps the



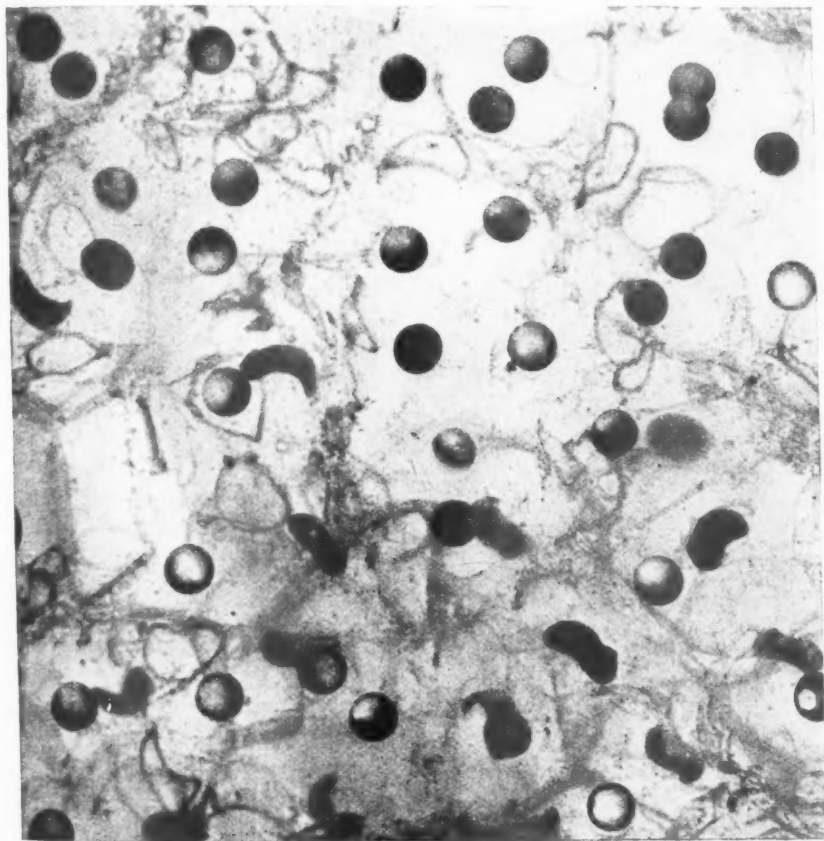
Very Small Tadpoles.
about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch long

Photo:
Mrs. M. H. Crawford

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE FROG

food down it closes its eyes. This seems to be a necessary part of a somewhat difficult process, but it ridiculously suggests the air of an epicure enjoying to the utmost the delicate flavour of some wonderful *bonne-bouche*. When the frog moults, as it does every three or four weeks, it

guished from them, and they pass through a similar series of changes. The number of eggs laid by a single toad ranges from about two thousand to six or seven thousand. Those of the newts, on the other hand, may be counted in tens, and they are laid separately, each one being placed on a



Tadpoles in the act of hatching out

Photo :
Mrs. M. H. Crawford

swallows the old skin in a similar fashion, pushing it into its mouth as it is shed. Evidently it is not a believer in waste.

Other creatures besides frogs grow from tadpoles. The toad lays her eggs in long double strings, which measure from ten to fifteen feet in length, and are not massed as are the frog's. The tadpoles that hatch from these are blacker than those of the frog, but otherwise are not easily distin-

leaf of a water plant, which is then doubled over to protect it.

It is almost impossible to see the tadpoles of the newts in their natural waters, for the greater part of them is transparent. Their metamorphoses are also similar to those of the frog, only they do not lose the tail, which is retained by the adult creature as its sole means of propulsion while it is in the water. This is probably the reason for

THE QUIVER

another difference. The newt's forelegs appear first. The frog swims chiefly with its hind legs. It sometimes uses its arms in the manner of our breast stroke, or paddles with them like a dog, but it moves most rapidly through the water when it presses them back against its sides and depends entirely on the stroke of its long hind limbs. So as its tadpole tail gradually disappears it is important that the hind limbs should develop quickly to take its place.

The newt's legs, on the other hand, are all short, and in the water they are used for balancing the body, and for this purpose no doubt they are most serviceable near the head, and are consequently developed there first, the hind pair becoming essential later for running upon dry land.

An Astonishing Career

There are also tadpoles in the sea, and their career is even more astonishing than the history of the frog. They are much smaller than the frog tadpole, but at first sight they look the same creature. They differ from it chiefly in the position of the mouth, which is on the top of the head instead of underneath, and in the possession of a large sucker on the snout. These little creatures enjoy the usual free and merry existence of a tadpole for some weeks, and then instead of developing legs and lungs, they deliberately go up to a rock, attach themselves to it by the sucker and remain there for the rest of their days. They pass through some remarkable

changes, and we have all, in our enterprising childhood if not later, discovered them at low tide in the form of those strange lumps of jelly popularly known as sea-squirts, and have caused them to render up their precious jets of water.

The Sea-Squirt

From this it is clear that the frog and the sea-squirt, though worlds seem to divide them now and the mere suggestion of relationship between them sounds ridiculous, have descended from a common ancestor. This creature of remote ages probably resembled closely the tadpole, which is now the first stage in the development of both. How their destinies came to be divided we need not inquire, but apparently one branch of the family stayed at home and degenerated into the sea-squirt, whereas the other sought adventure in the vast uncharted deserts surrounding the scenes of its youth, and was transformed into the frog, whose romantic character has since been immortalized in verse.

This theory is confirmed by two startling facts. One is that experiment has proved that the tadpole will remain a tadpole and thrive as such for years if it is kept in deep water and given no opportunity of coming ashore. The other is that a Mexican tadpole, called the axolotl, which lives, breeds, and dies a tadpole, and consequently was formerly placed by biologists in a class by itself, can be made to develop into a well-known species of salamander, by the simple process of reducing its supply of water.



To An Unknown Player

By
R. B.
Ince

SOMEONE makes music on the dreamy night.
Deftly the fingers move and pause and stray;
Yet not for me the melting notes take flight,
No, not for me, Musician, do you pay.

All other sounds are hush'd, the night is wide;
Under the stars a sevenfold Silence broods;
The moon is calling softly to the tide,
The night wind wanders in blind solitudes.

Why should I grieve because each lingering note
Brings not to me Love's message full and clear,
Since I may on the wings of Fancy float
And, in your playing, find all heaven near?

BLINKERS

by
Horace Annesley Vachell

Author of "The Hill," "Quinneys," "Whitewash," etc.

CHAPTER V At Moscombe

I

WEDNESDAY morning dawned grey, giving promise of sunshine later on. The colonel was sorry that he couldn't accompany his guest to Moscombe. Neither Purdie nor he knew of the existence of Miranda, but the Sage, the Apostle of the Preconceived Idea, beguiled their fancy. The colonel, however, was an ornament of the bench of magistrates. Duty summoned him not too sternly to Puddenhurst, that happy village in the heart of the Forest of Ys, where he would meet several old friends and exchange platitudes with them, joining harmoniously in their benedictes and misereres.

Ralph drove his father's four-seater.

As soon as they were alone and fairly started Purdie said to Ralph:

"I want you to lunch with me. Perhaps Issell will join us. But, after what you have said about him I should prefer to tackle him alone. You can have a swim."

"I will," said Ralph. "You are quite right. Form your own first impressions."

"If his wall papers are what you crack 'em up to be, I shall buy one. I warn you I'm prepared for disappointment."

Presently they reached the river. Purdie was delighted with Whitechurch.

"We now plunge," said Ralph, "into the abomination of desolation. Look at those advertisements. Why are these miserable money-grubbers allowed to spoil green fields?"

"Because, as a nation, we are lacking in taste. But the horizon is clearing. I notice immense changes for the better. The women have an awakened appreciation for well-hung skirts. They do their hair more be-

comingly. Significant straws. Is there a decent hotel in Moscombe?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

Presently they climbed into the High Street and passed a fishmonger's shop.

"Lobsters!" exclaimed Purdie. "Lovely lobsters!"

The car was left in a garage.

The two friends sauntered towards Issell's shop.

"It's not wise," said Purdie, "to order luncheon after such a breakfast as we have had, but I must do my best. That chap looks promising."

He indicated a stout individual, of middle age, rosy-gilled, smooth of skin, staring, disconsolately, into a shop where Argentine beef and New Zealand mutton advertised themselves.

"Come on! We'll tackle Boniface."

Purdie's methods were familiar to Ralph. He had seen him in Flanders, on the search for "provaunt."

"I beg your pardon," said Purdie to Boniface.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen? 'Appy to oblige, I'm shaw."

"We are strangers here. Can you recommend us to some hotel or inn where the proprietor, like yourself, is happy to oblige. A proprietor who welcomes his visitors, a proprietor who gives them what they want. In short, a man of intelligence who doesn't force cold meats into cold stomachs?"

Boniface nodded solemnly.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "you will find what you want at The Stag. I am the proprietor of The Stag. I endeavour to please my customers. Lunch, now? What would you fancy for lunch?"

"Lobsters," said Purdie. "We passed some glorious lobsters back there."

"Lobsters come expensive."

THE QUIVER

"Hang the expense! Lobsters, ducklings, peas, nice tender little peas, and a gooseberry tart with cream."

Boniface ticked off the items on pudgy fingers.

"It can be done," he declared triumphantly, "and it shall be done. At what hour?"

"One sharp. Lay for three. If the third doesn't turn up, we shall eat his share."

Boniface beamed at him.

"I don't know who you are, sir, but I shall wait on you myself. One sharp—The Stag."

He hastened away.

Ralph was immensely impressed.

"You're a knock-out, Miles."

"You go and swim; I'll float into Issell's shop. Join me there after your bathe. If I'm not there, you'll find me at The Stag."

"You won't find it easy to escape from Adam Issell."

II

Purdie was in no hurry to enter the shop. He stared critically at the only sample of wall-paper in the window. He recognized at a glance its merit. The designer of such a paper might be a genius. He might be a bore. Ralph was twenty-five, lucky fellow, but at twenty-five the copper of speech might be mistaken for gold.

He entered the shop, thoughtfully. The door bell tinkled. For a minute he was alone, surveying the modest premises, drawing swift inferences from what he saw and did not see. The shop presented a bleak, ill-nourished appearance familiar to the journalist. How could the owner of such a shop compete with the big emporia? The mere problem of obtaining skilled labour must be almost insoluble. If he undertook a job of painting and decorating, he would have to fall back upon the less skilled artisans, rejected by the big firms.

Adam Issell entered, and the two men looked at each other. Purdie was humorously aware that the preconceived idea had blurred his powers of observation and perception. He had been told that Issell was a sage. He beheld a tall, thin man, clean-shaven, with abundant iron-grey hair, a mane of it. A sanguine complexion accentuated the blueness of the eyes, very heavily lidded, with arched eyebrows above them. Issell reminded Purdie of a portrait of

Shelley. Really the resemblance was slight, poetically so. Meeting Issell, and knowing nothing about him, he might have thought to himself: "This old fellow writes lyrics in his leisure moments."

"I want to see some wall-papers."

No preconceived idea blurred Issell's vision of Purdie. Had he known, for example, that the journalist was a friend of "the captain," he might have received him more genially. Adam was not feeling genial that morning. He had not felt himself since his "Ladybird" flew away. He was contemplating with dismay and repugnance closing his shop for ever, and accepting a billet as designer in some big factory. That was within his reach. That meant cutting loose from Moscombe. His sister told him emphatically, with needless repetitions, that he should have done so before the war.

His blue eyes lingered upon Purdie's face and massive figure.

"A Philistine," he thought.

"Wall-papers?" he repeated, with a faint sigh. "Ah, yes. For a big or small room?"

"My sitting-room, in my London flat. Medium size."

"Well lighted?"

"Yes, the room faces south."

"You like bright papers?"

"Do I?"

"Don't you?" The Sage spoke with slight impatience. What did it matter whether or not he sold a few more rolls of paper to Philistine customers?

"To be entirely frank with you," said Purdie, "I have not devoted much thought to—wall-papers. I have taken them as—as I found them, good, bad and indifferent."

"Yes, yes," Issell sighed again. Why should he bother to ask questions? Habit alone made him persevere.

"Tell me what furniture you have."

"I have some rather good stuff."

"Old?"

"I have reason to think so."

The Sage regarded him attentively. Some "quality" in Purdie's resonant voice challenged interest. He said more briskly:

"I hold theories about wall-papers."

Purdie smiled. At last they were coming to grips.

"Please tell me about your theories."

"I think wall-papers immensely important. If a customer can cover his walls with pictures, books, or print, I recommend distemper. It's quite another matter if the



"Boniface ticked off the items on pudgy fingers.
'It can be done,' he declared triumphantly"—p. 812

Drawn by
Tom Peddie

THE QUIVER

wall-paper is, in itself, to be decorative. I designed a paper for a man who owned some lac furniture and beautiful old glass, lustra, honeypots, bowls and porringers. The paper was black with a delicate pyrus japonica pattern upon it. My customer was pleased."

"He must have been," said Purdie warmly.

"Such papers are very expensive. But why grudge a few extra pounds over something that exercises a constant and subtle influence upon your life?"

"Why, indeed?"

"To my mind, the choice of a suitable paper is like choosing a wife. You have to live with it. When I think of some of the wall-papers in this town, I am surprised that the people who live with them are not dead."

"I was tremendously taken with the paper in your window."

"Really?" Faint incredulity informed the Sage's voice. He said decidedly: "That paper is not suitable for you."

"Why not?"

"It is, designedly, virginal, vernal. You would find it, on more intimate acquaintance, slightly saccharine."

"Well, perhaps I should."

"I could hardly be a party to your buying that paper for your sitting-room in London. The freshness of it would vanish in six weeks. I will show you some others. This shop is inconveniently small. Will you come into my studio?"

"With pleasure."

Purdie found himself in the studio. Issell went to a large press made of chestnut wood, a Breton armoire. Purdie glanced about him. The room revealed the Sage amazingly. To a trained pair of eyes objects stood saliently out as if they were bumps giving information to a phrenologist. There were many books in low bookcases, books bought when Adam Issell earned a regular salary, books picked up for a few pence in the Charing Cross Road. Their titles indicated a wide field of research. Obviously the Sage read omnivorously, browsing in pastures old and new. Issell, turning from the armoire with half a dozen rolls of paper tucked under his arm, beheld the Philistine padding round his bookcases, sniffing at his beloved books, muttering and growling to himself.

"You read?" he asked.

Purdie stood still.

"I write."

"A writer must read."

"If he cannot pick up his stuff at first hand. Your books tell me that I have scarcely pushed beyond the borders of vast territories explored by you."

The Sage laughed softly for the first time.

"I don't read much now; I think. What of this?"

Facing the window was a sloping board. Upon it Issell unrolled a paper. Purdie was expecting something just right, something that would illustrate the Sage's power of perception. He said disgustedly:

"It's awful, horrible."

The Sage laughed again.

"So it is. I beg your pardon. You—you don't know, you can't imagine what I suffer with some customers. I show them my best; they choose my worst. I didn't design that paper. I wanted to see if you hated what I hated. You forgive me?"

"With all my heart. This is jolly. I'm enjoying myself. You have really misjudged me. I'm ugly as sin, but I've a sense of beauty. Show me your own papers. Show me something likely to please an old bachelor who wants to live amicably with his wall-paper."

"This might do."

He unfolded another roll. The design was simple and severe, but the colour was delicious—a soft grey.

"I'll have that."

"But you haven't seen the others," protested Issell. "Do you think I put my biggest strawberries on top of the pottle?"

"I take that grey paper. I believe in love at first sight. Not with women," he added hastily.

The Sage stared at him. Any general observation that might be interpreted as a contribution to the stock in trade of a sage aroused immediate comment.

"You, a young man, don't believe in love at first sight?"

"I'm not young. I've battered my way to my convictions. Love at first sight is an iridescent bubble, blown by romantic children out of the soap and water of irresponsible novelists."

"I am an old man, not so old in years, old in my thoughts, old, too old, in my ways"—his voice faltered—"but I believe in love at first sight, the rushing together of pure spirits, the—the sacramental union of youth and innocence."

Purdie said dourly:

"You are years younger than I am," he continued irritably, and with an odd restraint. "You take a lot for granted. Youth—innocence—pure spirits. Are we in the garden of Eden?"

"We live in the gardens we make for ourselves."

Purdie shrugged his broad shoulders, but he remembered what Ralph had said the night before. Adam Issell had been wrecked at Moscombe. He had lingered on in such a place because he couldn't tear himself away from it, away from some appalling cemetery that held his dead wife. Looking at Issell he could believe that such a man married his first love and remained faithful to her. Youth—Issell was still a child!—had met Innocence, sacramentally, and Innocence was dead.

Envy, not pity, assailed a man who had seen hecatombs of slain, horrors unrepeatable, scenes which even he dared not describe, and had remained not unmoved, not callous, but supremely aloof, supremely detached, ever sensible that he was there, impersonally, as a recorder, a witness.

"Show me papers you have designed."

He spoke curtly. Issell obeyed, with a faint flush upon his thin cheeks.

III

Purdie was a man of action, who acted quickly. Astonishing stories about him were current in London, "scoops" that he had "put through," incredible distances covered during a night in a motor-car or an aeroplane. Even before the war, when he was unknown outside Fleet Street, editors, whether they liked him or not, admitted that he always "got there." He turned up, grinning, when he was wanted. Occasionally he turned up scowling when he wasn't. Call him in American slang "a live wire," and have done with it.

Within ten minutes he made up his mind, decisively, that Ralph had not brought him to Moscombe on a fool's errand. Issell, in his way, was a genius, an eccentric, a child not out of leading strings and never likely to be, helplessly lacking in those pushing and driving qualities which command recognition and material success.

Top dog stared at under dog.

"Your work ought to be better known," said Purdie.

Adam Issell shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall make it my business," continued

Purdie quietly, "to put you in touch with the right people. You may have heard of me. I'm Miles Purdie."

The Sage had heard of Miles Purdie, and said so gracefully, with due acknowledgment of the war correspondent's vivid powers of description. He ended:

"Captain Somervell mentioned your name to me, Mr. Purdie."

"Did he? Perhaps he hinted that I might be able to help you to help yourself?"

"No. He said, I remember, that he was proud to be your friend, that you had been kind to him in Flanders."

Purdie nodded, pleased with Ralph, appreciating his reserves.

"Ralph Somervell," he went on, "motored me over here. At this moment he is cooling himself in the English Channel. He will come in presently. We are lunching together at the Stag. Will you join us, Mr. Issell?"

The Sage hesitated.

"Of course you will," exclaimed Purdie.

"It would be churlish to refuse so kind an invitation."

"Good. That's settled. Before Somervell rolls up, may I ask you some questions?"

"You are very kind."

"I have been under dog." He spoke grimly. "I can never forget that. It has coloured and discoloured my life. Now then"—he became brisk again—"tell me, if you can and will, why your work is not better known. You know that it's good, don't you? Of course you do. We are never really in doubt about that. You must have had the right start, Mr. Issell."

"I did—I did." He looked uneasy, slightly bewildered, at a loss, evidently, to explain himself. He went on lamely, halting along the past, out of tune with it.

"I was apprenticed to a big London firm. I began with a paint pot and paste pot. I suppose I had ideas. I used to draw when I was a child. I was always drawing. Then my first chance came. I was put into the designing room. I was quite happy there. And after my work I read. That was my life for many, many years, drawing and reading and, when I could, going to the National Collections. The firm kept on increasing my salary, but what I did was theirs, you understand?"

"I understand perfectly."

"It—it seemed quite fair at the time. I was satisfied."

THE QUIVER

"But, hang it! you oughtn't to have been."

Top dog snarled.

"We live with our illusions, Mr. Purdie. I can only affirm that I was happy. And I had saved money. Enough to justify marriage. I was thirty-six when I married—too old, perhaps."

"Um!"

"My wife died."

"So Somervell told me."

"She died here, and, somehow, I remained here. I bought this business. The partners of my firm pressed me to stay with them. They offered me a better salary. But I had a child."

He paused. Insight, however keen, may be blurred by oversight. Purdie had not heard till this moment of a child. A child meant nothing to him.

"Yes?"

"The child was delicate. It thrived wonderfully in Moscombe. So—I stayed on and on, till—I took root."

"I see."

But, really, he didn't. How could he? He overlooked the overwhelming part played by Miranda in the tragedy of a life spent in the wrong place, amongst the wrong people. Adam Issell was not quite the dreaming sentimentalist that Purdie deemed him to be. He might have torn himself from what was left in Moscombe cemetery, but he believed, rightly or wrongly, that his baby would perish in London. He went on, in a different tone:

"I did fairly well at first. I sold some dreadful papers; I decorated and painted some of the ugliest houses in the world; but since the war I have been going behind. I tried to sell my own papers, but they were not legally mine. They belonged to the London firm. I buy my own papers from them. I still sell them designs."

"And take what they offer you?"

"Yes."

"We shall get you out of this."

"I—I am contemplating that. I must do something."

"Do or be done," said Purdie cheerfully.

He supposed that the tale had been told and accepted it as complete. Adam Issell, as a struggler, deserved help. He would get it, if Purdie knew himself. And a lame dog could be left for the moment on the wrong side of the stile. Adam Issell, as Sage, remained a more interesting object to contemplate and analyse.

"You paint pictures, Mr. Issell?"

"Impressions, Mr. Purdie, impressions. The colour of life is as appealing to me as its rhythm."

Purdie glanced at the impressions not impressed by them. But, on principle, he said a few kindly words which the Sage accepted with a derisive smile.

"I painted them to please myself." He added whimsically: "They must be bad, because I sell a few here, generally to people who see the forest from the *char-à-banc* point of view."

"Good phrase," said Purdie. "May I annex it?"

"It is yours."

Purdie turned from the "impressions" to a cast of the Venus of Milo. The studio was full of "bits" that indicated love of form, cheap casts bought for a few shillings, a cabinet of "cripples" in early English porcelain, beautiful mezzotints lacking margins, a miniature or two. These had served to train the eyes and mind of Miranda.

"Am I keeping you from your work?"

The Sage made a gesture.

"The bell has not tinkled since you rang it. It's becoming atrophied from disuse."

Presently it did tinkle.

Somervell, fresh from a swim out to sea, walked in.

IV

The luncheon was an enormous success.

When Boniface brought the coffee, Purdie produced three big cigars of superlative quality.

The Sage talked. Away from his shop and studio, leaving behind him what Chateaubriand calls "*toute l'amertume et le déboire de mille événements fâcheux*," Adam Issell enjoyed the passing hour. The kindly light of Purdie's inquisitive mind led him on and on.

"Somervell tells me, Mr. Issell, that you hold all human values to be founded on illusion?"

"That is my opinion, my judgment."

"When do we escape from illusion, when does the mirage melt away?"

"When some great man, with a new vision, makes his voice heard above the roar of the multitude. We don't realize values alone. Sunsets were just as beautiful before Turner showed them to us. The curious, subtle, exquisite harmonies of the dirty



"He had rehearsed the opening scene, but the right lines escaped him"—p. 820

Drawn by
Tom Peddie

old Thames were there before Whistler painted them."

"I never thought of that," said the ingenuous Ralph.

The Sage continued:

"There are infinite new combinations of colour harmony, sound harmony, ethical harmony for us to realize and enjoy when the seer, the prophet, the artist discover them to us. Take this into consideration in our estimation of character. Character is what counts. We are here to develop our characters."

"Or to lose them," said Purdie.

"Nothing is lost. I introduce you, captain—he looked kindly at Ralph—"to a man who has endangered his life many times to save others—"

"You can introduce me to Purdie."

"You have saved life?" asked Adam eagerly. His blue eyes scintillated.

"Cut me out of this, please."

"He has saved life," said Somervell.

"Nothing of the sort. Go on, Mr. Issell."

"I introduce," continued the Sage, "a young ardent man to another who has saved lives. At once, imagination makes the hero look heroic. I introduce the same youth to a dealer in black ivory who has done scores of people to death. Imagination traces his character in black lines upon his face. Wainwright was accepted in Whitechapel as a good man till he was convicted. The human mind has become warped by education. Education blunts sensibility. It perceives what it anticipates, what it has been trained to anticipate. We think we approach things dispassionately with an open mind, but we are all of us, all of us, slaves to the preconceived notion. A Baptist minister here was regarded for ten years to be the soul of righteousness; he turned out to be an unmitigated scamp."

THE QUIVER

"Moscombe was too much for him," said Ralph.

"There is something in that," agreed Issell. "One can hardly exaggerate the influence of environment. We are chameleons."

"The Forest of Ys," said Purdie, "accounts for your verdancy, Ralph."

"I'm not verdant. Anyway, I appreciate every word that Mr. Issell says. I agree with him. I say—down with the preconceived idea."

"Why do you say it so savagely?"

Ralph flushed beneath the tan. Purdie was one of the best, but he asked disconcerting questions, and expected them to be answered.

"Why? Because my people force their preconceived ideas on me. I'm a bit fed up with accepting their valuations."

He spoke quietly, secretly thanking his stars that Purdie had not yet heard of Miranda.

To his relief, the Sage went on:

"We wear blinkers."

"Chameleons in blinkers!" ejaculated Purdie. "Kamerad!" He made the hailing sign of distress, holding up both hands. Then, in his turn, he began to talk amusingly, citing case after case that supported the Sage's theory. People really *looked* what you thought them to be, particularly women. When he paused to examine sorrowfully a moribund Corona, Issell said with emphasis:

"You don't seem to have a high opinion of women, Mr. Purdie."

"Not some women, Mr. Issell. The preconceived idea affects women even more than men."

"I dispute that."

"Good!"

"Women, especially young women, possess intuition. My daughter, for instance, disliked and distrusted that Baptist minister."

"Really? You have a daughter?"

"Yes, thank God!"

Ralph, being a Somervell, was able to assume a mask. When Purdie glanced at him, he pretended to yawn.

"You never told me that Mr. Issell had a daughter."

"Didn't I?" said Ralph.

"I wish you could meet her, Mr. Purdie, but she is away from home."

Purdie nodded.

"The captain," said Issell, "met her, but

he doesn't know her. He talked to me, not to her."

Purdie thought to himself:

"This is the child that wrecked the father. Probably a fiddleheaded, unattractive girl. Master Ralph wouldn't have talked to Issell if his daughter had been anything out of the ordinary." Thus lightly he dismissed Miranda, but in his retentive memory, the child who had exacted sacrifice, self-effacement, remained dormant.

The Sage returned to his shop.

V

As soon as he was alone with Ralph, Purdie summed up the situation.

"I shall butt in."

"It's most awfully good of you."

"It's most awfully good for me, you mean. I get more self-centred every day. Yes; I shall butt in, and I shall butt this sage out of Moscombe. He must abandon wallpapers and give his undivided attention to chintzes and cretonnes. A big market there. The firm he first worked for has taken all his designs at their own price. I don't blame 'em. It's business. I haven't a doubt that his designs have made them famous, and, of course, they've kept his name dark."

"Beasts!"

"Not at all. Merely the instinct of self-preservation in its up-to-date form. I shall get people bidding, and bidding big, for Issell designs. Want to have a tenner about it?"

"If I betted, I should back you, Miles. He's a rare old bird, isn't he?"

"He's rare right enough, and hardly out of swaddling clothes. He won't attain your ripe age."

"You always talk as if I were an infant."

Purdie chuckled.

"You are, Ralph. That's why I like you. You arouse paternal sensibilities. Shall we mouch round Moscombe? Then we shall enjoy our tea in the garden of Chorley House."

Ralph returned home, delighted, as he well might be, with the success of the expedition. On the morrow, he would meet Miranda. He thrilled at the thought, and knew that he thrilled. But, being a Somervell, he told himself that he must restrain himself in the presence of the maiden, not "rush" things. He must persuade her to leave service with every argument at his

CHAPTER VI

Ariel Interferes

command. Why had she assumed the absurd name of Wensdy?

If the Issells moved to London, the ordinary decencies of courtship could be observed. Taking a swallow's flight into a happier future, he beheld himself giving a luncheon at, say, Claridge's to his people. Colonel and Mrs. Somervell would be invited to meet the Issells, the designer of chintzes, "whom everybody is talking about" and his charming daughter. He had made a slight initial blunder in mentioning Adam to his father at dinner. He had imposed upon his sire the preconceived idea of a genius stranded at Moscombe. There was the bare possibility that the colonel, repeating as his own (a favourite trick of his) what Miles Purdie had said, and mentioning incidentally to a friend that there was a sage in Moscombe, might learn, to his consternation, that the sage kept a shop. If he discovered that——!

However, Ralph dismissed this contingency as negligible. Purdie sat beside him, with no stomach for talk to the accompaniment of machinery. The pre-war car ran smoothly but not silently. After leaving Whitechurch, Ralph allowed his mind to dwell solely upon Miranda. Surely she was the sweetest maid in the world. The little witch liked him. She had trembled, bless her! at sight of him. She had blushed deliciously. He was a soldier, a fighter, not a carpet knight. He would fight hard for Miranda. If he won her, old Miles would stand stoutly by his side. The three of them would vanquish the enemy!

The enemy!

If any man had dared to tell him six weeks previously, that he would ever regard his parents as enemies, Captain Somervell, D.S.O., would have slapped a presumptuous cheek.

The car passed one of the forest enclosures.

"Confounded enclosures," thought Ralph. Enclosures brought to mind the stone-walled park, and the big barrack of a house in Devon, where the Head of the Family lived in solitary state. Well, he was a widower on the sunny side of sixty. He might marry again and beget a son. Why didn't he? He must be lacking in initiative.

Enough has been recorded to indicate that a gallant fellow, born and bred in enclosures, disdained them.

He soared joyously into the blue of illimitable space.

PURDIE refused many invitations, because he was terrified of well-meaning hosts who attempted to amuse and entertain him. When Ralph urged him to spend ten days at Chorley House, he had said incisively:

"I want a change; but you won't ask me to play any wretched games, will you? I must have some hours each day to myself. I like to be left alone. Sometimes I think that people who try to entertain everybody succeed in entertaining nobody but themselves."

"That's understood, Miles. If you come to us you shall do what you like when you like and where you like."

It was easy to leave such a guest to his own resources.

On Thursday, at luncheon, Mrs. Somervell said to her son: "And what are your plans for this afternoon, Ralph?"

Ralph had anticipated this maternal solicitude.

"Old Miles," he replied easily, "has had enough of my society this morning, so I shall take a little exercise, which he scorns. I may drop in to tea at Apperton Old Manor."

"Give my love to all of them."

Ralph nodded, well aware that his gentle mother prayed every night that her dear boy would give his love to one of them. Alice Apperton was the daughter of a squire who would leave the greater part of his worldly possessions to his son and heir, but an aunt had bequeathed to Alice twenty thousand pounds. A modest fortune in the eyes of a modest mother.

No more was said. Ralph mounted his bicycle, and took the road to Medbery-Hawthorne. He passed the iron gates of the magnate, and dismounted at a convenient angle in the road. He could look up and down the king's highway. Within a dozen yards of the road was a clump of thorns surrounded by bracken. The sun shone in cerulean skies.

"I'm in luck," thought Ralph; "this is my day out as well as Miranda's."

He looked at his watch. It was nearly half-past two. Miranda might appear at any moment. A char-à-banc rumbled by filled with young men and girls. One girl waved her hand to Ralph, who smiled. She blew a kiss to him. Ralph thought: "Per-

THE QUIVER

haps she guesses that I'm waiting for my girl."

He had to wait. The minutes drifted slowly by. A damsel appeared on a bicycle. She approached swiftly. It wasn't Miranda. A man with a bundle excited apprehension. He walked slowly. He might be a villager who knew that Miranda was the new parlour-maid at the Vicarage. Hastily Ralph seized his pump, and pretended to pump up his front tyre. The man passed, and faded out of sight.

Would she never come?

What would he do if she didn't come?

At this uneasy moment she flitted into sight. And the road, both ways, was clear.

Abreast of him, she dismounted. He lifted his straw hat. They gazed at each other. Probably, at that instant, telepathy was established. Ralph whispered her name:

"Miranda."

Of course, she knew everything. A lover, the first lover, was calling her. She said, breathlessly:

"I'm late; I couldn't get away sooner."

He pointed to the clump of thorns.

"We'll nip in there."

She followed him in silence. He propped her machine and his own against a small oak. He wondered whether she felt as shy as he did.

"Let's sit down."

As yet she had not spoken any word of greeting. And her confidence in him disarmed him. He had rehearsed the opening scene, but the right lines escaped him. He sat beside her, but not too near her.

"Do you mind my calling you Miranda?"

"N-n-no."

"Would you strain yourself, if you called me—Ralph?"

"I—I don't think I could do that."

"Not if you tried desperately?"

She evaded this. Still breathless, almost tremulous, she spoke the line that she had rehearsed.

"Are you angry with me for not telling you?"

"Angry with—you!"

"But you looked angry. And, perhaps I ought to have told you. I did think of writing."

"If you would write to me——!"

She said nothing, but she was blushing adorably.

"You are the sweetest thing in all the world."

This, apparently, was his idea of not exceeding the speed limit. She averted her eyes, saying quietly:

"I'm glad you are not angry. What I did had to be done. Aunt Barbie made that plain."

He felt rebuked, and exhibited a trace of contrition by adopting a less perfervid intonation.

"Your aunt hounded you to this?"

"Oh, no. Aunt Barbie has ridiculous ideas. She tried to prevent me. Daddy was upset, too. I did it quite on my own."

"Miranda, dear Miranda, what you have done must be undone."

"But—why?"

"I can't stand your being a—a servant."

"You serve the king, don't you?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Do you feel humiliated because you wear the king's livery?"

"That's entirely different."

"Why is it different?"

He exhibited slight impatience, remembering a dictum of the colonel's: "Never argue with a woman."

"Everybody knows that it is."

"Not quite everybody," she replied. "My father is somebody. I think as," she continued modestly, "as he has taught me to think. Service is a wonderful blessing, like mercy, reciprocal."

He stared at her, as she went on slowly:

"Father says that we are here to work, to carry on the progress of the world. We can't all serve kings, and even kings have to serve their people. What our work is doesn't matter."

"Oh, doesn't it!"

"I mean, or rather he means—because I am only an echo of daddy—that all service, whatever it may be, should be rendered joyously. We are just parts of a big machine which the wisest of us don't understand."

He retorted smartly:

"You must know, dear, that service has made your daddy a poor man."

Her eyes brightened.

"No, no; daddy is ever so rich apart from money. His work is a gold mine to him."

"But it can't keep you out of slavery."

She laughed at him.

"Slavery! How unkind you are to Mrs. Merrytree! She has been quite motherly to me."

"Why? Because she thinks you a lady."

"Does she?" Her brows wrinkled.

"Of course she does. She admitted that



"'Do the Girls Propose?' This is the heading of the paper I wrote this afternoon"—p. 825

Drawn by
Tom Peck

THE QUIVER

You are a mystery to her, and a mystery to me."

She hesitated, perceiving that he was distressed, grievously puzzled. Her voice grew softer:

"It is so simple to me. I am saving daddy a hundred a year. That means I am giving him a hundred a year. I gloat over that. I'm happier to-day than I was a week ago. And I like my work. I have polished up the silver, and taken all the stains out of the vicar's coats. Of course I am serving my apprenticeship to—to life. I want to be more than a parlourmaid, but I suppose even you had to learn the goose-step."

With every word she uttered, with every varied inflection, she was, with utter unconsciousness, imposing her personality upon him. And in a dim, undefined fashion she shone brighter through the mists that encompassed him. No young girl had ever talked to him like this, with such conviction and sincerity. Realizing his impotence to silence so sweet, so sublimated an echo, he attacked from another quarter.

"If you feel like that, Miranda, why have you assumed this ridiculous name of Wensdy?"

"Because light revealed me to myself on a Wednesday. I regard Wednesday as my lucky day."

"By Jove! you met me on a Wednesday. But, seriously, assuming another name means—doesn't it?—that you felt a bit ashamed of your job?"

"But I don't. Aunt Barbie does. She says that she is an Issell. I don't know what she means. The Issells have never gone into domestic service, but auntie cooks, scrubs, dusts and mends for daddy. If that isn't domestic service, what is?"

"I sympathize with your aunt."

"So do I. To please her, I would call myself Grimes. Daddy has no objections to a parlourmaid calling herself Issell, but he never wastes time over what he calls pestiferous inanities."

Ralph wondered whether she was delicately snubbing him. He used too frequently a significant bit of soldier's slang. "I put it across him." Miranda, he felt uneasily, was achieving this feat. He wriggled and frowned.

"Are you sitting on a thorn?" she asked anxiously.

"Metaphorically, perhaps I am."

"I am a thorn to you?"

She regarded him with troubled eyes. Discretion abandoned him. He decided swiftly that he was wasting time, golden minutes, upon pestiferous inanities. A soldier didn't hang himself up in barbed wire. He cut it and pushed on.

"You are the rose of the world to me."

He was now fairly started. A Somervell might be slow to start, but not in the hunting-field or on the battle-ground. He knew, too, that this was a great opportunity, not likely to be repeated. He couldn't ask Miranda to imperil her good name by meeting him on the sly. And how could she understand him unless he made perfectly plain to her his feelings and intentions. His honourable intentions. A girl in her position, however pure, however unsophisticated, might apprehend horrors. As for friendship between man and maid, that, indeed, was a bending twig to lean upon. They had left platronics far behind them, when they met five minutes ago. . . . He knew it; and she knew it. The bold course was always best.

"I love you, Miranda, I love you madly. I want you to be my wife. I wish that I could marry you now, carry you off to India, work for you, cherish you, regardless of everything and everybody."

He meant what he said. His grey eyes sparkled with determination; his outstretched hands trembled. To Miranda he was irresistible, the perfect knight. She almost swooned, closing her eyes, a-quiver from head to foot with emotions strange and sweet. But she might have girded herself against words, the passionate invocation to the brain. Ralph caught her to him, kissed her, pressed her yielding body to his, so tenderly, and yet so firmly, that she surrendered unconditionally. Unable to speak, one thought seemed to dominate consciousness:

"He is mine; I am his."

II

They descended to earth. If experts are to be believed, it is always the woman who is practical first. It may be presumed that she has to be so. From the cradle to the grave, ways and means affect women far more than men. When Miranda felt mother earth beneath her feet, she wondered whether her lover had wrecked her hat. Instinctively she smoothed her skirt.

"What next?" she asked demurely.

Ralph, hardly out of the clouds, gripped her hands.

"We must face ructions." He added gallantly: "I don't care. It's a blessed privilege to fight for you. Who wouldn't?"

She said with conviction:

"We can count on daddy. He is as wise as Solomon."

Ralph kissed her hands.

"I do count on your daddy; and I count on Miles Purdie."

Then he poured into her attentive ear what had already been done by his friend. He ended upon a high note:

"I shall take old Miles into my confidence to-night, this very afternoon. He's a marvel. He has taken an immense fancy to your father. He will boom him. Your daddy will come into his own. That, darling, is a sitter."

Miranda accepted this as final, nodding her head, smiling at her lover.

"You will speak to Mr. Purdie, and I shall tell daddy."

"You mean—now? When you reach home?"

"Instant minute, 'as me-an'-Kate say."

"Me-an'-Kate?"

"My co-workers at the Vicarage."

"Must you go back there?"

Miranda looked startled. Such a question provoked insidious misgiving. Trained from a child to consider others, it was almost incredible to her that Ralph, her Ralph, should sweep from his path, as if they were rubbish, her kind employers.

"I couldn't leave Mrs. Merrytree without a parlour-maid."

"No; I suppose not. Still——"

"Yes?"

"I can't argue with you, Miranda, because you get the best of me. I admit that Mrs. Merrytree has claims on you. So have I. You must give her the usual notice."

"Must I?"

"Must you?" He became vehement. "Now, I ask you, dearest, can we meet, except—a—furtively, if you don't give notice?"

"We might."

He hugged her. The unexpectedness of her answer captivated him.

"Miranda, you are too much for me. I admit that I shall have to play second fiddle to you, you—you superman. And, perhaps, we are going too fast. I wouldn't rush you for the world."

"But you have, Ralph."

As his Christian name left her lips, pianissimo, he experienced qualms. He had rushed her. He had rushed himself into a blind alley.

After an interlude, he said more hopefully:

"Don't tell your father anything to-day. When do you see him again?"

"Next Sunday. I get off every other Sunday. Last Sunday was my Sunday in."

He winced perceptibly.

"You see him next Sunday. Purdie wants to see him. I shall motor him over on Sunday. By that time I shall have him enlisted on our side. But he must see you. When he sees you, he will be doubly interested. Really I expect protest from Purdie till he sees you."

"Mr. Purdie will see me as a swoose."

"What is a swoose?"

"A swoose is a hybrid between a swan and a goose. You will describe me to him as a swan. He will think of me as a goose. But, when he meets me, I shall appear as a swoose."

She laughed gaily, adding:

"The swoose is a savage bird." She became serious. "You want me to hide this wonderful piece of news from daddy until Sunday. I—I hate to hide anything from him, but I want to love, honour and obey you."

"Let me ask your father for you."

"If you insist——"

"I don't insist upon anything with you, Miranda."

This was gracefully said, and commandeered another interlude. Finally, it was agreed that time should be marked till Sunday.

"I must go," said Miranda. "If I am very late, daddy will be disappointed and ask questions. I—I simply can't fib to him."

They kissed and parted.

III

Ralph, unwilling to fib to his mother, rode a couple of miles out of his way to Apperton Old Manor. In company with Alice Apperton, he took what she called "a squint at the gees." Alice, fortunately, was unaware that comparisons were being made between heiress and parlour-maid. Judging girls is not unlike judging puppies at a puppy show. Points are considered—breeding, action, bone, girth, feet and in-

THE QUIVER

telligence. Alice had points. She possessed what masters of hounds acclaim—drive. She could hold her own with Ralph in the hunting-field. And at lawn tennis she was "useful."

But nobody accused her of being unduly intelligent, and she lacked that elusive charm which radiated from Miranda. Ralph had always reckoned Alice to be a "pal." He wondered what she would think of Miranda.

Alice proposed a "single" at tennis.

"Give me 'fifteen,' and I'll play you for half a crown."

Ralph declined the challenge, not being in flannels, and without shoes or racquet.

"You can rig yourself out in George's room."

Ralph said hurriedly:

"The truth is, Alice, I have a guest, bit of a swell. I can't leave him alone."

"But you have."

"He's the war correspondent, Miles Purdie. After luncheon, he writes till teatime."

"I see. So you biked over here, on this broiling day, to spend ten minutes with me? It was rather nice of you."

She lifted her eyes to his, smiling at him.

Love is reputed to be blind. Obviously, love is blind to defects in the beloved object. On the other hand, love clears our vision amazingly of other objects. Riding through the Forest of Ys, Ralph noted the translucency of the beech leaves, the cobalt splendour of the mid-distance, the silvery azure of the skies. Nature had become increasingly beautiful, superlatively so. And he was thoroughly sensitive to this, intensely alive, informed by new energies and potentialities. He saw, in fine, what he had never seen before. He recalled what the Sage had said. The master, Love, was revealing a more wonderful world to him.

"You don't mind, Alice, do you?"

She smiled again; he was blushing.

"Mind your coming here?"

"Mind my nipping off, I mean?"

"You funny old Ralph. What a boy you are! I understand perfectly. Mr. Miles Purdie is a personage. Bring him over to see us."

"I will. Mother sent her love to you."

"You told her you were coming?"

"Yes."

"You know I love your dear mother nearly as much as I love my own."

With a few more perfunctory words he left her.

IV

He pedalled briskly along the level road between Sloden-Pauncefort and Chorley. But Nature, on this lovely afternoon, now wooed his eyes in vain. He was terribly upset. A blinding flash had revealed Alice to him. Full of love himself, over-brimming with the sublimated essence, he had discovered love in her, love for his unworthy self!

Alice believed that he had ridden six miles, through sun and dust, to spend ten minutes with her.

This was the first-fruits of practising to deceive.

She was prepared to accept Mrs. Somervell as a mother!

And his mother, inevitably, would place the same construction upon this ill-considered visit as Alice. He blushed again, as he contemplated himself with detachment, as the idiot who had lost his head and heart upon one afternoon.

Ravaged by these reflections he reached Chorley House, where tea awaited him under the lime trees.

Mrs. Somervell, with delicate hands fluttering above the tea-cups, asked the expected question:

"Have you been to Apperton Old Manor?"

"I just looked in, mother."

"Whom did you see?"

"I saw Alice."

"Dear Alice! You gave her my love?"

"I did."

Purdie, of course, was drawing his conclusions, blatantly grinning. After tea Ralph would take Miles into the Forest, away from enclosures, and make a clean breast of everything. Suddenly it occurred to him that Purdie rarely talked of women. He was a man's man. He remembered that his friend, the most hospitable of hosts, never entertained women. And yet he talked to Mrs. Somervell and Ruth charmingly.

Purdie enjoyed his tea, and his pipe afterwards. He said, with his jolly laugh:

"I've done some good work, Mrs. Somervell. I've earned my tea."

"An inspired leading article?"

"Lord, no. Leaders *are* inspired, but only by editors. I've written one of my spoof papers."

"Spoof papers?"

Ralph explained, not Purdie:

"Miles is a born spoofer, mother. All



"You forget that I am Mary
Wensdy to her"—p. 829

*Drawn by
Tom Peddie*

successful journalists are. He pulls the leg of the British public. As a matter of fact, I can never make out when he is serious and when he isn't."

"What a tribute!" ejaculated Purdie.

"What do you mean, Mr. Purdie, by a spoof paper?"

"This is the silly season, when people do silly things, like taking holidays and pretending that they like bathing when they don't. It's my happy privilege to start them writing silly letters. I turn loose the hare. Any hare will do, if he legs it fast enough and twists and turns. The B.P. catches my hare and cooks it to a crisp. 'Do the Girls Propose?' This is the heading of the paper I wrote this afternoon."

"I hope they don't," murmured Mrs. Somervell.

Ralph, thinking of Alice Apperton, said impulsively:

"Some of 'em do."

"Habet!" shouted Purdie.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Purdie," murmured Mrs. Somervell.

"I beg yours, Mrs. Somervell; I shouted with triumph. Ralph bit the dust which I am scattering. I predict that our Correspondence Column will be filled for the next fortnight, and our circulation increased."

For five minutes he talked of spoof articles and a spoofed public. The colonel was not present.

"How odd Mr. Purdie is," thought Ruth, "but I like him."

V

Ralph and Purdie walked through the white gate of Chorley House as six was striking from Chorley Church tower. They ascended a hill, smoking their

THE QUIVER

pipes, and debouched upon the open moor. To the east the spire of Puddenhurst Church rose gracefully out of the embosomed woods; to the south, beyond the Forest and the Solent, delicately blue on the horizon, lay the Isle of Wight. From the spot where Purdie stood no houses could be seen.

"We have the world to ourselves," said Purdie. Somewhat to the younger man's surprise, he felt his arm pressed affectionately, as his friend went on: "I am glad I came here. I feel reinvigorated. And you have left me alone, all you nice people."

"Nice? That isn't a favourite adjective of yours, Miles."

"It describes the Somervells, my dear fellow. You are nice in your ways, nice in your talk, nice in your thoughts, nice in your adjustments."

"Look here, Miles, you suspend nice judgment of me for a moment. I—I want to talk about myself and—and somebody else."

Purdie laughed.

"Somebody at Apperton Old Manor? I caught on, Ralph. I'm wondering what you would like for a wedding present."

"You haven't caught on at all. I'm going to surprise you, Miles; I am indeed. And I want you to help me. I count desperately on your help."

"Out with it!"

Thus adjured Ralph put his case in what Purdie might have termed "tabloid form."

"This afternoon, Miles, at three, I asked a parlour-maid to become my wife, and, praise be to God! she accepted me."

Ralph had never seen Purdie at a loss for words till this instant. Positively, he gasped, recoiling a couple of steps, staring at Ralph, a new Ralph, with blinking eyes.

"A—a parlour-maid——!"

Ralph nodded. After his plunge he emerged from the whirlpool red of countenance and smiling. The expression on Purdie's freckled face would have provoked a smile from a mute at a funeral.

Purdie became himself, alert, interrogative.

"I didn't think you had it in you. 'A marriage has been arranged, and will probably not take place, between Captain Somervell, D.S.O., and a—parlour-maid!'"

"If I know myself the marriage will take place."

"Who is she?"

"Adam Issell's daughter, Miranda."

"Prospero's daughter! And Prospero, 'neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness, and the bettering of the mind,' knows of this?"

"He doesn't. She's a wonder, Miles."

"She ought to be with that name." He dropped his light tone. "Issell's daughter, who—who thrived in Moscombe. Speed up!"

Ralph, however, picked his way, very slowly.

"Miles, for heaven's sake, don't think too badly of me. You are my greatest friend. You may feel hurt that I didn't speak of Miranda to you when I asked you to come down here. But I swear that I hardly knew what I felt ten days ago. I was honest with you, even if I deceived myself. I wanted you to help Issell, not me. I had made up my mind to—put Miranda out of it till you had met Issell and recognized, as you did, that he was a man to help. This afternoon I was swept off my feet by the sweetness of her. . . ."

The romantic tale was told without interruption from Purdie.

"You will see her on Sunday?" asked Ralph.

"Yes."

"I look forward to that."

"Um!"

"You don't?"

Purdie shook the ashes from his pipe and put it in his pocket. He was giving undivided attention to his friend, frowning, not smiling, grappling with facts, trying to co-ordinate them.

He repeated gravely:

"I didn't think you had it in you. My preconceived ideas of you are in the melting-pot. I would rather not discuss your Miranda till I meet her. I accept, with reasonable reservations, what you say about Adam Issell's daughter. We'll grant that she is a perfect darling and a parlour-maid. Do you really expect your people to cotton to her?"

"If they could see her as she is they would. If they met her at a place like Apperton Old Manor they would rave about her."

"Would they? I wonder! But, my dear man, how can I help you? You say you count on me. That's very flattering. But how am I to force even a paragon of a parlour-maid down the throat of Colonel Somervell?"

Ralph replied hopefully:

"I have tremendous faith in you, old chap."

"I have a certain amount of faith in myself, the greater, perhaps, because I realize my disabilities. I like your father, Ralph; he likes me, but he winced when I told him my mother was a dairymaid. She was the daughter of a small and respectable farmer."

"Why did you keep that dark?"

"Perhaps I wanted to rub into him that the stream can rise higher than its source. No matter. How the deuce am I to help you?"

Ralph began tentatively. He was aware that Purdie would draw his own inferences from what he might say. And he wanted to be honest, entirely frank with a friend who detested humbug.

"I thought, Miles, that you might boom Adam Issell."

"I shall have a shot at it. I think of him now as Prospero, cut off from his lawful rights and prerogatives. Booming him and his wares will take time. Meanwhile Miranda remains a parlour-maid."

"Nobody knows that. God bless Aunt Barbie! Thanks to her Miranda is Mary Wensdy. You see, Miles, if Issell left Moscombe, if he went to London, and if, through you, he was acknowledged as a great artist, a superb designer, why, then his daughter would be regarded by my people with different eyes."

"I follow you through many 'ifs.' I add another. If it leaks out that Miranda is a parlour-maid, what then?"

"I—I don't know."

"Probably it will leak out, when you least expect it. You tell me that this Mrs. Merrytree believes your Miranda to be a young lady, a mystery. Will she leave it at that? Ten to one she's talking about her amazing parlour-maid to every soul she meets. Are you going to keep away from the girl?"

"I can't."

"You are plotting and planning to meet her, to write to her every day, to get letters from her? Of course you are. And that will leak out. I'll bet you a level hundred that within a fortnight the Forest of Ys will be in gloating possession of the truth. That means civil war at Chorley House. You are up against it, my boy."

Ralph said desperately:

"I can bolt off with her, marry her, and defy the family."

"Not a wise thing to do. Not a pleasant thing for her. She is placed in an abominable position. She, loving you, marrying you, cuts you off from your own people."

"I suppose they'd come round."

"Suppose they don't? Are you dependent on your father?"

"He allows me three hundred a year. He has been very generous to me about money. And he wants me to marry. If— if he cuts off supplies, I could go to the Jews. I don't say I would, mind you, in any case."

"You are alluding to your reversionary interest in that place in Devon. By the way, who is the head of your family?"

"Lord Bisterne."

"Bisterne of Bisterne. I've heard of him. One day, humanly speaking, you will be Lord Bisterne?"

"My cousin is nearly sixty, but he might marry again."

"Is he—reactionary?"

"Of course he is."

Purdie relit his pipe, and puffed at it in silence.

"You must let all this soak in," he observed.

VI

Little more was said at the time. But that little aroused, devastatingly, Ralph's curiosity. Purdie smoked furiously, puffing out great volumes of smoke. Then for the second time he pocketed his pipe and laughed.

"I have had a sort of inspiration."

Ralph nodded hopefully.

"I knew you would. What is it?"

"I can't tell you. If I told you, Ralph, my scheme, such as it is, would be wrecked. But I must act at once. When does the post leave Chorley House?"

"At eight."

"I have barely time. Come on!"

They strode homewards. Purdie added a few cut words:

"I am paying you a compliment, my boy. I am taking your Miranda at your valuation. On Sunday I shall take her at my own. But I can't wait till Sunday. Ask no questions. But I must ask you one. You really believe that your people would welcome Miranda Issell as a daughter if they could see her as you see her, a girl of refinement, of intelligence, a gentlewoman according to the Somervell standard?"

THE QUIVER

Ralph replied earnestly :

"She is all that—and more."

"Um! But don't your people expect you to find a wife with a bit of money? That, I take it, is not too plentiful either at Chorley House or Bisterne."

With even deeper solemnity, Ralph reassured his friend :

"They would like me to marry Alice Apperton because she has twenty thousand pounds, but you do my people a gross injustice if you think that money counts with them. As for my cousin, he would be a rich man if he sold some of his land. Father has given up hunting, retrenched all along the line, but he is very comfortably off. And I'm an only son. First and last, they want me to settle down in England with the right sort of wife. Miranda is the right sort, but they will see her—if the truth pops out—as a parlour-maid and the daughter of a Moscombe tradesman."

"You have told me exactly what I wanted to know."

When Chorley House was reached, Purdie hurried to his room. He emerged from it, half an hour later, with two letters which he posted himself. Then he found Ralph and said hearteningly :

"I have surpassed myself. I could do with a good dinner."

He had it.

CHAPTER VII

"Pretty Lady M."

I

AFTER parting from Ralph, Miranda coasted swiftly down the long hill which rises out of the Whitechurch water-meadows. Unlike her lover, she had no clearer vision of the beauties of Nature. She was concerned with resurveying the now panoramic landscape of her mind. We must remember that she didn't know the Somervells. She had never heard of Lord Bisterne. Chorley House meant nothing to her. She did understand vaguely that Ralph would have to fight for her, because he had said so. Beholding him as a gallant soldier who had served King and Country, she never doubted the issue of the fight. We must remember further that she had been educated by her father. If he talked, as he did occasionally, upon class distinctions, he seemed to disdain them. Character counted, nothing else.

Ralph, in fine, presented himself to her intelligence as a young man who was different from other young men of her acquaintance. He had been accepted as a friend by her sire. Prospero had talked of love magically. He had married for love; he had remained faithful to love. Love, in his eyes, was the Master Teacher.

She believed that Love appeared out of the blue with divine unexpectedness to be recognized instantly. Me-an'-Kate, it is true, had discoloured slightly the clear waters of this conviction. Men, barring the softies, were on the "rampage." Men, so said me-an'-Kate, always wanted something for nothing. They would "go" as far as they could along a road unfamiliar to Miranda, but, apparently, a dangerous road for "pore girls" to travel. The men rushed on; the "pore girls," if they were wise, hung back. Me-an'-Kate, good kind creatures, spared Miss Innocence—as they called "Mary" behind her back—illuminating details. But they had aroused, by mere suggestiveness, a sense of danger. Miranda was conscious of this when she left the Vicarage. She was about to meet a young man "on the quiet," as her co-workers put it. He might be other than what a not too ignorant virgin deemed him to be. He might, she grew scarlet inwardly, want something for nothing.

But he didn't.

He had vindicated gloriously her faith in him.

Not telling her father everything "instant minute" was the only fly in her ointment, really a midge.

To her delight, upon her arrival at her father's house, and after many fond embraces, she found the Sage as eager to talk about the captain as she was. The captain was a splendid young fellow, a youth not entirely engrossed by his own affairs. He had produced Purdie, the worker of miracles, the puller of strings, the God out of of the Machine. Purdie, we may believe, had dominated Adam Issell as he dominated nearly every man with whom he came in contact.

"I shall make it my business to put you in touch with the right people."

The Sage accepted this as a *fait accompli*.

"What will he do?" asked Miranda.

"I have not been in touch with the right people," said Prospero, "since I left London."

"Or before, you beloved man."

"As to that my firm ranked high; they were not ungenerous. But Mr. Purdie made it plain to me that my designs have been the property of a close corporation."

"Close——! I should think so."

"They have never been submitted to the world's market. Mr. Purdie has performed on me, child, an operation for cataract. To-day I can read the small print of what we may term commercial activities. I have been blind, a groper in by-ways. That phase is past. I—I cast it from me."

"Blinkers."

"You are right, darling—blinkers. And I owe this to young Somervell. I am filled with gratitude to him. Any worldly success that may accrue to me will come really from him. He is a remarkable youth. He combines simplicity of diction with directness of action. He is a sportsman, a rider to hounds. He rides straight and hard."

"He—he does," admitted Miranda.

"Perhaps I have ignored men of his class."

"What do you mean by class, daddy?"

"I dislike the word, as you know. In a well-ordered world the peculiar and fettering distinctions of class would cease to be. What are we in the all-seeing eyes of the Great Designer? Just men and women with work to be done. You have heard me say so a thousand times."

"Indeed I have, daddy. But, tell me, in what sense have you ignored men of Captain Somervell's class? I don't quite know what his class is."

"Nor do I, Miranda. He belongs, however, to what is foolishly called the upper

class. I infer that to be a fact, because he never mentions it. Somervell is a good name. Many trifles stick in my memory which I wish I could forget. There is a Lord Bisterne, the head of the Somervell family, a many-acred magnate. He is probably a kinsman of our captain."

Our captain! Miranda smiled as Prospero continued:

"Young Somervell comes of a reactionary stock. All the more creditable to him that he rises above it. He assumes no airs with me, and on that account I am the more ready to acknowledge his graces. But, bless me, why am I dithering on about him and myself? Tell me, Ladybird, about yourself. You look blooming. I am sure that all is well with you."

"Daddy dear, it is. I am ever so happy."

"My mind is greatly relieved. I—I feared prickings, the tiny exacerbations of domestic service, or, indeed, of any service. Seeing the colour in your dear cheeks, the sparkle in your clear eyes, I feel that I must indite a paean of thanksgiving and dispatch it forthwith to the kind Mrs. Merrytree."

"You forget that I am Mary Wensdy to her."

"So I did." He frowned, shaking his head. "That, child, was a mistake. You should have sailed into this new channel under your own flag. Complications might arise. However——"

He shrugged his shoulders, took her face between his slender hands, and kissed her.

She was back at the Vicarage at ten.

(To be continued)





A VISIT TO THE POTTERIES

A Strange Contrast

LAST month I tried to describe the social life of a little village in the South of England, touching on its old-world customs, its law of caste, the attempt of its little faded aristocracy to erect an imaginary fence between themselves and the realities of post-war life. A few days I have just spent in the Potteries enabled me to glimpse a different kind of world entirely.

We do not always realize what strange contrasts one small country like England can make. The man of commerce in the City of London, the professional man in the West End, the farmer in Somerset or Dorset often pass through life quite ignorant of the totally different world of the Black Country, or South Wales, or the Potteries. True, we all travel. We go to Brighton, or Llandudno, or the Trossachs; we may go to the Continent, or Egypt, Canada or Australia. And in each of these places we may stay at the regulation hotel, with the same table d'hôte dinner, without experiencing much change. We do not go to the Rhondda Valley or to Stoke-on-Trent for a holiday; perhaps it would do us good if we did.

A Place of Deathly Quiet

I travelled down to Arnold Bennett's country during the height of the coal strike. I may as well say at once that the people of London and the South did not realize that there was a strike in the same sense as the workers in the industrial North. Of course, the train service was curtailed, and one had to light the gas stove instead of the kitchen fire if one had not stacked one's cellars with the precious fuel. Trade, too,

was bad. But up in the North the coal strike meant absolute stagnation in many a town.

Smoke at a Discount

I shall not easily forget my arrival at Stoke-on-Trent. On previous visits to the Potteries one was vastly impressed—especially at night—with the huge chimneys belching forth black smoke, the lurid glare of factory fires lighting up the skies for miles. This time smoke was at a discount; one or two tall chimneys still sent a faint streak of blackness heavenwards—these, one learnt, were the chimneys connected with the pumping arrangements of the mines, for the mines were still being pumped and ventilated. But no factories were working. Even the laundries were closed down owing to the lack of coal, and I was amused at my hostess's attempt to wash her husband's stiff collars at home—how dependent on outside help we are these days! The heavens of the Five Towns were clear and smokeless, but the streets of Stoke presented a striking appearance as I drove through the town; they were crowded not with passers-by, but by idle men, standing at the corners, in the road, on the pavement, with hands in pockets, talking, watching, waiting—just waiting for something to turn up. They were the miners—and the workers thrown out of employment by the great strike. They had nothing to do—no idea how to employ their leisure; they were quiet, patient, simply waiting until they were given the order to go back to work again! Poor, ignorant victims, most of them, of a quarrel the justice of which they had neither the mind nor the heart to

BETWEEN OURSELVES

appreciate. I suppose the same men were not standing out there all the days; I suppose some went and others took their places, but the eternal vigil seemed to go on—vast, unoccupied, unfired humanity, waiting for an order to set them at work—or a spark to set them alight.



Gathering the Fragments

Of course all the unemployed were not in the streets. At the foot of the garden or field attached to the house in which I stayed there stretched one of those long characteristic mountains of "slag" or waste which denotes the presence of a colliery. The shafts are sunk, the mines opened, and for every ton of good coal brought to the surface a large amount of waste has to be brought up and dumped down—waste gradually piling up mountain high, a hideous feature of the landscape that even Nature will not hide by vegetation. Looking through glasses at this mountain of waste we could watch men at work—the more energetic of the miners were digging into the mountain-side, picking out the little pieces of coal that had remained behind with the waste. Each man had his shovel and his sack, and was gathering the fragments either for his own use or for sale. I was told that this huge hill of waste was on fire and had been for years; indeed, one could watch the smoke lazily rising from a part of the hill-side.

"Ground fires" are a feature of the Pottery towns, and every now and then one comes across a house, or group, or even a street of houses that had been suddenly levelled by the agency of these mysterious ground fires. The effect is to increase the air of desolation that abounds.



Bleak Cheerlessness

"Air of desolation" I have written, and the streets of Stoke and Longton struck me as being some of the most cheerless I have ever seen. Rows and rows of small houses, built right up to the pavement, without a hint of a front garden or yard, small, grim, ugly. Perhaps they do not look so repellent when the air is full of black smoke; perhaps the unusual clearness of the skies made too prominent the bleak cheerlessness of the houses. Perhaps people get used to living in such

surroundings. Or, maybe, they are so intent on making the articles of beauty that adorn our tables that they forget all about the ugliness of the immediate locality. One incident amused me. A little gutter-snipe was busily engaged in a game of ball—with china cups! Gravely he was pitching them across the street and enjoying the crash as they broke into innumerable pieces against the ugly walls. I don't suppose they were proper, perfect cups, but it must have sent thrills of joy to the boyish heart of the Pottery youth to be able to break crockery with impunity.



China Casualties

I saw plenty of broken china in the Five Towns, but this was about the only instance I came across of deliberate damage. I was taken over some of the china factories, and the processes were explained to me as well as might be, for the factories were empty; nothing doing except for a clerk or two here and there idly turning over the orders which could not be executed.

Pointing to a great heap on the floor, my guide said, "There are the gunnors' profits!" They were the misfits, the imperfects. Making china seems to be much like making war—the casualties at every stage are heavy. And if you want to know why china is dear you must not only allow for the heavy cost of coal and wages, but for the broken and imperfect pieces cast out, for one reason or another, at every stage of the long and complicated process. There are "wastages" in the printing trade—not every copy of *THE QUIVER* is fit to see the light of day. But were my readers to order another ten or twenty thousand, it would be a comparatively simple operation, once the type has been set and the machines are running, to print the extra copies. Not so with china. Each cup and each saucer has to be treated individually, handled individually, decorated individually—even the "firing" is limited to groups of a few dozens. And there are many things to go wrong—I have never seen so many misshapen cups as I saw in that heap on the floor (this apart, too, from the actual breakages).



Making Up for the Surroundings

But if one was impressed with the general cheerlessness of the outer surroundings one speedily came across compensations. I have

THE QUIVER

written about the social caste in the South and the difficulty of making acquaintances. The Potteries presented a striking contrast. One supposes that the very hardness of the outer features compelled the friendliness in the human folk. There must, of course, be grades of society in the Potteries as in every other place and country under the sun, but they are not based upon such artificial conditions as obtains among the rural aristocracy.

Friendliness, heartiness, good cheer are everywhere in evidence. Indeed, to a Southerner coming to live among these Midland people it must be embarrassing at times to find the people making themselves so perfectly at home. There is always time to talk, time to visit, time to entertain. Then, too, the employer lives among his workers in a way that is not now common in London and Manchester. In many cases he has risen from the ranks, and is still greeted in the street by his workpeople familiarly by his Christian name. If you feel dull in a pretty little Southern village, go and live in the Potteries.



The Place where Money is Made

One other impression a stranger gets even in a time such as the coal strike. This is a place where money is made. After all, in London we handle money rather than make it. Our factories are being more and more dispersed and offices taking their place. London forms a centre—an exchange and mart. The little country places, too, do not make money. The farmer is there, true, but—in normal times at any rate—only makes his little bit by the sweat of his brow. The great industrial hives around Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and the Black Country, Manchester and the Potteries are the backbone of the country economically. It is from these places that British goods are made which find their way to every part of the world. They may not be making bread, but they are turning out gold. One gets this impression in talking with the manufacturers of the Pottery towns. They may not be men of breeding; they would cut poor figures in a London drawing-room, but they have a wonderful conception of the value of a penny and the value of a pound. I do not want to be unkind, but one might suspect that the war has not—to say the least—lowered the financial standard of people of this class. Without any particu-

lar desire to profiteer, from the very nature of the case these men must have had their incomes considerably enlarged during the war. Profits went up, wages went up too, there was a spirit of false prosperity over all. The new era finds many men with enlarged conceptions of trade, of living, of spending. Of course, it was only temporary—the lean times are upon us, and happy the man who has known and has profited by his seven years of fatness. As I have said, wages went up too. The workpeople shared in the prosperity. Whether they also shared the foresight of Joseph the Ruler of Egypt I very much doubt. The coal strike has revealed how pitifully small have been the resources of many a man earning good money during the long years of the war.



Know Your Next-Door Neighbour

The arm-chair Briton at the West-End club settles foreign policies and problems with easy fluency. In these days Britain has a finger in every pie. Perhaps it would be as well, while we are busily governing others, if we took the trouble to learn a little more about our own little complex world. There really ought to be more facilities not merely for people in different stations, but in different tracts of life, to meet, to talk, to see, to understand each other. At this holiday season it ought to be possible to prevent people going blindly in flocks to the old stereotyped health resorts. One dare not suggest that the Londoner should go to the Potteries for health, but he might go very near them and still find exquisite scenery. It is one of the compensations of the Five Towns that you can leave them behind in a few miles and step out into the glorious countryside. The Peak District, with its matchless beauty, is only separated from Stoke and Longton by a few miles. If the Southerner could include a glimpse of the Potteries in his holiday tour this year he would be all the better for it. If the man from the Potteries could leave his own class for a bit and take a holiday at one of the numerous places patronized by the Southerner he, too, would find his education improved. After all, we are most of us decent at heart, but need to know one another better. This is why I have written at this length on such an ordinary event as a visit to a Midland city.

The Editor

An Old Trail

An Artist's Love Story

By

Alice Hegan Rice

"Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines each day,

Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her may—

Sweet as the rose that died last year, is the rose that is born to-day."—MONKHOUSE.

AS the motor turned into the spacious grounds of Melrose Park, John Farley leaned forward and scanned the landscape with eager interest. He was curious to know what first familiar object would prick into consciousness the sleeping memories of the past. He had closed his eyes on these scenes at twenty-two, closed them in an agony of renunciation, and the conviction that life, so far as romance was concerned, was over for him forever. He was opening them again on Melrose at forty-two, with the satisfied gaze of a man who has achieved his goal and is no longer afraid to face the past. He was married to the woman he loved, he was the father of an adored son, his name as a painter was becoming an international one. In returning to Melrose, he was simply gratifying a sudden whimsical impulse to compare the actual with the ideal, to look with calm, appraising eyes on the scenes that had once been coloured by the hues of youth and romance incarnate.

"Well," said his small wife, quizzically, glancing up at him with dancing black eyes, "any need yet for the Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia?"

He smiled back as his fingers closed over hers.

"I think I can stand it," he answered.

Rita was a darling, he told himself for the hundredth time. How many women, knowing of his old associations with Melrose Park, would have been willing to come back with him? Rita, of course, knew her position in his affections was impregnable, but there had been a time when Rita was not. Out of that past what ghost might emerge, claiming the part of him that had never known her, the sensitive, passionate youth, who had stumbled headlong into this earthly paradise, fallen in love with its most inaccessible angel, and after a summer

of unparalleled rapture, been cast to earth with a violence that threatened permanent disaster?

There were years when he could not have come back. Even with Rita's cheerful presence to banish ghosts, he would have feared to put himself to the test. But that was in the early days, before life had assured him of its larger and more beneficent compensations, and before he had passed through the crucial ordeal of meeting Jean Brampton—Jean Ripley that was. It happened at a dinner in New York, where by that strange fatality that governs events, they were seated next each other. They had exchanged polite commonplaces through innumerable courses, and parted with mutual relief. She was still very lovely and very gracious, in spite of a certain passivity in face and manner. She still hung upon one's words with flattering attention, but Farley noticed with amused cynicism that she gave the same rapt attention to the bore at her left who was retelling an old story, as she did to him when he analysed the art of Rodin.

It was not that Jean had failed to make a success of herself, it was rather that she had succeeded too well. No false note jarred the perfect rhythm of her low-toned voice, no awkward gesture broke the symmetry of her considered movements. She was beautifully but irrevocably finished. Rita, with her shrewd common sense, had summed her up in a phrase: "She's perfectly sweet, John! I don't blame you in the least for having been in love with her. But do you know, if I lived with her, I'd have to suck lemons all the time!"

No, he had not found Jean in the least stimulating, and had really never given her another thought, until this sudden whim to come back to Melrose Park had naturally recalled her. She, in fact, had been the place. It was impossible to recall one without recalling the other, but the recall possessed no stronger emotion than an amused curiosity.

"Aren't you about ready to come out of your trance?" demanded Rita, "I am dying

THE QUIVER

to talk. There are a dozen things I want to ask you."

"All right. Number one?"

"Did you forget to send Jack that wire from Kingston?"

Farley's conscience smote him. "By George, I did! I don't know how on earth it could have happened. You see—I—"

"Yes, I see—you!" Rita pinched his arm, "mooning over the past, and poor Jack sitting on the anxious bench in New Haven, waiting to know if he can go on the camping trip. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I certainly am," he confessed ruefully.

"Well, you mustn't be!" declared Rita, "I sent the wire. I told Jack to go, and that I'd get your consent later. Is that the hotel?"

They were climbing out of the last ravine, and a sharp turn in the road revealed the big hotel with its turrets and hanging balconies spectacularly perched on a high ledge. Below it lay the bluest of mountain lakes, its waters sparkling under the glaring rays of the late afternoon sun.

"Why it's a dream place!" cried Rita. "You never told me it was like this!"

"I wasn't quite sure that it was," said Farley with gloating eyes. "I was afraid I had idealized it and would come back to find it the usual summer resort. It *is* rather wonderful, isn't it?"

"Wonderful? It's perfectly heavenly!" cried Rita.

Farley's trained eyes swept the landscape with complete satisfaction. The perfect composition of the foreground, the absence of a middle distance, and the great purple hills melting into the horizon were all as he had remembered them. How good it was to feel that he could come back to it all with fresh eyes and an impersonal enthusiasm, to know that the dead past had buried its dead, and that he was no longer a chief mourner.

His first two days at Melrose Park were chiefly spent on the golf links. Rita had long ago infected him with her enthusiasm for the game, and one of his pet ambitions was to be able to outplay her. But an incipient attack of neuritis put a temporary end to his aspiration, and he was driven to seek his amusement elsewhere.

Armed with a volume of poetry, he started out on the third morning to explore the lake shore, and to see what was left of the old place as he remembered it. Mountain trails had been made into gravel pathways, path-

ways into formal drives. It was all an *édition de luxe* of the Melrose Park he had known. He was swinging cheerfully along the road, whistling under his breath, and taking a mild interest in the geological formation of the overhanging cliff, when suddenly he stopped. An aged signpost confronted him bearing the legend, "Tanglewood Path to the Crow's Nest."

"Tanglewood Path!" It was like a key that turned slowly in a rusty lock, opening the gate to a dim and half-forgotten past. Farley thrust aside the dense shrubbery and peered into the underbrush. Whatever path had been there was long ago reclaimed by Nature, only an occasionally cleared space, and glimpses of mossy steps above, betrayed its one time presence. Pushing his way through the laurel bushes he scrambled up the steep bank. Here at last was something that had escaped the ruthless hand of improvement, something intimate and personal that seemed in a way to remember him. Yes! There was the jutting rock under which the fringed gentian used to grow. He stirred the leaves with his foot until he spied a delicate blue blossom nodding up to him. Around the other side of the rock there should be a spring. He almost ran in his eagerness to see if he was right. He found not only the spring gurgling in its mossy bed, but the same old Lombardy poplar offering its broad leaves for a drinking cup. Why, it seemed but yesterday that he had stood here, dipping up the cool water! The same tangle of green against the vivid blue of the sky, the sleepy twittering of the birds, the bubble of the spring, and the warm scent of the balsam. Twenty years between him and all this? Never!

As he climbed on the way grew wilder, and once or twice he had to retrace his steps, but he knew the general direction of his goal. The Crow's Nest had been a favourite haunt in the old days, and he was bent upon rediscovering it! A last scramble brought him out of the woods and he came upon the neglected rustic shelter, tucked away in a crevice of the granite cliff.

With a smile of satisfaction he dropped into the seat, and leaning his arms on the railing gazed about him. Here at last was *his* Melrose, every item as he remembered it, the long sinuous sweep of the hills to the north, the vast valley with its peaceful farmlands to the west, and, immediately below, the lake lying like a flashing sapphire in its massive cup of granite. He

AN OLD TRAIL

looked down on the green boats, minute from the height, their silent oars making little pools of silver as they stole in and out of the remembered coves.

Stretching himself at full length on the long seat, and clasping his hands under his head, he gave himself up to reverie. How much of it all, he wondered, could he bring back? All sorts of thoughts were surging in his mind just on the fringe of consciousness. Perhaps by fixing his attention on the days when he had first looked on these scenes and giving free rein to all associative memories, he could bring those elusive impressions once more into the circle of awareness.

He recalled his first arrival at Melrose, an unknown young art student convalescing from a serious illness, starved for beauty and sensitive to its subtlest phase. He felt again the thrill with which he had looked upon this garden of Eden. He felt the ache of desire to reproduce it, he knew once more the blind confidence that had once been his, that somehow, somewhere he *would* reproduce it. Then he saw a huge dining-room filled with strange faces, he was lonely and filled with a passionate concern as to whether he should have worn his flannels instead of his immaculate Tuxedo. Then, at an adjoining table, an oval face under a halo of pale gold hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his in unmistakable awareness. A girl in something soft and clinging and blue, like her eyes, with flowing sleeves that fell back from her slender white arms as she sat with her elbows on the table and her hands clasped under her chin. He had made a pretence of studying the menu, then looked up suddenly and for the second time their eyes met in the sweetest of all confusions.

Farley actually felt a pleasant warmth suffusing his neck and mounting to his brow, as he recaptured the transient bliss of that fleeting moment. It was amazing to note the vividness and minuteness with which the details were coming back. They came to him chronologically and personally, not as if he were remembering, but as if he were actually reliving those old emotional days. Now and again the present would thrust itself between him and the past. Had Rita returned from the golf links? Was the morning mail in yet? Would he get a letter from Jack? But, by persistent effort, he was able to recover his mood and take up the story where he had left off.

It had not been the casual first love of the average boy. It was the awakening of a meticulous youth who had escaped the education of the affections that begins with most boys in the early teens, and makes postgraduates of them at twenty. Jean Ripley had opened the door of romance to him. Through days of magic azure, and nights of silver moons and golden stars, she had led him through that memorable summer, with no thought of past or future, but blissfully content with the eternal present.

A faint bugle call from the other end of the lake announced the luncheon hour, and Farley started up from his bench guiltily. It couldn't be one o'clock! His watch must have been wrong when he started.

On reaching the hotel he found Rita in the highest spirits. She had found some congenial golfers, had qualified in the first class for the approaching tournament, and was enthusiastic over the charms of Melrose.

"You never told me half," she said, "I am crazy about the tennis courts. I've written Jack to send me my racket. The little rascal would borrow my toothbrush, if he dared."

"Did you get a letter from him?" asked Farley.

"Well, I shouldn't call it a letter. A dozen lines scratched on a half sheet. Says he's *having the time of his life*, that he's met his fate, and that he wants some money by return mail."

"*Semper idem*," quoth Farley, "always in debt and always in love."

"And you?" said Rita, "what have you been doing all morning?"

"Oh, I've been up in a summer-house with my book."

"And your memories," taunted Rita, with a mocking sigh, as she ran her fingers through his hair, "waltzing on the heights with Jean, eh?"

"With Whitman," Farley corrected her with unnecessary dignity.

The next day he started out on quite a different walk, down through the new cut-off, towards the reservoir. But, unaccustomed as he was to doing things without Rita, he found it very dull. Again and again his mind went back to the curious experience of yesterday. He tried voluntarily to pick up the thread of his memories where he had left off, but nothing further came to him. He couldn't even recall when and where he had first spoken to Jean. Would the details

THE QUIVER



"For one blissfully anguished moment she melted into tears and wept on his shoulder"—p. 838

Drawn by
Sydney S.
Lucas

come back if he put himself into the same environment and mental state of yesterday? Retracing his steps, he went back through the woods to the lost path, and traced his way to the abandoned Crow's Nest. There was an excitement about this venture into the subconscious, an excitement, he assured himself, purely psychological. He had stumbled quite by accident on the trick of abstraction, self-hypnosis, or whatever it was that permitted the conserved memories of years to pass before him with the accuracy and ease of a moving picture on a screen.

Slipping into his little thatched shelter, he stretched himself on the seat, with his right arm under his head, in the position of

yesterday. Down below him lay the lake, opalescent under a cloudy sky, and round about it towered the crags, on every point of which perched a picturesque summer-house. There was a time when Farley had known them all by name, when each had held its romantic episode in the pageant of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. The little two-storey one, near the hotel, for instance, what was it called? Swiss something—oh! yes, of course, Swiss Chalet! He closed his eyes and let himself go. It was *there*

he had first spoken to Jean! It all came back now. He saw himself sauntering idly into the lower shelter that second day of his arrival, and sitting there rather miserably wishing he had never come to this earthly paradise, where nobody spoke to him, or noticed him. He felt again the old despair and loneliness, that prompted him to drop his head on his arms for an instant, and on that instant the rustle of skirts on the rustic stair that led to the upper shelter. He sprang up, and there, poised above him as if for instant flight, stood the girl of the previous evening. A moment's awkward pause, then a mutual smile and apologies, and the girl fluttered down the phlox-bordered path, leaving him in a world no

longer uninhabited, but densely populated with ethereal girls with wide blue eyes and haloes of faint gold hair.

For a moment the mental screen was dark, then he saw a youth and maiden climbing up a mossy ledge, in and out along the winding path, around sharp promontories, through a tangle of ferns and briar roses. Now and again he put out a hand to help her, and she touched it daintily with the tips of her fingers, as light and transient as the flutter of butterfly wings.

"Does the hill wind uphill all the way?" he heard her saying, and then he heard himself finishing the quotation, "Yes, to the very end."

Christina Rossetti, yes, and Francis Thompson and Swinburne—how they had loved Swinburne! Farley knit his brows, and repeated softly as if reading from a very dim page:

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the waking of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran;
Pleasure with pain for heaven,
Summer with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from heaven
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite
Love that endures for a breath:
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death."

An inquisitive chipmuck, doubtless wondering why the middle-aged gentleman in the summer-house was lying there talking to himself, ran along the railing and chattered impertinently at him, and Farley came back to the present with a start.

During the week that followed, while the tournament was in full swing, he saw little of Rita; they met at meal-times, went over their letters together, laughed over the rapid progress of Jack's love affair, and then went on their separate ways.

Farley did not understand him in the least. Nothing was farther from his desire than to see Jean Ripley in the flesh, yet the pivot of the day was that rendezvous with Jean in the spirit. There was the faintest spice of the forbidden about it, sufficiently removed from anything gross or disturbing to his fastidious sense of loyalty, and at the same time exhilarating. A sort of sublimated flirtation that could harm nobody.

He had successfully recalled the earlier stages of his old affair, and was approaching its more exciting phases. It had been interesting not to anticipate, it was like refraining from turning ahead to the final chapters of an absorbing novel. But now, as he emerged into the more personal period, he found that while the Jean of the present was a negligible quality, the Jean of the past still had power to torment him. With the recalled impression of her delicate and elusive beauty, the tones of her beautifully modulated voice, the velvet touch of her fingers on the rare occasions when he had dared to press them, the old charm claimed him. He became a youth again, ardent, impassioned. The old ashes glowed to embers, the embers burst into flames.

Day after day, at the same hour, he pur-

sued his dream, following the lover who was once himself through all the labyrinthian ways of a subtle and complex situation. And the setting shifted from warm scented pine woods to windy mountain tops, from sheltered nooks among the crags to nights of glory on the moonlit lake. By glancing up or down he could verify the past by the present, could stimulate the flagging memory by a tangible association. Sometimes it was the sight of a man and a maid clattering by on horseback on the winding road below him, sometimes it was the soft splash of oars as a small boat glided into a secluded crevice.

To be sure, in Rita's presence the past vanished like mist before the sun, but Rita was committed to the tournament, and he was left to amuse himself as best he could.

"Poor old dear!" she said, "I never would have gone into it if I'd known you weren't going to be able to play. Sure you aren't lonesome poking about the lake all by yourself."

No, Farley was not lonesome. Whatever else he might be, he was not lonesome. He was obsessed by the desire to see his experiment through, to bring back those final scenes in order to judge them dispassionately. He was like a man who in youth suffered a frightful wound, and only after many years dares to look at the scar.

The affair with Jean swept on to its final catastrophe. Farley saw himself like a rudderless boat in a swift stream approaching the falls. The end had come in that small summer-house below to the right, the one connected by a bridge to the mainland. It was a night of mist and moonshine, of soft scents and caressing winds. Farley could again hear the lap, lap of the waves on the pebbled shore as he led Jean over the rocks. It was the night before his departure, and the pride that had kept him silent all these weeks faded before the necessity for an understanding that would give him something to work for. He had nothing to offer, nothing to promise for years to come; but if they loved each other—

In a burst of impetuosity he poured it all out, his love for her, his belief in himself, his colossal ambition for the future. For a moment he saw the response in Jean's face, then, like a blighting frost on an opening flower, her silence fell.

Farley's heart contracted at the memory of that moment. Again he heard himself

THE QUIVER

frantically pleading his cause, heard Jean acknowledging that she loved him, but pointing out the impossibility of anything coming of it. Very gently, but firmly, she made him see that he was poor, unknown, not of her world. His ambitions might never be realized; her father would never consent to the match, she would never marry against her father's wishes. She pictured herself with Farley in the toils of unhappy circumstance; they were victims of a cruel fate, from which there was no escape. For one blissfully anguished moment she melted into tears and wept on his shoulder, a dainty, perfumed armful of helpless femininity, and he had actually comforted and reassured her and promised that it should not wreck his life.

He saw himself later in the night pacing the lake shore, torn between the longing to end it all, and the desire to spare her. He saw himself next morning going forth out of his fool's paradise, into a world of sordid ugliness, of clanging sounds and dust and heat and sickening disillusion.

That was the end of the story, but it was not the end of Farley's reminiscences. The flood-gates of memory, once opened, cannot be closed at will. Relentlessly the succeeding years passed before him, years of agonizing struggle, of repeated failure, of doubt of himself and despair of achievement, of continued ill health and unutterable loneliness.

Then, like a light at the end of a dark tunnel, he saw Rita. His first picture of her was as a fellow art student at the Academy, a vivid, flashing little creature, with merry black eyes that constantly sought companionship. She had teased him into noticing her, teased him into competing with her, and finally teased him into loving her. She had taken the limp, sentimental, discouraged youth, who was himself, and galvanized him into action. She had laughed at him to be sure, she was still doing that, but she had also believed in him. From the first she had seen what nobody else but himself would see, that he had a rare gift. With tact and perseverance she brought him forward, making him work harder, making the instructors notice him.

She had dragged him out of his self-centred lonely, indoor life, and made him skate with her, and play tennis, and go for long Sunday rambles in the country.

And when he had come to the realization that he could no longer live without her, and yet dared not offer her what another woman had so definitely refused, how superbly and frankly she had met him halfway! There was no cowardice in Rita; poverty, obscurity, ill health, were as nothing to her compared with her love. She had taken the leap with him in the dark, and together they had landed in a position of wealth and fame and happiness.

Farley rose from the bench where he had been lying and stretched himself with a sigh of satisfaction. He flexed his arm vigorously. No pain whatever. He must get back to golf. Without a backward glance he swung vigorously down the narrow path and out into the open road. At the hotel Rita was waiting for him.

"John Farley!" she said with dancing eyes, "what do you suppose has happened?"

"Jack?"

"Yes. That little rascal has gotten engaged. But who do you suppose the girl is?"

"The one he has been flirting with, I suppose."

"Here's his letter."

John took the letter and read:

"DEAR DAD AND MUDDIE,—I'm engaged. Hope you don't mind. Her name is Jean Ripley Brampton, and she is the most wonderful girl in the world. You'll say so, too, when you see her. Please ask her to come up to Melrose Park when I do. If you don't, I shall go home with her. I am so happy, I'm just hitting the high spots. Will write more later. Yours in haste,—JACK."

They looked at each other a moment, then both laughed.

"After all," said John with a shrug, "you see we don't count as individuals. Fate simply used me to blaze the trail for Jack."

It was his final gesture towards a past that no longer interested him.





*A Little-known Sidelight on
Wild Nature's Ways*

By
"The Quiver" Naturalist,
F.Z.S

(With Illustrations by Harry Rountree)

I SUPPOSE many people regard the wild birds and beasts of our hills and woodlands as creatures of wandering habits, here to-day, gone to-morrow, with the whole green earth at their bidding, but, as a matter of fact, this somewhat sorrowful kind of existence is almost peculiar to man himself. Few, if any, wild creatures wander at random, and of our wild beasts and those of our birds which stay with us the year round by far the majority live and die within sight of the same familiar landmarks. It is true of the great majority of them that they travel just so far and no farther than their food requirements demand, and therefore the extent of their home ranges is governed entirely by the amount of food their immediate surroundings supply.

There are, to be sure, a few strong flying birds which appear to wander from place to place, respecting neither border nor range. Among these may be named the woodcock and the snipe, while of our nobler birds of prey the eagle covers great distances, and the peregrine, as his name implies, recog-

nizes no nation as his own. The woodcock and the snipe are among the most restless of Nature's ramblers. This evening the wood may be full of woodcock and the air veritably alive with their grunting call-notes as they pinwheel through the upper branches, but to-morrow not a single woodcock may be found in all the forests. What the conditions were that brought them, and why they left so soon, no man can say, and the same applies to a less marked degree in the case of the snipe.

The One Place as Home

But even the most nomadic of all our wild birds recognize one place as home, a place dearer than all others, and thither they glide on eager wings with the dawning of the Love Moon. We know that peregrines and eagles return year after year to the same crags to nest, repairing the old nest, or, if it has fallen to bits, building a new one on the same shelf or a little distance from it. Within sight of my present home there is a great crag from which centuries ago the kings of Scotland obtained their young peregrines for the sport of falconry, and certain laws were passed for the protection of the peregrines nesting in this mighty precipice. So far as I know the old law still holds good, and year after year the noble birds safely rear their young high up on a giddy shelf. Yet the fluffy chicks

THE QUIVER



"Should a strange blackbird come along
our resident member goes for him bill
and claw"

which last spring were reared there may by now be gliding over the jungles of India.

The same applies to the eagles. At no great distance from the peregrine's eyrie there is an eagle's crag to which the king of birds returns each year in the face of all misfortune. One spring the ling burners allowed their fire to get out of hand, and the great pile of sticks on the shelf containing its two blood-mottled eggs was destroyed. Yet the following spring the eagles returned and built a new nest; but alas for them! the moor had changed hands, and the fresh tenant begrudged the rare birds their share of the moorland spoils. Both birds were shot and the nest again laid waste by fire, but this act of vandalism attained nothing, for the spring following two fresh eagles returned to the ancestral castle and safely reared their young.

So far as we know snipe and woodcock return year after year to nest in the same favourite haunts. A comparatively short

time ago few, if any, woodcock nested in this country, but to-day thousands of them find a fit sanctuary in the densely wooded Scottish glens. The supposition is that, with the growing popularity of the sport of woodcock shooting, numbers of birds were partially maimed by shot, and that these birds, on account of their weakened and disabled condition, feared to attempt the great journey across the North Sea, and so when spring-time came they remained here to nest. Their children, therefore, have adopted the same habit, and similarly *their* children, till to-day the number of "resident" woodcock is enormous and apparently likely to increase.

Living After Our Own Fashion

But to return to the main subject of this article, the home range of most wild birds and beasts is far smaller than our own. *We* may be happy to spend our lives in one small town, every street of which is familiar to us and almost every face—so are they. Our own little hamlet supplies our needs. We have our favourite shops and our favourite place or places of amusement, and having, perhaps, seen a good deal of the world without we are wise enough in our day to know that a very small corner of God's earth is enough for our simple happiness.

Every garden, I suppose, has its robin and its blackbird. These two regard each other as part of the furnishings, and they do not squabble. But should a strange blackbird come along our resident member goes for him bill and claw, while the resident robin sits on end and utters a loud churr of encouraging approval. And certainly, should a strange robin come, the garden is not large enough for both of them, and a terrific squabble goes on till the stranger tires of it and betakes himself elsewhere.

Birds that Inhabit the Garden

Do you realize that the birds you see at the bird table day after day are the same birds? A stranger in strange garments may now and then come along and partake of a hasty and nervous meal, but he is merely one of those ships that pass in the night. To-morrow he is gone, heading, perhaps, for some distant goal, and probably you will see him no more, but the robin and the blackbird are always there. Your garden is their home, and in all probability neither of

HOME, SWEET HOME

them ever ventures more than one hundred yards from its prescribed area.

In winter time our resident birds come to depend upon us more than we generally realize, and if we start the winter by feeding them liberally we draw around ourselves a whole host of little dependents, and unless we are going to keep up our generosity till spring comes we had far better never to have begun it. As an example of how far birds rely upon our support when once they have come to expect it, let me quote the following incidents. Some winters ago a blackbird formed the habit of coming to the french window of my breakfast-room each morning and tapping on the glass with his bill, at which I used to open the window and throw food out to him. Shortly after Christmas I went away and the house was closed for several days. There came a spell of frost and snow, and, on my return, deep drifts covered the garden. I went into the breakfast-room where a cheery fire awaited me, and there I saw, seated outside the window in the old familiar attitude, his bill against the glass, my poor blackbird. He might have been still waiting, his wings partly spread to ward off the snow, and as I took his cold, stiff little body in my hands I realized indeed that here was one of those tragedies of the wild that are so often brought about by thoughtless kindness. He had knocked and there had been no answer; he had sought elsewhere, but having so long depended on me he did not know the ins and outs of the few adjacent gardens, where, in that time of hunger, he was a trespasser and a thief.

On another occasion a thrush took to flying through the open window of my motor-house and sleeping on the rafters, but during one cold snap the frost was so intense that, forgetful of the thrush, I closed the window for the sake of the motor vehicle the building contained. So when at dusk the bird returned to his roosting-

place he found the way closed to him, and next morning I discovered him lying dead directly under the window. These incidents serve to show, then, that unless we are going to be consistent and constant in our efforts to help the wild creatures by far the greatest kindness we can do them is to leave them strictly alone.

Their Own Particular Haunts

And as it is with the small birds of our gardens, so it is with the other birds and beasts who are comparative strangers to us. Each and every one of them has its own little home town, with its recognized side-walks and beloved corners, every inch of which is familiar to it. It knows where its foods exist, and promptly at recognized hours it calls for them there. It has also its places of amusement—a dry, warm sand bath, perhaps, sheltered from the wind, or a crystal stream trickling among the leaves and flowers, in and out of which it dives and frolics for the sheer joy of being alive. We, with our sensitive imaginations, are apt to be too sympathetic as regards the sorrows of the dumb creatures of the wild, for we



"The hare, at a certain point, doubles back on his own trail, leaping from boulder to boulder across a stream"—p. 842

THE QUIVER

need to remember this—that when they are happy they are absolutely and supremely happy, which is a state of things which we ourselves cannot know. Plenty of food, warm sunshine, and freedom from their foes is all they ask, and given these simple requirements their joy in life is unmarred by any regrets or dreads, or by those vacant places and that never-dying sense of loss which exists, I suppose, in the hearts of all of us whose childhood is gone.

A Protection in Case of Danger

By its knowledge of its home range, by its familiarity with every corner of it, a wild bird or beast is often able to evade foes to which it would fall if in strange country. For example, I have twice seen a sparrow hawk sweep round the wood end at the corner of my garden, and on both occasions my own orange-billed blackbird happened to be on the grass plot. On both occasions, moreover, he dived headlong for the dense ivy of an elm standing near, gaining it with a mocking peal of laughter, which must have been at least irritating for the sparrow hawk. I once knew a roe deer which time and again evaded the gunners by standing stock still under a boulder of rock which was exactly the same colour as itself, but one day the dogs discovered him and he was compelled to flee in mortal peril of his life. He never again tried the same trick, but the incident serves to show how an animal, familiar with every corner of its habitat, comes to profit by experience, and how, by its full knowledge of its surroundings, it learns to set its foes at naught in the very simplest ways. Probably that little deer had never reasoned out the fact that the rock was the same colour as himself, and that, therefore, he was invisible against it. All he knew was that, taken by surprise once when at this particular place, he had avoided discovery by keeping perfectly still. So he had attained faith not specially in the rock, but in that particular corner of his home range, and returning to it time and again when alarmed he had come to know that the old tactics somehow worked.

Ingenious Tricks Learnt by Accident

It is in the same way that deer, living in countries where wolves exist, often manage to cheat the wolves and escape with their lives by resorting to old tricks which probably they learned by accident. A deer pursued by wolves, or a hare pursued by

hounds, always runs in a circle, which is the circle of its home range. That circle contains certain Japanese puzzles which the pursuer has to unravel if he is to succeed in his quest. At one point the deer runs along the bed of a stream where he leaves no scent trail, finally gaining dry land by leaping high on to the trunk of a fallen tree and so back into the woods. The hare, at a certain point, doubles back on his own trail, so as to leave a dead end in the line of the scent, then still further breaks the line by leaping from boulder to boulder across a stream. All these tricks the wild animal works off when pursued, and each one delays, if it does not baffle, its pursuer, and every delay is a new lease of life for the fugitive. By the time its tricks are exhausted the animal itself is exhausted, and so is its pursuer; if not, then the pursuer triumphs—that is, the fitter of the two survives.

So from the mouse in the ling roots, from the blackbird in our garden, and the rabbit in the wood beyond, from the smallest to the largest of our wild creatures, each depends for its life upon its knowledge of its surroundings. It may live in peace for years, but sooner or later the day inevitably comes when its knowledge of the ins and outs of its own home is put to the supreme test, and woe betide it if that day catches it in strange country. One may take it as a safe rule that the creatures that wander least are best able to hold out against their foes, and that those that wander most either have little to fear from their foes on account of their own swiftness or that they themselves are the foes of many and the natural prey of few.

Recognized Routes of Travel

I repeat, few creatures wander farther than is necessary for the finding of their food, and fewer still, if any, wander at random. Those of them that take colossal journeys stick to recognized routes which their fathers and their fathers' fathers travelled before them. They cannot be said to be wandering, for they are passing by a recognized way, which man himself invariably learns in course of time to be the best and easiest way, from one definite goal to another, and nothing save the powers of Nature will divert them from their chosen route.

I sincerely believe that most birds and beasts love their homes as much as we love

ours, for I have known them to cling to their favourite haunts long after life there became almost unbearable for them. I have even known a wild animal to be driven out of its home by a brutality of force that left it mortally wounded, yet a few hours later it crept back to die amidst the scenes that were sacred to all its love of life.

When once a bird or beast has formed family ties it is a love higher than the love of home which calls it back to the same place in the face of all perils. It was this love which led a starling that had built its nest and laid its eggs in the eaves of an idle railway coach to stick to its choice in the face of all subsequent events. This was during the war, and the old coach had been shunted into a siding; but late in the spring, while the starling was sitting on her eggs, the carriage was called into commission. And each day the bird travelled with it, between London and Leeds, dismounting at the stopping places in search of food, a good deal of which was supplied her by the kindly guard. And so the plucky bird succeeded, at any rate, in rearing four out of the six of her brood!

Devotion to their Young

It is the same heroic spirit which calls the dog fox back to the broken earth in the hillside from which his vixen and her cubs have been taken, even though he knows that the peril of the steel trap and of shot and powder await him there, but I regard a wild creature's love of home—simple home—as indicating a higher standard of intelligence, if not of morality, than such gentle affections for its young.

The wild folk will often sacrifice their lives to save mate or cubs, and the reasonings which rule them are far higher than those of blind instinct, to which so much is attributed and so little due. But the naturalist knows that in endeavouring to estimate their intelligence it stands for nothing, for often the most foolish of them are the most blindly devoted to their young—a condition of things which has its counterpart in our own world.

Thus, gentle reader, looking again upon



"It is the same heroic spirit which calls the dog fox back to the broken earth in the hillside"

the birds and beasts you love in your old familiar country rambles, you must not regard them as strangers. These birds and beasts are the same individuals as you have seen here for weeks past, and whether or not you recognize them they assuredly recognize you—that is, if they see you passing sufficiently often. They will soon weigh you up for what you are worth, and come to know in course of time whether your intentions are good or ill. It is within your power to become friendly with them, just as you may become friendly with any other lonely roadfarer, and when at length you turn your face to the sunset and your steps homeward you will smile the gentlest of smiles in the realization of a friendship which is among earth's highest gifts.

When the Dreams Got Mixed

A Fantasy for Children

By

Peach Justin

PROFESSOR IMAGINATION, who was in charge of the dreams of all the children in the world, was more than a little worried. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and a message had just come through from the dream factory that a most terrible happening had occurred there. The small messenger, Thought was his name, trembled in his shoes as he delivered it. And his hat, which he had forgotten to remove on entering the venerable Professor's presence, fell off as the old man shouted at him.

"What! you mean to tell me that someone has been so careless as to put the dreams that ought to be here any moment into wrong packets. In other words, a complete mix-up has occurred?"

The Professor was known throughout the Land of Nod as the most good-tempered of men, so an outburst of this kind was the more unusual.

"Well, you see it was like this——"

Thought had found his tongue and was trying to appease his master.

"I see nothing," the Professor interrupted. "All I know is that it is too late to do anything now. My poor children, my poor children!"

Seeing that the Professor was entirely engrossed with his own thoughts the messenger left the room as quietly as possible. It quite upset him too.

For several moments after the door had closed silently on his small figure the white-haired Professor paced up and down the apartment, pulling at his beard, which was long, and running his hands through his hair, which was thin. He looked up at the neatly arranged shelves that covered the walls of the apartment, and which were rapidly filling from behind with hundreds of different-coloured packets. They were arranged so that each shelf had one colour only. The Professor had purposely thought out the simplest manner of placing them, so that when the children came to fetch them they would be able to find them without any difficulty. The pale pink packets were

quite tiny girls, a deeper pink for older ones, pale blue for small boys, and dark blue for the big boys. The babies who had not cut any teeth had white packets, because babies think only of their bottles of milk, and a really pleasant dream to them is one about milk—lots and lots of milk.

The bad dreams, which are only for naughty children, were kept in another department and were done up in green and yellow packets, but they were nothing to do with the Professor, who only attended to the good children of the world.

That was what was worrying him. The babies' dreams and the older children's, the good and the bad, had all got put into the wrong-coloured outsiders, and the awful part was that he could do nothing. If he had only known a few hours earlier it would not have been so serious; but, as he thought to himself, it is always like that: people have a way of trying to rectify their mistakes instead of going to the person who would really be of use.

A sound of something soft falling roused him from his thoughts, and he turned towards the immense window where long rays from the moon always shone and made a slide for the children to enter as they came from the world below.

On the ground at the foot of the ray lay a baby. The Professor removed his glasses from his nose, wiped them carefully on his very wide sleeve, and, after replacing them, bent forward and stared at the intruder. The baby seemed quite unaware of what was going on. He was very interested in his own foot, which was pink and fat. He had already made several grabs at it with his hand because he was filled with a desire to get it into his mouth. Just before going to sleep he had discovered this diverting pastime, and it had delighted him.

The Professor was not quite certain what steps he ought to take about the matter because this impudent baby had arrived nearly half an hour too early. No one was supposed to come for their dreams before six o'clock, and it now wanted twenty minutes.

WHEN THE DREAMS GOT MIXED

He moved a little closer as he pondered the matter, and the baby, on hearing the noise of his gown as it trailed over the carpet, turned his head and smiled a very gummy smile into the old man's face.

He then bent over it, and it caught at his finger which it refused to release. Such friendliness made the Professor forget that he had meant to reprove it for its behaviour, and he picked it up in his arms (part of the training of professors who look after children's dreams is to know how to carry babies that are too small to walk) and carried it over to the shelf that was filled with the white packets.

When they reached the shelf the baby stopped playing with his toes, and pressing them on the Professor, put his hands out, and reached down a fat white packet, while he was being held up by the kind old man.

Without further ado he put one of the corners in his mouth and gave an extra loud crow. The white packets were specially made to be sucked, because babies always put everything they can into their mouths.

The Professor then hurried to another corner of the room, where there was a very small door; this he opened, and as he did so gave a low call. A second later a small moonbeam was waiting outside; in this he carefully laid the baby, who pushed its foot into his face as a mode of farewell. Then the moonbeam glided away and the Professor closed the door.

An instant later a troop of small boys and girls came sliding down the ray of light. They rushed up to him, clamouring and

noisy, pulling him towards the shelves eagerly. Most of the children were in soft woolly garments, warm and snug, but one little girl was still dressed as she had been during the day. Ragged garments hung about her, her stockings were torn and full of holes, and she had only one very worn boot, which made her limp as she walked. She was a very regular visitor, and the Professor knew her well; her one joy was

to find a dream that was full of plenty to eat. It was only when she was asleep that her appetite was ever satis-



"Most of the children were in soft woolly garments, but one little girl was still dressed as she had been during the day"

fied; and so she looked forward to the hours that brought dreams, all day long; therefore she always arrived in good time.

A small negress next attracted his attention. Her one desire in life was to possess golden curls like those of a small white child she had once seen for a brief instant. To-night she appeared in a great hurry as if she could not wait another instant for the dream that she was sometimes lucky enough to get; in it she had curls that hung down to her feet.

By degrees the children had all taken a

THE QUIVER

different coloured packet and were ready to take leave of the Professor. He once again opened the door and called up the ever-ready moonbeams to carry the little folks back to their beds.

One more lot—the older ones—and his work of distributing dreams would be finished for the night. It would be a dreadful thing if the boys got the girls' dreams or the baby ones. Children as they get bigger are so touchy about being thought younger than they really are; they might think that he had done it on purpose.

Further noise as a merry crowd slid into the room. One boy had decided to enter face first, which called forth cries of admiration at his daring from the others.

One girl, rather taller than the rest, touched his arm affectionately as she passed towards the shelf.

"This is the last night that I shall come to you. I am getting too old and shall have to go to the grown-up department. So please give me a beautiful dream, one that I shall never forget."

He felt a fresh pang rush through him; it was impossible to help her after the mix-up that had occurred.

A boy shouted for something fine, as he was returning to school and he wanted to dream of the holidays again.

With a weary sigh the old Professor saw the last party into the moonbeam carriages, and as he shut the door for the last time he stood for a moment hesitating. It was his duty now to open a window in the floor of his wonderful apartment, through which he could see all the children in the world asleep. He could watch their dreams as they dreamt them and so learn what each one liked.

Never before had he experienced any reluctance to look; in fact he enjoyed the hours that followed. After his first hesitation he managed to collect sufficient courage, although it was with nervous apprehension that he approached the opening. Just as he was about to settle himself down by it the door was flung wide and the excited figure of Thought rushed in.

The Professor turned with an annoyed frown puckering his brow. He was unused to disturbances of this sort and disliked them intensely.

"Sir."

"Well?" He questioned.

"It is all right."

"You mean the dreams have not been mixed?"

"Thoughtless found out after all that the message that he had been told to deliver me, for me to pass on to you, was all wrong. He was thinking of something else at the time and so was not listening."

"What was the right message then?"

"That in the future the dreams are to be kept in separate rooms, *not* mixed. The ones for the girls in one, and the ones for the boys in another. His Majesty King Sleep has received information from a reliable source that the world now contains so many children, and so many more are expected soon, that you will soon be overcrowded here. His Majesty commands your presence to-morrow at sunrise, as he wishes to discuss the matter with you."

The messenger bowed low and left the room.

Professor Imagination removed his conical hat, which was over a foot high, from his head, and wiped his forehead with a big silk handkerchief. He was exceedingly proud of the handkerchief, which had been left behind by a child with a cold in her head one frosty night. It had originally belonged to the child's father and was a very expensive one.

The agitation of the last few hours had left him weak and tired, but the relief at the news was so intense that when he leant out of his window, so eager was he to see what was taking place among the dreams that he nearly lost his balance. He was only saved a fall by his long coat having caught in the hinge of the window.

The first person whom he saw was the fat baby that had arrived too early. It was having a dream after its own heart. The biggest bottle imaginable was in its possession, and there was no nurse or mother at hand to remove it just as it was entirely engrossed. There was sufficient milk in the bottle to feed all the babies in the world.

The Professor was more than reassured after seeing this, and any remaining doubts that he might have had were entirely dispelled. He had been more anxious over the fat baby than any of the others. It is not every day that a baby offers his foot for consumption, and he had been immensely flattered by the action.

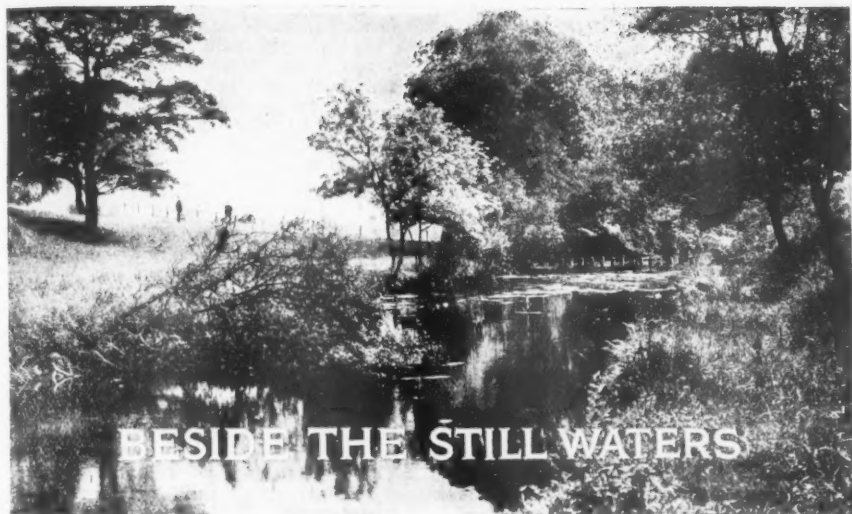


Photo: P. Trivis

LIFE A WALL WITH GATES OF PEARL

By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

IN Bunyan's never-to-be-neglected story there was one gate into the city of the Spirit, one way into the true life: in the book of Revelation there are twelve gates. When the Bible says that there are twelve gates it does not mean that there are not thirteen or a hundred or ten thousand. It means that there are as many as are needed. It means that there are a great many. It means that all are made welcome, and that if there is anyone left outside it was not because there was for him no way in, but only that he did not greatly wish to enter.

I do not mean to say that Bunyan is not as hospitable as the Bible. The explanation is that in each age or generation there is always one way which comes to be regarded as the particular way into the serious life. Especially is this true of a time of widespread apostasy from faith or in a time of general slackness. At such a time the limit must be placed somewhere; and that limit becomes a gate through which alone they must come who would be held as belonging to the City of God.

Varieties of Religious Experience

Of course, though there are twelve gates into the heavenly city, it is not meant that each soul may use all the twelve. It simply means that there are varieties of souls,

varieties of religious experience. What admits to the City of God is not that one has had a certain experience and no other, but simply that one has had a certain experience.

I do not know a description so precisely true, or one so generous and at the same time so strict, of the life into which God is inviting us all, or pushing us all, as this which defines the City of God as a place surrounded by a wall indeed, but a wall pierced everywhere by gates which are never closed.

In Search of Something Deeper

What a great thing is this life of ours! We are let loose upon it like children, and yet there is something within each of us, and something in life itself, which soon or late brings us to a point and crisis of feeling in which we must find something more and deeper than the natural life can give.

It may be we become aware of something ugly in ourselves, something savage and passionate: whereupon, in fear of what we may do, or of what may happen to us, we put ourselves under the control of Christ. That is one gate by which the soul may enter the City of God.

Or this masterful and sinister thing, too

THE QUIVER

long permitted or excused, has had its way with us, and now it has left us with the ashes and bitterness of some spent desire. In our shame, in our remorse and exhaustion, we have just strength enough to protest against ourselves, to bemoan ourselves and to pray. And even that is a gate by which we may come to God and begin a life on new principles. Perhaps it is this very gate which has been most largely used by the sons of men.

Darkness that may Open into Light

Or life may have broken down under us in some crisis of emotion: in some failure of love, in some disillusionment, when the light that was in us became darkness. At such a time there are two ways which offer themselves to our darkened soul. We may abandon ourselves to our black mood. We may blow out every other light. We may turn our back upon all idealism. We may repudiate all belief, and laugh bitterly at all generous interpretations of life. We may do any one of these things; and they are indeed one and the same in spirit. Or we may stand still. We may control ourselves. We may hold our lips closed, keeping back the curse; and a breath may blow from some garden of an earlier day, and we may think of Christ until we sink down upon our knees, saying "Thy will be done"—the angels in heaven rejoicing. That is another gate by which souls pass on and into the Great Presence of God in life.

Or it may be sickness; or it may be poverty; or it may be the forsaking of friends; or it may be the greyness and monotony of our lot; or it may be that we are puzzled by life on the infinite scale—as to what it may all mean, and as to whither it may all be tending. Or we may be puzzled by what life may mean in some harsh detail which has struck home to our own heart. It may be any one of these experiences which, blinding us for the moment, nevertheless disposes us to feel in the darkness for some opening into light.

Or it may be something entirely different, something more youthful and robust. It may be the cry of our nature for some fine and utter task, for a crusade, for difficulty, for sacrifices.

The Gate that is Never Shut

But whatever be the necessity which has become our personal necessity, right opposite us, in front of us, stands an appropriate gate of God. Through that gate Christ invites us to enter, to come nearer to Him because of that very pressure from the side of life. And He will welcome us if we come by day, in our youth, with our first

strength still unbroken. Or He will welcome us if we come in the twilight or by night, damaged somewhat by life if it may be, sore with some stroke, timid with the memory of some failure. "For the gates are not shut at all." He will welcome us and make much of us, and will speak comfortably to us, and will make us rejoice as in the days of our youth.

A wall having many gates—that represents the life which God is ready to share with us.

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesu calls o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands, meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee."

"Every Gate a Pearl"

"And every gate a pearl." Pearls of every kind are produced, I believe, by some stress, by some crushing process. The elements of them, as in the case of a diamond, are ordinary and familiar. It is some unfamiliar conjuncture of events, some pressure, some strain organized by the nature of things upon the common material, which makes the pearl and the diamond and the ruby and the emerald and every other blessed aperture into the eternal world.

So most certainly is it with human souls. We enter into the Great Presence, into the liberty of the unseen, by the way of some mighty pressure lit up by a still mightier hope.

Yielding to that Pressure, yielding to that Inviting Hope, we pass on as through a gate into the Life which is life indeed.

It was out of the dust God made us at the first: it is out of the dust that He makes us anew.

The Quotation

*"Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old!
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismiss'd.
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the best without the smile."*
COLERIDGE.



A Prayer

© Guardian Ansen of our Life
Sustain us all our days,
En heal, in cold, in wealth, in want
Thy Face light up our ways.
Amen.

Personality, and How to Cultivate it

A Gift of the Gods
By
Mona Maxwell

"That which you would be and hope to be, you may be now. Non-accomplishment resides in your perpetual postponement, and, having the power to postpone, you also have the power to accomplish—to perpetually accomplish."

JAMES ALLEN.

WHAT is personality? Either you have it or you haven't. If you have it there will be no question about it. Everyone will recognize it. It is very definite in the impression it makes, and yet it defies definition. It is more than possessing a distinctive character, a strong will, an original individuality. One may have all these, and many more desirable qualities, and yet lack personality.

All great leaders and reformers—all those who sway the public mind by their speeches, their actions, their writings—owe much to their own particular personality.

I refer, of course, to an *attractive* personality. One sometimes comes across a personality which is the very reverse—self-willed, masterful, aggressive, and greedy for power. A man may, by reason of this dominating personality, ruthlessly carve out a successful career for himself. He may push his way to the front and reach the highest pinnacle of fame, but he will never be really popular. He will never win the love and confidence of the people, though, for the time being, he may force their outward homage. He will never inspire and uplift, simply because he lacks sympathy, benevolence, and nobility of character.

This kind of repellent personality no one covets, but an attractive and magnetic personality is a most desirable possession, and the influence it wields for happiness and success is far beyond that of beauty, wealth, or learning.

Is it a Gift?

You may be at some crowded social gathering where all are strangers to you. At once almost you will notice the individual with personality. You cannot help it. He or she stands out by reason of some original force, some subtle power and charm which cannot be analysed. It is the unconscious attractor of personality. It

reveals itself in the tone of the voice, the glance of the eye, the whole expression, manner, and movements. On the stage it triumphs. An actress, however beautiful, must also possess a most attractive personality, or she will never win fame in her profession. Our beloved Ellen Terry is a striking example of a most fascinating personality. In her case it was a natural gift, which she cultivated to its fullest extent.

There is no doubt that personality is a gift of the gods. Some are blessed with it and some are not. One may notice it even in very young children. The child who has it wins everyone's love, and is generally more noticed and petted than the child without it—is more popular at school—has a jollier time all round, and in adult life is happier and more successful.

An attractive personality is a veritable talisman. It opens all doors and smooths the path of the possessor of it in a marvellous manner.

Eminent men who are gifted with a magnetic personality will not only impress their own generation but their influence will survive long after. History is full of characters whose personality still lives, still attracts and inspires.

Personality Defined

The bestowal of this gift on some and not on others seems a little unfair, doesn't it? But if we carefully analyse personality we shall see that it is possible for all to cultivate it, and so make up for Nature's neglect if she has passed us by in this respect.

Observe the individual with a magnetic personality and you will discover a few things. First, you will be impressed with the fact that he is **ALIVE!** Many of us are merely automatons. We go through life like "Grandfather's Clock"—Tick! Tick! Tick!—with no variation, no animation, no enthusiasm, no inspiration!

He is not only alive, but he is full of vitality, courage, energy, and enterprise. He is optimistic, with a firm belief in himself, and the certainty of success in all his

THE QUIVER

undertakings. His calm, unwavering confidence and forceful character inspire all who come under his influence.

So, if you really mean to cultivate an attractive personality you must brace yourself to the task!

Don't be a Colourless Nonentity

Some individuals have a vivid personality—full of colour, music, romance. They may not be aware of it themselves. It is just that they ARE these things—bright, picturesque, romantic—and the inward becomes the outward. Unconsciously they create an attractive aura round themselves. One can almost see it. Certainly one can feel it.

This aura leaves its impress everywhere, especially in the home where the magnetic one lives.

Have you not noticed this in the various houses you enter? Some houses seem to give you a cheery welcome the very moment you step inside the door; you feel a pleasant all's-well-with-the-world sort of glow before ever the charming hostess has time to smile on you. The atmosphere radiates peace and happiness.

Other houses, again, have just the opposite effect, and you want to get out of them as quickly as possible. There the atmosphere is one of dismal depression. It permeates everything! It never seems to disperse, even though the rooms may be filled with sunshine.

This hopeless heaviness is an emanation from the temperaments of the residents themselves. They are always more or less miserable. Life to them is a dull, hopeless affair. So wherever they live it will be just the same, their surroundings will absorb and reflect their gloom.

No doubt this explains the theory of haunted houses. They really are haunted. The impression created of the tragedy enacted there has been so forcible and so terrible that the atmosphere still retains the horror of it. Psychic persons at once feel it, and even the more phlegmatic suffer a vague indefinable fear on entering the dwelling.

But we are getting away from our subject. Fascinating as the personality of houses may be, the personality of individuals is much more so.

Scientists and doctors are beginning to realize the value of colour; artists made the

discovery centuries ago, and were not afraid of being called crude and barbaric because they revelled in the brightest and richest of colours.

Now we know there is no escaping from colour. The sun's rays saturate us with the most brilliant colours from morning till night. There is colour in sounds, colour in words, colour in our thoughts, colour in personality, radiant and most attractive colour!

It is possible to sum up anyone's character by the colours his individuality suggests.

The sceptical may pass this by with a supercilious smile, yet even they must have felt the difference between a vivid colourful personality and a colourless drab one! So neutral-tinted that he almost merges into his surroundings.

One longs to take hold of the inert toneless and colourless character, and deck it out in the most radiant hues of optimism, enthusiasm, and light-hearted confidence, and then say to it: "There, now! Go and display these lovely colours to the world. Everyone will enjoy them."

Believe in Yourself

This is absolutely essential. Can you imagine a magnetic personality wrapping itself up in an apologetic attitude? If so, its magnetism would be quite hidden!

Those who have a highly strung temperament are often extremely diffident and lacking in self-confidence. They are too constantly aware of their failings, and so overlook their good points. This is the greatest pity, as sometimes they are highly gifted, but having no faith in their own powers and being sensitive and easily cast down they fail to realize their talents. So, of course, the world passes them by.

They are not happy, because all the time they are vaguely conscious of powers that are wasting for lack of development.

Remember that you are worth the ground you tread on. If you are not, whose fault is it but your own?

It is a great mistake to be too modest about oneself and one's attainments. Better to imitate the natural delight of "Little Jack Horner," and joyfully exclaim: "Oh, what a good boy, am I!"

That is, when there is no one near to overhear you.

This feeling is soothing, and benefits both mind and body. It also reacts on

LUX *for Garden Party frocks.*

THE charm of line and colour; the grace of each single fold, is preserved to dress fabrics washed with Lux. That exquisite cleanliness as of newness can be maintained by a lady's gentle hands and a packet of Lux.

There is no wear and tear to injure the fabric when Lux is used—no shrinking to distort the shape and delicate sense of proportion of the most delightful dress or gown.

**LUX WILL NOT HARM A SILKEN THREAD—
IT WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.**

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

Use LUX for
washing Silk,
Crêpe-de-Chine,
Georgette, Lawn,
Muslin, Lace, all
Dainty Fabrics
and Woollens.





A LITTLE FRIEND OF MINE

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

PERSONALITY, AND HOW TO CULTIVATE IT

others, for when we are at peace with ourselves, and happily confident that we are making the best of ourselves and our circumstances, we are more genial and more kindly disposed towards everyone.

That Lumber Room of the Mind

So, why admire and envy the other fellow so much? You can do just as well, probably better, when you discover and develop your latent forces and special gifts. They have been stored away in that lumber-room of your mind quite long enough. Search this overcrowded place, clear out the rubbish, then the talents which have been hidden so long by the cobwebs of indolence and inertia will be revealed.

Now set to work and make something of yourself. Do you think it is likely you are going to impress anyone else with your capability if you have doubts about it yourself? Don't forget that you count in the scheme of things. You are on this planet for some good purpose, so square your shoulders and walk with head erect, and have a real respect for yourself.

Keep in mind Emerson's assertion that: "Self-respect is the early form in which greatness appears."

No fear of your over-doing things and becoming blatantly self-confident, unless you belong to that hopeless class of individuals—the smug self-complacents.

H. W. Dresser says:

"Anything that subordinates the soul and prevents man from taking all that belongs to him as a free spirit in a beneficent world, any mistaken sense of humility or self-suppression, has a harmful effect on the whole life, and is evidently as far from the normal attitude as strong self-conceit."

Get Out of the Conventional

Thought-Rut

Has it ever occurred to you how little ORIGINAL thinking we do? All our thought-life is set out and arranged for us by convention and current popular opinion, especially as laid down in the daily Press.

Unconsciously we assimilate it. We think *en masse*. The Press is the "moving finger," pointing this way, then that, rousing us to hate, fear, scorn, pity and patriotism. We do not know that we are being so powerfully influenced, but because of our mental lethargy it is easier to let others form our opinions and judgments for us.

So it comes to pass that one's character,

general outlook, and trend of thought can be pretty accurately gauged by one's favourite newspaper and magazine.

If only we dare think for ourselves! But if an original thought ever occurs to us we dismiss it at once as being of no account. No one else has ever given expression to it, we have never seen it in print, therefore it must be worthless. And yet—how do we know?—it may hold the germ of an idea which will eventually revolutionize the world!

That marvellous invention of the age, wireless telegraphy, was probably first of all a tiny idea in some unknown individual's brain, but it took the inspiration and genius of a Marconi to bring it to tangible form, and develop it to such an extent that it helped us to win the war, and no doubt saved millions of lives.

And this marvellous invention will go on developing until thought-telegraphy will be a commonplace, and we shall be sending messages of goodwill and cheer to our friends without the medium of pen, paper, and post.

Not only do we think but we act in crowds. We must all be doing what the rest of the world is doing, so we flock to all the most popular restaurants, hotels, and places of amusement. All the world says they are delightfully enjoyable. So they *must* be! We mesmerize ourselves into thinking we are having a good time, when we are just wearing ourselves out for naught. We are graduating very thoroughly for that woeful conclusion: *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas!*

In his essays, Emerson often refers to "The magneticism which all original action exerts." Then he goes on to say: "And what is originality? . . . It is being—being oneself."

Think and act for yourself. No need to be eccentric. But it is absolutely necessary for you to get out of the conventional thought-rut in which you have sunk all your originality.

Be an Optimist

It is impossible to imagine a magnetic personality lacking optimism. A depressed, worried individual wields no influence, but simply acts as the proverbial "wet blanket," damping everyone's spirits within reach.

If you mean to be an attractive personality you **MUST** be optimistic.

THE QUIVER

A French writer, Jules Fiaux, declares that:

"Pessimism walks hand in hand with selfishness, while optimism is the companion of altruism. . . . He who wishes to be an optimist will speak as little as possible about himself, and seek out only the subjects that will please and interest his listeners. He will, moreover, endeavour to make them appear at their best, and in so doing will gain their interest and confidence."

To be optimistic is to be happy, and the happy individual is always attractive.

Annie Besant, in her book on "Thought Power," asserts the same thing. She says:

"Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy, and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are ever seeking happiness for themselves."

Good Health Essential

A few very strong characters have triumphed over bodily weakness and displayed a winning personality. But these are the exceptions. As a rule, a magnetic personality is partly the outcome of buoyant health. If one is suffering from this and that little ailment one's vitality is lowered, and all magneticism vanishes. An attractive personality is a combination of the physical, mental, and spiritual.

Everyone is familiar with the laws of health and fully realizes the value of plenty of fresh air, exercise, and good food. But many are totally oblivious of the power of the mind over the body. Referring to this Prentice Mulford says:

"Your mind can make your body sick or well, strong or weak, according to the thought it puts out. . . . You can use this power for the preservation of beauty, health and vigour, all that makes you attractive to others."

The Need of Poise

Above all, in these restless, discontented times, when everyone's nerves seem to be on edge, the immense value of poise will be seen.

Poise is the result of a self-controlled and well-balanced nature, and may be cultivated by all.

One must learn to live above the daily frets and annoyances, and banish all worry and irritability. This is quite possible, but the art is not to be acquired in a day. All discordant emotions, erratic actions, and feelings of hatred, envy, or bitterness, destroy one's magneticism, and therefore prevent the development of an attractive personality.

In our endeavour to achieve our purpose we must not be discouraged by many failures, but we must set our feet firmly on the path of self-conquest. Remember that in cultivating a pleasing and inspiring personality we are building up a strong and noble character. As a French psychologist asserts:

"If we learn to desire earnestly, and are persevering in our desires, our intelligence and faculties can be developed in proportion to our aspirations. . . . We must begin with the firm conviction that our ideal really exists in us and is part of ourselves, for it is the realization of this which transforms us into it."

The Flower Choir

ALL day long my garden blossoms,
Decked in every colour gay;
With the butterflies and breezes
All the flowers seem now at play.
Just like children in the sunshine,
Laughing, romping, while they may.

None may know the prayers they offer,
None can hear the psalms they sing,
But their breath is incense-laden,
Better gifts than gold they bring.
In the moonlight in my garden
There are angels hovering.

By
Grace Mary Golden

But when moonlight fills my garden
With a pale, unearthly fire,
Still and quiet stand the flowers,
Shorn of all their bright attire,
Lifting lovely, solemn faces,
Like a silent, white-robed choir,

The Magnolia Tree

A Romance

By

Enid A. Guest

"THAT," said I, "is a very fine magnolia tree." I was slowly walking arm-in-arm with a frail old man in the sunshine, so frail that he stumbled close to the wax-like blooms and gladly sank on to the rustic bench near by.

As I looked at him I found it difficult to reconcile myself to the fact that he was the rollicking man who smiles at me from an old photograph as a godfather at my christening. Such a few years lay between that figure of splendid manhood and this frail body, and I was conscious of a rebellious feeling stealing over me. The inevitableness of life's cycle hurts one sometimes.

"Yes, you're right . . . she's beautiful."

I started.

"Who?" I asked.

"Dear, dear now. The tree, to be sure."

He moved his hand along the bench until it reached a blossom and gently stroked it.

"I remember," he continued, "that you admired this when you were four. You went all round the tree saying, 'Pitty flower! Pitty flower!' And I never noticed until you came to me that you had filled your little smock with the head of every blossom you could reach."

"I remember that too!" I exclaimed. "I remember feeling guilty and expecting you to be cross with me, and you weren't."

"No," he replied gently, "for how should you have known how dear she was to me?"

Again the "she." I felt puzzled.

"She?" I inquired.

"Ah!" he said.

Then he let the bloom he had been holding return to its original position.

"I'm getting old, David, very old, you know, and I want you to promise me something. Listen, I've left you this property"—he paused and then slowly resumed—"and the magnolia tree."

The incongruity of it made me smile.

"Ah, don't," he said, "don't smile. That magnolia tree is my most precious possession. I want you to look after it, and if you ever leave here I want you to take some of it with you. Never let it die. Do you understand? Never let it die."

He looked searchingly at me. Somehow a little of his frailty had dropped from him for the moment.

"Perhaps"—he paused—"if I tell you something you will cherish it more."

"Yes?" said I gently.

"Well," he commenced, "when I was young I detested reality, I dreaded age and hated Time. I couldn't be philosophical over it."

I started. Had I not only a few minutes ago experienced the same emotions as I helped him on to the seat?

"When I was very young," he continued, "I remember realizing that feeling. I had just finished a high dive and was standing in the sun among the buttercups"—he laughed suddenly. "I remember my feet being burnished by their golden bloom. Then rebellion surged over me. I felt Time was too cruel to give us such joys, then slowly steal them all away. I was only fifteen or sixteen then, so you see, as I said, I rebelled early. Then later I rebelled still more greatly, because I realized that Time turns dreams into reality and strips away illusions. I used to be haunted by the thought that love, once a burning flame, turns into the grey embers of kindness, and then I determined to cheat Time by keeping my dream."

He was silent so long that a bright-eyed bird perched itself on the arm of the bench and looked at us wonderingly.

"I was often thinking of love and marriage, trying to solve the perplexing puzzles which assail afresh every new generation. Then just two years after I had gone down from Trinity I fell in love."

"She was a singer, an Italian, who had made her debut at Covent Garden during the sultry season, and had even roused enthusiasm among the most stolid of matrons. Whenever she sang I went, and in my conceit I would imagine she was singing to me and not to that crowd of over-dressed women who applauded indiscriminately."

"We saw one another frequently, for she was popular socially, but that I loved her she had, of course, no idea, for we met in

THE QUIVER

the conventional manner at conventional houses.

"Then my people gave a reception, and she sang—beautifully. Every note was like a pearl, rounded. One passage made me think of a graduated necklace. Then she sang 'The night was calm and peaceful.' For me it was a night burning and throbbing in a strange blue bloom; even the moon seemed to throw a blue light over the lawn, and the cedar tree seemed carved out of ebony.

"While she was singing I made my way from the terrace to this spot. I remember noticing all kinds of little things—how the lawn was covered with tiny diamonded webs and the shining whiteness of the hawthorn bush. Then the aria finished, and except for the distant hum of conversation there was a tense silence, which at length was broken by a sharp click. I turned quickly, and from where I stood I could see a french window on the far side of the terrace slowly opening. Then I held my breath, for she had slipped through and closed it softly behind her. Then she ran lightly down the stone steps, her white draperies billowing around her.

"As she came on to the lawn she stood quite still for a moment, and drew in a deep breath as if the beauty of the night hurt her. She seemed to me like some glowing white flower. Then she turned and saw me. I sometimes wonder how long we stood like that. It seemed an age, yet it may have been only for the intake of a breath. Then slowly we moved towards each other.

"'You are like a magnolia flower,' I whispered, 'and I shall plant the most lovely tree I can find just . . .'

"'Where I'm standing,' she smiled.

"'My arms were round her now.

"'And whenever I come to England,' she continued, 'I will come in ze moonlight to see 'ow our dream tree is growing. Yes, I shall come, but you will never see me, for I shall steal in during the night, and whenever I've been you will find left you un fazzoletto—'ow you call it?'

"'A handkerchief,' I suggested.

"'Si, a hankersheef.'

"'And every time I see it I shall think

of you as you now are, young, beautiful and sweet. Thus will my dream always live.'

"'And so,' she said very softly, 'vill mine. For I vill leave you when I 'ave kissed you once more, and alweeys you vill lif in my 'eart as you are now.'

"'Thus,' I whispered, 'we shall both keep our dreams.'

"'Yes,' she murmured.

"'And slowly we kissed one another, while beauty and joy seemed crystallized into the instant.

"'Then with that drifting way of hers she walked across the lawn and left me standing here . . .'

The frail old hands touched again the lovely bloom that stood glistening in the sun.

"'And did she . . .?' I commenced.

"'Yes,' he anticipated, 'she did. I found the first little 'fazzoletto' just two years afterwards, and ever since at different intervals she has left them.'

He laughed.

"'Do you know, David, my lad, I used to feel just like a schoolboy when I used to hasten out in the early morning when the first blossoms commenced to appear. I used to be afraid my wife might find her little gift . . . it would have been so awkward, wouldn't it?'

I agreed, sympathetically. Then he fumbled in his pocket and produced a crumpled morsel of lace and fine linen.

"'I found this to-day, and now I feel content. I didn't want to die until I had found another; it was four years since she left the last.'

For a long while we sat silent in the sun, watching the bees playing with the blossoms. Then the gong sounded, and we strolled arm-in-arm to the house.

It is four years ago since then and three years since my good friend died, and until this morning I have been inclined to think of that little history as a romantic dream that I dreamt in the sunlight, but as I write there lies on my table before me a little perfumed handkerchief that I found early this morning in the dewy grass near the magnolia tree.





Handsome Oak Jacobean Bureau. Real Twist.
Automatic Fall Front. Price £6 19s. 6d.

Smarts' take all the "expense" out of Furnishing

THAT sums up the case for Smarts' Simple System of Furnishing Out-of-Income. The question of expense is virtually eliminated, and it becomes a matter of fixing your own method of payment.

For thousands this simplified plan is the one alternative to indefinite postponement of their Home Furnishing schemes—until they can afford "a lump sum."

Hence the ever-growing popularity of Smarts' System of Easy Payments—after delivery of all the Furniture required. We pay Return Fares on all orders of £30 or more.

Call or
write for
Free
Illustrated
Booklet.

Smarts
SMART BROS LTD

Have you
seen
Smarts'
Model
Rooms?

Principal Showrooms:

110-113 TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.

(Close to Warren St. Tube Station & a few minutes from Hampstead & Euston Roads).

Telephone: MUSEUM 1880

BRANCHES AT

Southwark, S.E.1—28-31
London Road, Elephant
and Castle.
Stratford, E.15—196-198
The Grove,
Croydon—30, 32 and 34
George St.

Hackney, E.8—321 Mare
Street.
Wimbledon, S.W.19—8
Merton Rd., Broadway.
Woolwich, S.E.18—73
Fowis Street.

Holloway, N.7—49 & 51
Seven Sisters Road.
Chiswick, W.4—118-120
High Road.
Manchester—74, 76, 78 &
80 Victoria Street.

Northampton—27 Abing-
ton Street.
Southend-on-Sea—196-
197 Broadway, and
Queen's Road.
Leicester—18 High Street
and 13 Silver Street.
Derby—Victoria Build-
ings, London Road.

Birmingham—60 & 61
Broad Street.
Bristol—48 Castle Street,
and Tower Hill.
Sheffield—101 & 103 The
Moor.
Coventry—9-10 Burges.
Wolverhampton—35
Dudley Street.

M

THE QUIVER



PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

Summer Enjoyment

Are you able to enjoy all the pleasures of summer time to the full, or are you the unfortunate possessor of a taste for out-of-door pursuits and a sensitive skin which is irritated by exposure to sun, wind or sea?

Buy a bottle of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(as pre-war)

and try the effect of using it morning and evening for your complexion, hands and arms. La-rola is the perfect protection against all kinds of weather—a skin preserver and beautifier which enables you always to look and feel your best.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/6 and 2/6.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.

THE HOMER EASY CHAIR

Special Features:

Soundly constructed Birch Frame, Best English Web, 20 coppered Steel Springs (13 in seat, 7 in back), Spring Edge Seat, covered in Handsome Coverings, and designed to give the Maximum Comfort at Minimum Cost.

The "HOMER" is made in mass production by Discharged Soldiers, and sold direct to the public, thus enabling us to offer this luxurious chair at the low price of **£5 15 0**, carriage paid.

Write for Sample Coverings.

ALLDERS, Ltd.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

NORTH END and
GEORGE STREET, **Croydon.**



Hindes

HAIR TINT FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR



Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 the Flask, or direct from HINDES, Ltd., 1 Tabernacle Street, City, London.

Send a post card to-day for a copy of "Aids to the Hairdresser." It will be mailed to you entirely free of charge.

G. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.

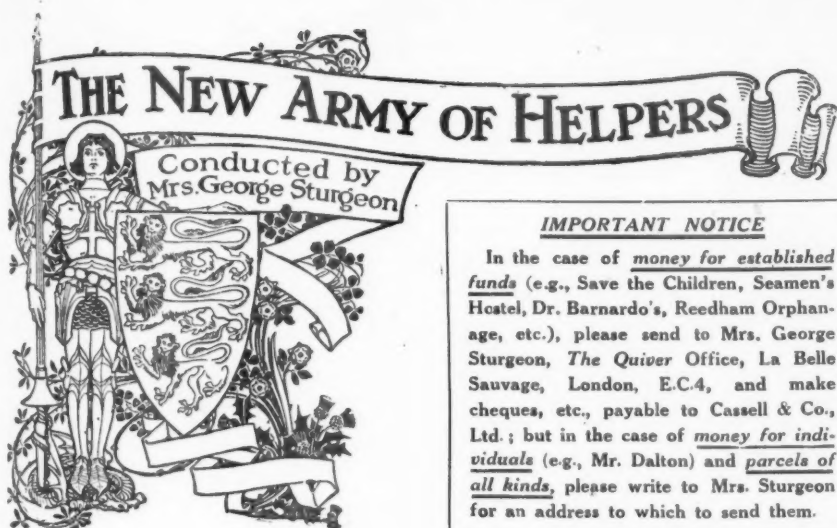


Neither Scratch
nor Spurt

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 10½d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWQATE STREET, LONDON.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

In the case of money for established funds (e.g., Save the Children, Seamen's Hostel, Dr. Barnardo's, Reedham Orphanage, etc.), please send to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, and make cheques, etc., payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd.; but in the case of money for individuals (e.g., Mr. Dalton) and parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

A Family of Ninety-nine

MY DEAR HELPERS,—THE QUIVER Save the Children Fund has had an uninterruptedly successful career since it was started last November. Every month I have gratefully recorded more adoptions and generous gifts of money and clothes. The cry of the starving children stirred the kind heart of the Army of Helpers to an outpouring of sympathy magnificently practical. As I write we have ninety-nine godchildren.

Let us for a moment imagine them in one group, and let us have a look at our family. There they are—little Serbs, French children, Armenians, Russian refugees, Slovaks, Austrians, Hungarians, boys, girls, tiny babies, with strange-sounding, fascinating names—Savela Salovitch, Istvan Pavlacsck, Ryzza Nirzekovacki. I like to picture them enjoying one of the meals that you have provided for them; and they are wearing the garments you have sent them. Eight months ago, as far as food and clothing were concerned, they were ninety-nine “nobody’s children” scattered over desolate and destitute lands. Since then ninety-nine foster-parents—far away in England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland, or farther away still in Canada and the West Indies—have been the means of bringing flesh to their thin bodies and colour to their pale cheeks, and have

surrounded the motley little crowd with the love and sympathy which are bread and meat to childhood. It has been a noble work, and my gratitude for the generosity of the “Army” is very great.

No. 99's Wish

The letter which intimates the 99th adoption is typical of the whole spirit of the response. It is from one who adopted the 45th child as well. It says:

“I quite hope the hundredth adopter has come forward weeks ago and that you are now well in for the two hundred. Herewith please find cheque for £5 4s., and shall be pleased to have another little Central Europe child allotted to me for 1921—with all good wishes.”

No. 100 has not come forward yet, but I feel very hopeful that by next month No. 99's wish will be fulfilled, for

The Need is Still Very Great

£5 4s. in one sum, or in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 8d., or 52 weekly payments of 2s., procures one good meal a day for a year for a hungry child, whose name, address and age will be sent to the adopter immediately.

Kind Canada

The West Indies earned special praise a few weeks ago. Canada distinguishes her-

THE QUIVER

self this month. I quote letters about two gifts that crossed the Atlantic:

"I read with great interest your article on the Save the Children Fund, and my husband and I, not having a great deal to spare (having just started our married life together on a fruit farm), could not do better than put all our eggs into one basket, so to speak, and, through the Adoption Scheme, help some poor little child."

"I am forwarding the enclosed money to you for the Save the Children Fund at the request of my sister in Canada. It was given to her as a present on her birthday, and she gives it gladly to the poor kiddies. Will you please kindly make the receipt out to 'Scotch Lassie in Canada'?"

I have a further letter from the Vice-Chairman of the Save the Children Fund acknowledging our third instalment (£95 os. 4d.) with many thanks, and from Mrs. Leggatt, Deputy Chief Organizer, another appreciative letter in the course of which she says:

"I think perhaps you will like to hear about a touching letter I had from an old lady in Perth, West Australia, the other day. She read the appeal in your magazine and decided to collect for us; in spite of being eighty-three and unable to walk, she managed to send us £3 13s., most of it coming from friends who happened to call and see her."

SOS

Two urgent signals of distress have been received since last month; I hope many will come to the rescue. The SOS Corps grows steadily, but every kind member of it is in touch with someone, and as I am constantly hearing of more sick and lonely people, a "reserve" of helpers is very necessary. At any rate I hope speedily to find a friend for

Miss C., a woman of about fifty, suffering from valvular disease of the heart. She lives in one furnished room, does her own work and cooks on a small oil stove, and tries to make a bit of money by doing sewing work, but of course her health is very much against it as she has to lie for the greater part of the time. She has a tiny pension from the Church Army, and pays 7s. a week for her room. She would be delighted to have a few flowers occasionally or a letter. She is able to get out very little, and lives a very lonely life. If she could be put in touch with anyone in the country who would occasionally send her flowers, a little fruit, one or two eggs, and perhaps a few vegetables, it would be a tremendous boon to her.

The other appeal is for

Mr. W., an ex-soldier who served all through the South African War and afterwards saw several years' service in India. He has been disabled through frostbite and gangrene of toes

and fingers. He tries to augment his tiny pension of 10s. 6d. a week by making ornamental window wedges, toys of all kinds and models of Irish jaunting cars. His industrious, hardworking little wife goes out to char every day, and there are three young children under twelve. The toes of both feet have all been amputated, and several fingers of each hand have also been removed through septic gangrene. Yet he is a most expert worker, and his things are really a marvel of workmanship. His address and prices will gladly be given on application.

To Postcard Senders and Others

My request for postcards before parcels and certain gifts of money has met with an excellent response, and I am most grateful to all who have observed it. A few kind readers, however, continue to send money for individuals to this office, and this, as I have explained before, complicates the work and the bookkeeping considerably. I will gladly send the names and addresses of any who are mentioned in these pages so that readers may write to them direct.

In this connexion I would like to thank those old friends of Alfred Martin who took advantage of my paragraph to revive their correspondence with him, and those new readers who asked for his address. He is delighted with his QUIVER circle.

Stray Sentences

I like to balance my begging with acknowledgment of the immense amount of kindness shown month by month. Stray sentences often flash out the fact that the SOS Corps "gets there":

"I really ought to have written to you before to thank you very much for your kindness in giving me two such nice friends as Miss C. and Miss B. Miss C. has sent me an order for work which I'm very pleased with, also some magazines, and has promised some more books. Isn't it kind? Miss B. and I are quite like old friends now. I often have letters from her and a magazine. To-day I had a great surprise—a box of beautiful flowers from her garden. Isn't it good of them both? They write such nice letters, too, nice friendly ones. It's so nice to look forward to them."

"I have had two nice letters from Miss B. and a nice parcel of books—she writes so kindly. I shall like the magazine you speak about so much."

From a Helper: "Thank you so much for giving me James Randle's address. I wrote to him, and I had a nice letter from his sister, as James was not feeling well enough to write. Then I sent him some books and a box of snowdrops, and I had a nice letter from himself thanking me. He is so pleased and grateful. Poor boy, I am so sorry for him."

"I am writing to thank you for the boots

"They enjoy Perfect Health

and are very strong." People often ask me—"what do you feed those lovely boys on?" says their mother. "My reply is always ready—Mellin's Food."

Mellin's Food prepared as directed is the perfect food for hand-fed babies. It is the exact equivalent of breast milk.



Two Mellin's
Food Babies.

Mellin's Food

Handbook sent free — Samples forwarded
postage free on receipt of sixpence in stamps.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E. 15.

THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP and the SHAFTESBURY HOMES URGENTLY NEED

£25,000

TO PREVENT CURTAILMENT OF ANY
BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY'S WORK.

Patrons: Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN.

President: H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES.

Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.

Chairman of the Ship Committee:

HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.

Joint Secretaries:

H. BRISTOW WALLER and HENRY G. COPELAND.

Cheques should be made payable to and sent to—
The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship,
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.

The Tuck-Away WARDROBE



There is room in every home for this Useful Wardrobe because it rests under the bed. It gives the additional accommodation for Dresses, Blouses, etc., which mostly every woman desires. The TUCK-AWAY is made in Solid Oak and well finished fitted with handles and castors, size 3 ft. 8 in wide by 2 ft. 8 inches deep.

Price 77/6
Carr. Paid to
any Station in
U.K. Money
returned if not
satisfied.

DOWNINGS,
Dept. 25,
61 London Rd.,
London, S.E.



1/-
per tin



"Kleenoff" Cooker Cleaning Jelly

FOR REMOVING GREASE FROM GAS OVENS, ETC.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock send 2/- for 2 tins post free—

The Manager, The Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.



1/-
per tin

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate.

THE QUIVER



Every piece a bargain.

**High Grade
Second-Hand
Furniture**

£100,000

WORTH TO SELECT FROM

Call at Jelks & Sons and judge for yourself how you can furnish, or add to the furnishings of your home, with furniture of choice design and workmanship—second-hand, but equal, and in many cases superior, to new—at prices that will meet with the dictates of practical economy. Should you be unable to call, the Special Bargain List, issued monthly, will be sent to you free on request.

CASH or DEFERRED PAYMENTS

A leisurely inspection of the huge stock contained in the showrooms that cover an area exceeding 250,000 square feet, every floor and every corner of which has its own attractive features, will prove both interesting and profitable. Here also you will find an exceptional display of Antique Furniture—the work of the masters of a bygone age.

Prompt attention to country orders.

Business Hours: 9 to 8; **Thursdays, close at 1; Saturdays, 9 p.m.**

W. JELKS AND SONS

**263-275 HOLLOWAY ROAD,
LONDON, N.7.**

(Bus. tram or Piccadilly Tube to the door.)

ROME BEHIND SINN FEIN



Price One Shilling Net

Rome Behind Sinn Fein

By J. A. KENSIT.

Price 1s. net, by post 1s. 3d.

1 doz. copies, 12s.; 25 copies, £1 4s.; 50 copies, £2 5s., post free.

This book is without doubt the most convincing history of a great Papal Plot, proving conclusively that the Sinn Fein movement is only another of Rome's intrigues to gain control of Britain for the Pope. There are many striking illustrations.

The Churchman's Magazine, edited by J. A. Kensit, contains in every issue up-to-date information on the Roman and Ritualistic controversy. Price 7s. per annum, post free. Sample copy, 3d.

**PROTESTANT TRUTH SOCIETY,
3 & 4 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4.**

Start To-day and get rid of your skin trouble

Whatever your skin trouble, Antexema will cure it. As water puts out fire, so Antexema conquers skin illness. It is the one remedy that will end your trouble. The first touch stops all itching and starts your cure. Every skin complaint, from rashes, chafing, and tenderness, of young children, to the worst cases of obstinate eczema, are cured by Antexema. Scalp troubles, bad legs, rough hands, insect bites, sunburn, barber's rash, face spots, and every other sore, irritated, or blotchy skin condition quickly yields to Antexema.



Get Antexema To-day

All chemists and stores, also Boots, Lewis and Harrows, Layton's Drug Co., Parke's, and Fimothy White's, supply Antexema at 3/- and 1/6; the larger size being the more economical; or direct, post free, 3/- and 1/6 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

that were sent to me. They fit the big boy. I have had both boys ill with very bad throats."

"Many thanks for your letter this morning. It was one of my black mornings, and came in time to help me up a bit. I shall be very thankful for anything in the reading line, however old. I am going to get THE QUIVER each month, so I shall be able to take an interest in THE QUIVER Army of Helpers."

"It does help one to bear things to have assurances that others care about it."

A kind reader responded to my appeal for a hot-water bottle for an invalid; another sent the boots referred to above, and some welcome wool was forthcoming. The special wants this month are best described by the writers of the following letters:

"I thought you would not mind my writing to you, as I am a great invalid and I see how good and kind your Army of Helpers are to invalids and others. I was wondering whether any of your helpers would send me some records for my gramophone, as it is really the only bit of recreation I get. I had a very nice hornless gramophone given to me a few years ago, and it is such a treat to get a fresh record, and now they are so very dear I can't get any fresh ones. I am so fond of music and singing. My life has to be principally spent on my couch in one room."

Gramophone records which are not quite new, but are still good, will be very welcome. *Please write to me for address.* This is the other letter:

"For a number of years I have been a confirmed invalid with spinal disease, and can only move about with difficulty, being unable to walk beyond the garden. I belong to the professional classes who were hard hit during the war. I was a teacher for five years till illness overtook me. I did not teach long enough to receive a pension, and have no private means of any sort. My object in writing is to ask whether any of your Army of Helpers has a discarded tent of any description to dispose of. I have to sit out of doors all summer, and would be so grateful for a shelter of any sort. Our climate (Scotland) is so damp; when a shower comes on, as it is, I have just to go inside and stay there, as I have not the strength to move in and out, as I must without a covering. I am pretty good with my hands, and for any lady who might have above to dispose of I could do a piece of work in embroidery, etc., as effort in return."

Anonymous Gifts

Best thanks to the following:

Save the Children Fund.—W. J. P., 5s.; "Rita," 2s. 6d.; B. A. M., £2; J. G. S., £2; "For Save the Children Fund," 2s. 6d.; Furness, £2 10s.

Topsy Turvy Fund.—Furness (earmarked for three cases), £1 10s.; E. J. H., 2s. 6d. Unless readers state that they wish to be anonymous I take it that their names may appear in print.

There is still a huge demand for copies of THE QUIVER for colonial settlers, and I shall be grateful for any number of offers. Copies are wanted regularly for Canada and Australia by Mrs. Wells, a branch worker of the Colonial Correspondence League, who writes:

"My correspondent in Japan writes how helpful she finds THE QUIVER and *Life of Faith* that I send her. Another poor person in Stornoway says she passes on the papers I send her until they're in rags."

I am also asked for copies of THE QUIVER by the Hon. Sec. of the Missionaries' Literature Association (London Missionary Society).

A Holiday in Italy

Writing about the journeyings of THE QUIVER recalls my own recent travels, in which the Army of Helpers showed so kind an interest that I think they may care to hear a little about the Italian tour, although our limited space will allow only the barest outline.

Possibly, too, my experiences might be of use if any thought of making a similar venture.

We have been deprived of foreign travel for so many years that it is more alluring than ever; and in our case the realization fully came up to the anticipation. As a matter of fact one of my readers wrote that she and her sister had planned a tour much on the same lines as ours, but that it had fallen through because the party with whom they were to travel were to go straight through to Milan, and they feared that it would be too tiring. That raises an important point. Personally I, too, find twenty-four hours in a train just as much as I can comfortably manage, and thinking that it would be bad policy to have to waste a day recovering from the fatigues of a longer journey, we stopped for the night at Lausanne. We did not regret this. The next day, quite refreshed, we were able to delight in the magnificent country between Lausanne and Milan—the Lake of Geneva, snow, mountain, forest, blossoming fruit-trees, Maggiore, supremely lovely at sunset in bowers of rhododendrons and wistaria—whereas if we had gone straight through we could not have reaped the full enjoyment of that wonderful day.

We spent another night at Milan, with time in the morning to see the Cathedral and Leonardo da Vinci's famous "Last Supper," and the less well known but en-

THE QUIVER

trancing Cloisters of Santa Maria delle Grazie. We left Milan after lunch and again broke our journey—not to save fatigue, but to give ourselves time to explore one of the most wonderful and fascinating towns in Italy. I should advise anyone bound for Venice to "alight," as the underground railways say, at Verona, and enjoy a twenty-four hours' feast of beauty. The Piazza delle Erbe, the bridges over the Adige, with their views away to the Alps and cypress hills, the "completeness" of the beauty of it, are intensely satisfying.

Five hours in the train brought us to Venice. I believe some people say they are "disappointed" in Venice. I pity them, and wonder what the Venice of their dreams, before they were disillusioned, was like. They are usually rather matter-of-fact people, and somehow I do not think their imaginations can have produced anything better than the Venice that is real. They complain that the water of the canals is green and torpid, forgetting that it laps the faded harmonies of mediæval buildings. Clear rushing water for the boisterous beauty of Switzerland.

It may surprise some that in Venice one walks at least as much as, if not more than, in other cities. Certainly in childhood my ideas of Venice were of a place where the streets were made of water, and where, therefore, one stepped out of the front door into a gondola. One does, and it is just as fascinating an experience as one anticipated. But there is also a network of narrow streets through which the busy pedestrian life of the city passes, and over every canal, under which barges and gondolas glide, bridges, crossed by bare-headed, black-shawled Venetian women and men who are also a race apart. There is nothing more interesting than exploring the byways on foot. No, do not avoid Venice for fear of being disappointed!

After five days in Venice we made an early morning start for Rome. It must be a hardened traveller who does not feel a thrill at leaving his hotel by gondola with the dawn breaking. The country between Venice and Rome is very beautiful, especially round Florence, and the thirteen hours pass quickly.

Actually to see the Forum, the Colosseum, the Palatine Hill, the Appian Way, and to reconstruct in imagination the ancient

buildings, is an amazing experience; and to spend a day at Tivoli is another delight.

Three days at Naples, and a real taste of the South—orange and lemon groves, mimosa, roses and arum lilies—and at Capri the friendly, attractive lizard sunning himself on the rocks where we sat by the blue Mediterranean. We saw coral grow, and were rowed by two little brown Italian boys into grottos untroubled by the tourist, and presented by them with sea-urchins and flowers!

Naples to Turin—a night there—and so home, with two nights at Amiens *en route*. I give the time-table in case it may be of use to readers. We were away just three and a half weeks, and I feel pretty sure that a more enjoyable and extensive tour could not be managed in that time.

Acknowledgments

To all the following I send my heartiest thanks for letters, gifts, etc.:

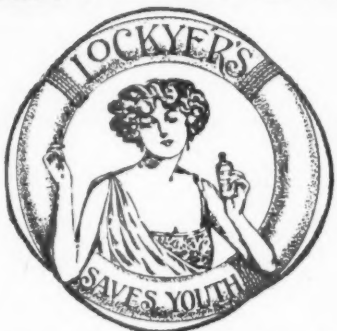
Miss Florence Williams, Miss Chillcott, Mrs. Wells, Miss Swannell, Miss Crouch, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. King, Miss Brown, Miss Holskamp, Miss Stott, Mrs. Slater, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Haines, Reginald Stokes, Esq., Misses Bates and Male, Mrs. Hickfor, Miss E. Roe, Miss Kirkham, Miss D. Wilson, Miss Nichols, Miss Isa Watson, Mrs. Thomson, Miss Edith I. M. Thomson, Miss Daws, Misses Reid and Gentleman, Miss Mina MacGillivray, Miss Alice Reid, Miss Norah Douglas, Miss N. Walton, A. C. Cross, Esq., L. M. Mayes, Mrs. Angas, Miss Davenport, Mrs. Biggs, Miss H. Lewis, Miss B. Smith, Mrs. Wesley, Mrs. Laver, Miss Hilda Griffith, Miss Connell, Miss Pollard, Miss Paterson, Miss Rankin, Miss Western, Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Peel, Miss A. E. Nicholas, C. M. Sutton, Esq., "Thistle," Miss Elsie L. Thorpe, Misses Thorp, Miss Mann, Miss Boden, Miss Emily Martin, Miss Jones, Mrs. Brennan, Mrs. Willis, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss Southorn, Miss Whatley, Mrs. Williams, Miss Parnell, Mrs. Flight, Miss Hickman, Miss Evans, Mrs. Story, Miss Mary Brown, Miss Soden, Miss Clift, Miss Graham, Miss Fielding, Miss Hall, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Fawkes, Miss W. M. Nix, Miss Blinkhorn, Miss Enson, Miss D. A. Smith, "F. C.," Miss M. Constable, Miss Smith, Mrs. Sweeting, Mrs. Osgerley, Mrs. Lucas, Miss Lea, Miss M. A. Smith, E. J. Adkin, Esq., Miss Robinson.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: MRS. GEORGE STURGEON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Yours sincerely, FLORA STURGEON.

THE QUIVER

DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOOKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lookyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialist, J. PARRA & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable Pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin in spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions
Pimples
Redness
Psoriasis

Roughness
Rashes
Eczema
Scurf

Acne
Blotches
Spots
Rosacea

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialist, J. PARRA & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 2/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunscorch.

From 7 lbs. at Seven Weeks to 25 lbs. at Six Months on "Neave's"

Mrs. Prophet, 38 Berlin Road, Edgeley, Stockport, writes:—"Having put Baby on Neave's Food BY THE DOCTOR'S ORDER at seven weeks old, when she was very ill and only weighed 7 lbs., I am so proud of the result of your wonderful Food that I thought you would like to see her. She was six months old when the photo was taken—very strong and healthy—and weighed 25 lbs."—Dec. 14th, 1919.

You cannot Go Wrong

if you follow the advice of doctors and mothers based on a century's experience, and feed your baby on Neave's Food. When made according to the directions, Neave's Food forms a complete diet for infants.

EVERY MOTHER should send for **Free Sample Tin**, which will be forwarded on receipt of 3d. for postage. Booklet, "Hints About Baby," sent on receipt of post card.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. (Dept. 4), FORDINGBRIDGE.

Babies thrive on

Neave's Food

The Safe Food

Sold everywhere in 1/5 & 4/2 Tins; also 6d. Packets.

DRESS FABRICS

Save money by making your own and your children's garments from our inexpensive Dress Fabrics.

Send us a post card to-day and we will send you a lovely range of patterns from which you can select the material in comfort in your own home.

Summer Fabrics, Crepe Merle, 46 inches wide, in lovely shades, Plain and Fancy Voiles, Sponge Cloth, Crepe Sylcot, the new lustrous fabric that rivals silk, and many others. Wool Cloths, Costume Tweeds, Suitings, Navy and Black Serges, etc., at remarkably low prices.

Goods over 10/- carriage paid. Address post card—

SIMPSON & SON (Dept. Q.), Elgin St., Hereford.

FRY'S

NEW MILK CHOCOLATE

(EXTRA CREAM)

Compare the quality with that of any foreign chocolate

THE HOUSE OF FRY

MAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Established 1728

Dry Hair needs

Anzora Viola in preference to Anzora Cream. It is equally effectual in keeping the hair in place, and supplies just the little oil needed to keep it supple and free from scurf. Try a bottle to-day.



Anzora Cream for greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles. For shampooing use Anzora Beta-Naphthol Soap (powdered). A 1/6 pot gives fifteen shampoos.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

The natural substitute for mother's milk is COW AND GATE MILK FOOD. This is *all English*, and is made entirely from the Pure Milk of Cows fed on the richest pasture lands in the country, and it is, moreover, made in the country, so that the chance of the fresh milk becoming contaminated by railway journeys and in smoky towns is entirely eliminated.

Think what a great benefit that is! Pure food manufactured and packed in airtight tins within a stone's throw of the pasture land where Cow and Gate cows are fed. No other food could be produced under more favourable conditions.

Dorset Milk is the finest in the world.

Write to-day for a **FREE SAMPLE**, stating the name of your regular chemist.

COW & GATE HOUSE,



GUILDFORD, SURREY.

27 Dryburgh Road, Putney, London, S.W.15.

Nov. 4th, 1920.

Dear Sirs,—Here is a little man who shows his appreciation of your "Cow and Gate" Baby Food! He is an entirely "Cow and Gate" baby, and this smile well expresses his continually happy and cheerful soul. He is seven months old, and weighs twenty pounds; sleeps all night, and is happy all day!—A grateful mother,

Mrs. J. G.—



COMPETITION PAGES

Conducted by
THE COMPETITION EDITOR

OUR readers will doubtless have read the interesting contribution on page 781 of the present number entitled "Is War Inevitable?" I should be pleased to receive replies to this article, and offer a prize of One Guinea for the best letter that reaches the office not later than July 20th next, addressed to the Competition Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

"Is the Working Man a Social Failure?"

I was glad to receive such an interesting budget of replies to the above question, which was the subject of an article that appeared in the May number, and to note the intelligent and sensible fashion in which the matter had been thought out.

I award a volume as prize to each of the writers of the letters printed below:

Str.—The question is worth asking though the answers will be very various. Much will depend upon the point of view from which the subject is considered. All will admit, I think, that the working man, generally speaking, is in a better social position to-day than he was a generation ago; that education is more widely distributed than it was; that the workman's children are more alert, quicker in their intelligence, better fed and better housed, and are winning for themselves in larger numbers the positions formerly held by those who would once be called their "betters."

But though this is so, the question is not disposed of by such admissions. The fact is there is an upper, a middle and lower stratum among working men. The better sort use every advantage industry and opportunity provide to improve their position and climb upward. Instances of this type may be found among the Labour members of Parliament. The larger body of workmen are uninspiring socially. They make no great use of the education they have received; indeed much of it has been lost, and book learning has not been replaced by that gumption or native intelligence, mother wit, or

capacity to think for themselves which so many of an earlier generation who had received little or no schooling exhibited. I live in Lancashire, and I think the industrial forwardness of Lancashire and Yorkshire is much more attributable to the native gumption of the forbears than to any book learning they received.

I would not say, however, that this quality has descended to the present generation in any great measure. The bulk of working men are unstriving, and initiative has largely departed from them. Perhaps machinery has had something to do with this, and also trade unionism. The one has made labour in the factories a matter of routine attendance on machines, and the other has assumed the duty of looking after the workman's wages and conditions of labour. Trade unionism has largely deprived the workman of his individuality, checked initiative, discouraged thriftiness and earnest endeavour, led him to acquiesce in the pace of the slowest, and fostered discontent; it has substituted loyalty to Labour leaders for loyalty to the State and the interests of the community generally.

Then, too, the war has not had the effect on the men which it was hoped would be the case. Our sailors and soldiers and the women folk engaged in war service have shown the old-time courage, endurance and readiness; but that they have been improved in character and made better citizens by the war is doubtful. War calls forth various excellent qualities, but that it is brutalizing and blunts moral feeling the records of police and divorce courts give ample evidence. Industry is suffering to-day from those dispositions in working men which formerly made employers unwilling to engage ex-soldiers—the absence of initiative, dependence on others, desire to "go easy." There is to-day more widely diffused among working men what an earlier generation contemptuously termed "putting on the old soldier." The idea that one has done something for his country is stressed to such a degree that an impression is created that his country must now relieve him of the necessity of looking after himself. He has, however, much cause for complaint at the conduct of the stay-at-homes. These earned large sums without any risk to themselves, and the unpatriotic selfishness their wage demands for the production of munitions revealed has

THE QUIVER

since manifested its ugliness in refusing employment to the ex-soldier who desired it.

While many of the better disposed workmen made good use of the higher wages they have received—they have saved, acquired property, lived and dressed better, risen in intelligence, and become more valuable in various forms of religious and social activity—the great majority are not a bit better off financially or socially. Their earnings have gone in unnecessary holidays, greatly increased attendance at picture shows, whist drives and dances.

In seeking to account for this throw-back in the tone of feeling among working men I should lay most weight on the loss of religious conviction and the sense of moral responsibility. Conviction had given way to convention, and convention could not stand the strain put upon it by modern theories of human origin and doubt as to a Supreme Ruler in world affairs. I should say, too, that the system of doles, whatever may be put down to its credit, has had the effect of undermining self-reliance, weakening the sense of responsibility, and stimulating the cupidity of many. The ease with which it was possible to obtain allowances from the Government by professing dependence on sons called to the war, and exaggerating the earnings of absent husbands, the recklessness as to the pay offered for services rendered to the State, the tendency of modern legislation to take the upbringing of children out of the care of parents—free education, meals for scholars—free doctors, dentists and oculists, free visiting nurses, out-of-work pay for those who do not want work and know how to frame an excuse for not finding it: all this is encouraging the disposition to rely on others rather than on self, and cultivating belief in the State as a universal provider.

The education given to the young is not sufficiently practical; it does not develop eye and hand or draw out the thinking capacity of boys and girls as it ought to do. It is better that a boy should know less and be able to think things out than that memory should be overcrowded with matter the mind cannot absorb. The discerning or judging faculties require more attention in the schools. To develop these would enable the rising generation to detect the fallacious arguments of misguided Socialist and Labour speakers.

D. SCHOFIELD.

SIR,—To the above question I would say neither "yes" nor "no." It is too early, it is not yet time, to judge. Generally speaking, the working man has never realized his position or the duties evolving from that position. One might say that he has been caught in a whirlpool of gold and has been suddenly flung upon a shore dry with ashes.

Of course we understand that what the working man should have done in those days when war spilt gold his way was to have considered and saved, to have reflected and judged. But are not men and women pathetically human? I am afraid that war is responsible for a great many turned heads. Also war does not make for prudence, for patience or for very great wisdom. It stands for chaos, for turmoil and for much clamour. It is the pursuit of men, and men are hard and hot and weak.

I would not wish to be idealistic regarding street-girls, but I think that perhaps your correspondent is not kind enough towards the type of girl he mentions once or twice in his article. It is very high-minded, no doubt, to say that nice girls, good girls, desirable girls, do not go the way of the reckless. But consider.

Very likely that girl had been indifferently educated (our elementary schools are not faultless), perhaps she possessed an uncomfortably rebellious temperament; perhaps she *did not have a very good chance*. Is it not so? One learns sometimes to find one's excuses in humanity. There is, too, another consideration. There was never much encouragement to work, to *lay away*, during the war. One never knew how the night would end, what little thread of luck away on foreign battlefields would break and precipitate all.

In those days—when your correspondent judges discretion should have been used—we were under the sway of carnival—a bloody carnival. Moreover, whether we fought or waited, in the kill-heat or the terrible tremor of suspense, that spirit touched us with a mad and throbbing finger. For the hour, we said—for the hour! For none knew, none could tell, what would happen without that hour. What is more, we—the whole stress-racked nation of us—cannot forget the heat of that finger. To it we throb, we fire, still. Is it not so? We are all a little feverish these times. For all we may have prayed with smiling lips and streaming eyes, "Thank God, it is over!" we are a little lost perhaps. We strain weary and fever-bright eyes for a glimpse of something good and *big* to replace the old terrible excitement. We do not see it—we shall not see it—yet.

Again all is strain but all is different. We have no anchor. One must remember that before a man is prudent he is a man. Also your correspondent expects the working man to accommodate himself to the cultivation of the present day when, very likely, he is handicapped in his trial by the ignorance which prevailed when he was a youth. It is a little unfair. It is asking, perhaps, a little too much. It will probably be two, even three, generations ahead which will catch the glimpse of our realized dreams.

Some say "For the young . . ." but it will not be the next generation which will entirely achieve. *Naturally* it will not, for that generation has been born and is being bred in too reckless an atmosphere. Even now we do not know; we fear, we tremble, we thrill to sudden rumours. . . .

The change has been too sudden, the carnival too terribly gay. Remember that we have been touched by that spirit which brooded over the midnight of the Somme, over the passion and the greatness of Ypres and Passchendaele.

I beseech that we forget the world a little and remember *Life*, that we be a little tender, that we smile with lips that ever so slightly tremble.

Perhaps many generations ahead, after much hope and blundering and renewal of striving. . . .

All are human.

Is it not so?

LILIAN BEDFORD.

❖ *The* ❖
**GARDEN
BEAUTIFUL**

❖
**Whether you want
to make your
garden beautiful
or profitable you
cannot do better
than look through
one or two of**

**CASSELL'S
GARDENING
BOOKS**

1/6

net each

1/6

net each

❖
THE HOUSE OF CASSELL

LONDON, E.C.4

Books for Your Holidays

AYRES, RUBY M.
Castles in Spain
The Road that Bends

BARRIE, J. M.
The Little Minister

"BARTIMEUS"
An Awfully Big
Adventure
The Long Trick

BENNETT, ARNOLD
The Pretty Lady

BENSON, E. F.
Mike

CASTLE, AGNES &
EGERTON
The Secret Orchard

CHESTERTON, G. K.
The Wisdom of
Father Brown
The Innocence of
Father Brown

CROKER, B. M.
The Pagoda Tree

CURWOOD, JAMES
OLIVER
Kazan

DEEPIING, WARWICK
Unrest
Marriage by Conquest

DOYLE, A. CONAN
The Doings of Raffles
Haw

EDGINTON, MAY
The Adventures of
Napoleon Prince

FLOWER, NEWMAN
Crucifixion

GERARD, MORICE
A Lieutenant of the
King

HAGGARD, H. RIDER
Love Eternal
When the World
Shook
Morning Star
Child of Storm
The Ghost Kings

HAGGARD, H. R. (contd.)
The Ivory Child
King Solomon's
Mines
The Yellow God

HEWLETT, MAURICE
The Spanish Jade

HICHENS, ROBERT
Snake-Bite

HOCKING, JOSEPH
The Dust of Life

HOPE, ANTHONY
Father Stafford

JEROME, JEROME K.
Malvina of Brittany

LE QUEUX, WILLIAM
The elusive Four
The Doctor of Pimlico

LEBLANC, MAURICE
The Exploits of
Arsène Lupin

LYALL, DAVID
An English Rose

MAXWELL, W. B.
The Mirror and the
Lamp

MILN, L. J.
Mr. Wu

MORDAUNT, ELINOR
The Rose of Youth

OPPENHEIM, E.
PHILLIPS
The Amazing Part-
nership

ORCZY, BARONESS
The League of the
Scarlet Pimpernel

PACKARD, FRANK L.
The Adventures of
Jimmie Dale

PAGE, GERTRUDE
Far from the Lime-
light

PEMBERTON, MAX
The Iron Pirate
Kronstadt

PERRIN, ALICE
Star of India
The Woman in the
Bazaar

REYNOLDS, Mrs. BAIL-
LIE
The Daughter Pays

RINEHART, MARY
ROBERTS
The Street of Seven
Stars

ROHMER, SAX
Dope

SHAW, FRANK H.
The Haven of Desire

SINCLAIR, MAY
The Tree of Heaven

SNAITH, J. C.
Mary Plantagenet

SOUTAR, ANDREW
The Island of Fest

STEVENS, E. S.
Magdalene

STEVENSON, R. L.
Catriona
Kidnaped
The Master of
Ballantrae
Treasure Island

TRACY, LOUIS
His Unknown Wife

TURNER, J. HASTINGS
Simple Souls

VACHELL, H. A.
The Soul of Susan
Yellam

WADSLEY, OLIVE
Reality
Instead
Payment
The Flame
Frailty

WALPOLE, HUGH
Jeremy

WARD, Mrs. HUM-
PHRY
Eltham House

WELLS, H. G.
Mr. Britling Sees It
Through

WYLIE, I. A. R.
Towards Morning

CASSELL'S 2/- net FICTION

Cassell & Co., Ltd.

London, E.C.4

CASSELL'S

books for discriminating Readers

Popular $3\frac{1}{6}$ Fiction

net

BARONESS ORCZY

The League of the Scarlet

..... Pimpernel

GERTRUDE PAGE

..... The Veldt Trail

OLIVE WADSLEY

..... The Flame

ARNOLD BENNETT

..... The Pretty Lady

ROBERT HICHENS

..... Mrs. Marden

ETHEL M. DELL

..... The Tidal Wave

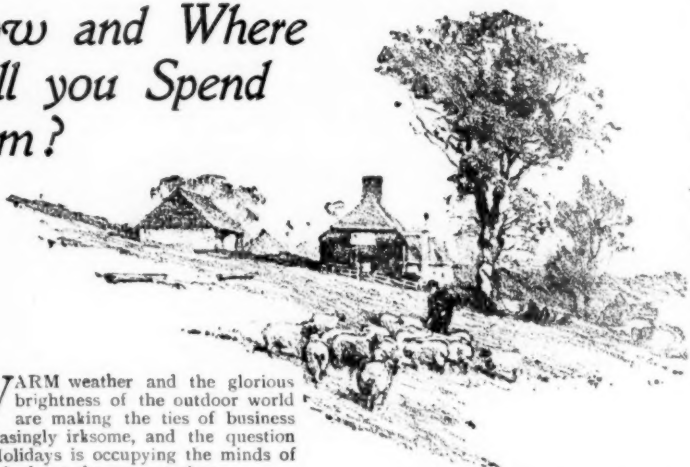
SAX ROHMER

..... Dope

The House of Cassell, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4

Your Holidays—

*How and Where
will you Spend
them?*



WARM weather and the glorious brightness of the outdoor world are making the ties of business increasingly irksome, and the question of Holidays is occupying the minds of everybody at the present time.

Some, no doubt, will seek the quiet out-of-the-way place where the bounds of conventionality are unknown, and some the gay seaside resort brimming with life. Others will seek renewed health and strength on river and lake, whilst others will seek it upon the Continent; everyone according to his own particular tastes.

Whatever your bent you will find the new Summer Annual, "HOLIDAYS," to be full of much really helpful information. It tells you where to go, what to see, and the cost. The reading matter is well informed, bright and interesting, and the illustrations are numerous and well printed.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS

*The Seaside Holiday
Some Trips Abroad
The English Lakes
A Farmhouse Holiday
Haunts for Holiday Anglers
 . . . Motoring . . .
Ten Days on the Somme
Camping in Somerset
etc., etc., etc.*

With cover and four plates in colour.

"HOLIDAYS"

**Where to Go, What to See,
2/6_{net} ————— and the Cost**

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL, LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.4



To begin the day thoroughly refreshed,
or to remove the dust and fatigue after
a day's romp in the fields and garden
there is nothing to equal the use of

WILLS' COAL TAR SOAP

ANTISEPTIC - CLEANSING - REFRESHING.

Sold only by -

$5\frac{1}{2}^d$
PER
TABLET.

The
Boots
Chemists

$1\frac{1}{4}^d$
BOX OF
3 TABLETS

CHIEF LONDON BRANCHES:-

182 REGENT ST. W.1., 112-118 EDGWARE RD. W.2.,
15 NEW BOND ST. W.1.

OVER 600 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.



*"Heart's
desire!"*

BIRD'S CUSTARD is the "Heart's Desire" of every child. During the past 85 years the grandparents and mothers and fathers of the present generation have each in their turn loved creamy Bird's Custard and thrived upon it.

Its rich store of nutriment places Bird's Custard in the forefront for the children's welfare. Besides being a delicious treat, the body-building nourishment in BIRD'S supplies plentifully the needs of those who are growing rapidly. Scientists prove that

BIRD'S CUSTARD

adds 25% to the calorific value of the milk with which it is prepared; both children and adults gain to this extent at every meal when Bird's Custard is served. But be sure it is BIRD'S the only Custard that "tastes as good as it looks."

1.26